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BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON.

VOL. II.



Sketched in the painting-room from life, Nov 1816

BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON:

CORRESPONDENCE AND TABLE-TALK.

With a Memoir

BY HIS SON,

FREDERIC WORDSWORTH HAYDON.

WITH FAC-SIMILE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM HIS JOURNALS

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



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CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

CORRESPONDENCE—	PAGE
KEATS	1
WORDSWORTH	18
MISS MITFORD	60
EASTLAKE	145
SEYMOUR KIRKUP	161
OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE	216
TABLE TALK	249

B. R. HAYDON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS TO AND FROM KEATS.

From KEATS.

MY DEAR SIR,

20th November, 1816.

Last evening wrought me up, and I cannot forbear sending you the following.

Yours imperfectly,

JOHN KEATS.

"Great spirits now on earth are sojourning,
He of the cloud, the cataract, the lake,
Who on Helvellyn's summit wide awake
Catches his freshness from archangel's wing;
He of the rose, the violet, the spring,
The social smile, the chain for freedom's sake:
And lo! whose steadfastness would never take
A meaner sound than Raphael's whispering;
And other spirits are there standing apart
Upon the forehead of the age to come:
These, these will give the world another heart
And other pulses. Hear ye not the hum
Of mighty workings?
Listen awhile, ye nations, and be dumb."

From KEATS.

MY DEAR SIR,

Thursday afternoon, 20th November, 1816.

Your letter has filled me with a proud pleasure, and shall be kept by me as a stimulus to exertion. I begin to fix my eye upon one horizon. My feelings entirely fall in with

yours in regard to the ellipsis, and I glory in it. The idea of your sending it to Wordsworth put me out of breath. You know with what reverence I would send my well-wishes to him.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN KEATS.

To KEATS.

MY DEAR KEATS,

March, 1817.

Many thanks, my dear fellow, for your two noble sonnets. I know not a finer image than the comparison of a poet unable to express his high feelings to a sick eagle looking at the sky, where he must have remembered his former towerings amid the blaze of dazzling sunbeams, in the pure expanse of glittering clouds; now and then passing angels, on heavenly errands, lying at the will of the wind with moveless wings, or pitching downward with a fiery rush, eager and intent on objects of their seeking. . . .

I feel deeply the high and enthusiastic praise with which you have spoken of me in the first sonnet. Be assured you shall never repent it. The time shall come, if God spare my life, when you will remember it with delight.

God bless you!

B. R. HAYDON.

To KEATS.

MY DEAR KEATS,

11th May, 1817.

I have been intending to write to you every hour this week, but have been so interrupted that the postman rang his bell every night in vain, and with a sound that made my heart quake. I think you did quite right to leave the Isle of Wight if you felt no relief; and being quite alone, after study you can now devote your eight hours a-day with just as much seclusion as ever. Do not give way to any forebodings. They are nothing more than the over-eager anxieties of a great spirit stretched beyond its strength, and then relapsing for a time to languid inefficiency. Every man of great views is, at times, thus tormented, but begin again where you left off without hesitation or fear. *Trust in God* with all your might, my dear Keats. This dependence, with your own energy, will give you strength, and hope, and comfort.

I am always in trouble, and wants, and distresses; here *I found a refuge*. From my soul I declare to you I never applied for help, or for consolation, or for strength, but I found it. I always rose up from my knees with a refreshed fury, an iron-clenched firmness, a crystal piety of feeling that sent me streaming on with a repulsive power against the troubles of life.

Never despair while there is this path open to you. By habitual exercise you will have habitual intercourse and constant companionship; and at every want turn to the Great Star of your hopes with a delightful confidence that will never be disappointed.

I love you like my own brother. Beware, for God's sake, of the delusions and sophistications that are ripping up the talents and morality of our friend! He will go out of the world the victim of his own weakness and the dupe of his own self-delusions, with the contempt of his enemies and the sorrow of his friends, and the cause he undertook to support injured by his own neglect of character.*

I wish you would come up to town for a day or two that I may put your head in my picture. I have rubbed in Wordsworth's, and advanced the whole. God bless you, my dear Keats! do not despair; collect incident, study character, read Shakespeare, and trust in Providence, and you *will* do, you must.

Ever affectionately yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

To KEATS.

MY DEAR KEATS,

17th September, 1817.

I am delighted to hear that you are getting on with your poem. Success to it and to you, with all my heart and soul. Will you oblige me by going to Magdalen College and inquiring of the porter there about a young man who, when I was lately at Oxford, was copying the altar-piece at Magdalen by Morales. I am anxious to know about that young man—the copy promised something. Will you, if you can, see the young man, and ascertain what his wishes in Art are? if he has ambition and seems to possess power? all of which you can soon discover. In these cases should any friend be disposed to assist him up to London and to support him for a year, I will

* This is in reference to Leigh Hunt.—Ed.

train him in the Art with no further remuneration than the pleasure of seeing him advance. I will put him in the right way, and do all I can to advance him. Do oblige me by exerting yourself in this case for me. Perhaps Mr. Bailey may also feel interest. Remember me to him.

Yours sincerely,

B. R. HAYDON.

From KEATS.

MY DEAR HAYDON,

Oxford, 28th September.

I read your letter to the young man, whose name is Cripps. He seemed more than ever anxious to avail himself of your offer. He does not possess the philosopher's stone, nor Fortunatus' purse, nor Gyges' ring; but at Bailey's suggestion, who, I assure you, is a very capital fellow, we have strummed up a kind of contrivance whereby he will be enabled to do himself the benefits you will lay in his path. I have a great idea that he will be a tolerably neat brush. It is, perhaps, the finest thing that will befall him this many a year, for he is just of an age to get grounded in bad habits from which you will pluck him. He brought a copy of Mary Queen of Scots. It appears to me that he has copied the bad style of the painting, as well as coloured the eye-balls yellow, like the original. He has also the fault that you pointed out to me in Hazlitt on the constringing and diffusion of substance. However, I really believe that he will take fire at the sight of your picture and set about things. If he can get ready in time to return to town with me, which will be in a few days, I will bring him to you.

You will be glad to hear that within these last three weeks I have written a thousand lines, which are the third book of my poem. My ideas with respect to it are, I assure you, very low; and I would write the subject thoroughly again but I am tired of it, and think the time would be better spent in writing a new romance which I have in my eye for next summer. Rome was not built in a day; and all the good I expect from my employment this summer is the fruit of experience, which I hope to gather in my next poem.

Bailey's kindest wishes and my vow of being,

Yours eternally,

JOHN KEATS.

From KEATS.

MY DEAR HAYDON,

Wentworth Place, Hampstead, 1818.

My throat has not suffered me yet to expose myself to the night air. However, I have been to town in the day-time; have had several interviews with my guardian; have written him rather a plain-spoken letter, which has had its effect, and he now seems inclined to put no stumbling-block in my way.

The difficulty is whether I can inherit what belonged to poor Tom before my sister is of age—a period of six years. Should it not be so, I must incontinently take to corduroy trousers. But I am nearly confident it is all a Bam! I shall see you soon; but do let me have a line to-day or to-morrow concerning your health and spirits.

Ever your sincere friend,

JOHN KEATS.

To KEATS.

MY DEAR KEATS,

10th March, 1818.

I have been long, long convinced of the paltry subterfuge of conversation to weaken the effect of unwelcome truth, and have left company where truth is never found; of this be assured, effect and effect only, self-consequence and dictatorial constraint, are what those love who shine in conversation at the expense of truth, principle, and everything else which interferes with their appetite for dominion. I am most happy you approve of my last Sunday's defence, and I hope you will like the next equally well. . . . I shall come and see you as soon as this contest is clear of my hands. I cannot before, every moment is so precious. Take care of your throat, and

Believe me, my dear fellow,

Truly and affectionately your friend,

B. R. HAYDON.

P.S.—At any rate, finish your present great intention of a poem. It is as fair a subject as can be. Once more, adieu!

B. R. H.

To KEATS.

MY DEAR KEATS,

. . . . I feared your ardour might lead you to disregard the accumulated wisdom of ages in moral points, but the feelings put forth lately have delighted my soul: always consider principle of more value than genius, and you are safe, because on the score of genius you can never be vehement enough. I have read your 'Sleep' and 'Poetry.' It is a flash of lightning that will rouse men from their occupations, and keep them trembling for the crash of thunder that will follow.

God bless you! let our hearts be buried on each other.

B. R. HAYDON.

To KEATS.

MY DEAR KEATS,

March, 1818.

I shall go certainly mad! In a field at Stratford-upon-Avon, in a field that belonged to Shakespeare, they have found a gold ring and seal, with the initials W. S., and a true lover's knot between. If this is not Shakespeare, who is it?—A true lover's knot! I saw an impression to-day, and am to have one as soon as possible: as sure as that you breathe, and that he was the first of beings, the seal belonged to him.

O Lord!

B. R. HAYDON.

From KEATS.

MY DEAR HAYDON,

Teignmouth, Saturday morning.

In sooth I hope you are not too sanguine about that seal; in sooth I hope it is not Brummagem; in double sooth I hope it is his, and in triple sooth I hope I shall have an impression. Such a piece of intelligence came doubly welcome to me while in your own county, and in your own hand, not but what I have blown up the said county for its watery qualifications. The six first days I was here it did nothing but rain; and at that time having to write to a friend, I gave Devonshire a good blowing up; it has been fine for almost three days, and I was coming round a bit, but to-day it rains again. With me the county is on its good behaviour. I have enjoyed the most

delightful walks these three fine days, beautiful enough to make me content.

1.

“Here all the summer could I stay,
For there’s Bishop’s Teign,
And King’s Teign,
And Coomb at the clear Teign’s head,
Where close by the stream
You may have your cream
All spread upon barley bread.

2.

“There’s Arch Brook,
And there’s Larch Brook,
Both turning many a mill;
And cooling the drouth
Of the salmon’s mouth,
And fattening his silver gill.

3.

“There’s the wild wood,
A mild hood
To the sheep on the lea o’ the down,
Where the golden furze,
With its green thin spurs,
Doth catch at the maiden’s gown.

4.

“There’s Newton Marsh,
With its spear-grass harsh,
A pleasant summer level,
Where the maidens sweet
Of the Market Street
Do meet in the dark to revel.

5.

“There’s Barton rich,
With dyke and ditch,
And hedge for the thrush to live in;
And the hollow tree
For the buzzing bee,
And a bank for the wasp to hive in.

6.

“And O and O,
The daisies blow,
And the primroses are wakened,
And the violets white
Sit in silver light,
And the green buds are long in the spike end.

7.

"Then who would go
 Into dark Soho,
 And chatter with dark-hair'd critics,
 When he can stay
 For the new-mown hay,
 And startle the dappled crickets?"

There's a bit of doggerel; perhaps you would like a bit of
 botheral.

1.

"Where be you going, you Devon maid,
 And what have ye there in the basket?
 Ye tight little fairy just fresh from the dairy,
 Will ye give me some cream if I ask it?"

2.

"I love your meads, and I love your dales,
 And I love your junkets mainly,
 But behind the door I love kissing more,
 O look not so divinely.

3.

"I love your hills, and I love your dales,
 And I love your flocks a-bleating,
 But oh, on the heather, to lie together,
 With both our hearts a-beating.

4.

"I'll put your basket all safe in a nook,
 Your shawl I'll hang on the willow,
 And we will sigh in the daisy's eye,
 And kiss on a grass green pillow."

I know not if this rhyming-fit has done anything; it will be
 safe with you, if worthy to put among my Lyrics.

How does the work go on? I should like to bring out *my*
 'Dentatus' at the time your epic makes its appearance.

I expect to have my mind clear for something new. Tom
 has been much worse, but is now getting better: his remem-
 brances to you. I think of seeing the Dart and Plymouth; but
 I don't know; it has yet been a mystery to me how and where
 Wordsworth went. I can't help thinking he has returned to
 his shell, with his beautiful wife and his enchanting sister. It
 is a great pity that people by associating themselves with the
 finest things spoil them. Hunt has damned Hampstead with
 masks and sonnets and Italian tales; Wordsworth has damned

the Lakes; Milman has damned the old dramatists; West has damned wholesale; Peacock has damned satire; Hazlitt has damned the bigoted and the blue-stockinged—how durst the man? He is your only good damner; and if ever I am damned, I should like him to damn me. It will not be long ere I see you, but I thought you would like a line out of Devon.

Remember me to all we know.

Yours affectionately,

JOHN KEATS.

To KEATS.

MY DEAR KEATS,

London, 25th March, 1818.

I take it as a great friendly kindness to remember me in this way. Your versicles are beautiful. Surely you will not leave Devonshire without going to Plymouth, the country around which is most exquisite. I will give you letters, and promise you a kind and welcome reception. Do go, my dear Keats; and if you consent, let me know, as I will write to my friends immediately. Go round by the Totness road, which is very fine, and come home by Ashburton and then by Bridgewater, where I have a sister, who will be most happy to see you.

I am getting on well, and have got my 'Christ' better than I have ever had it yet, and in a good state to complete it. I feel very happy to hear your poem is advancing towards publication. God grant it the most complete success, and may its reputation equal your genius.

Devonshire has somehow or other caught the character of being "rainy;" but I must own to you that I do not think it more so than any other county. Pray remember the time of year. It has rained in town almost incessantly ever since you went away. The fact is, you dog, you carried the rain with you as Ulysses did the winds, and then, opening your rain bags, you look round with a knowing wink and say, "Confound this Devonshire, how it rains!" Stay till summer, and then look into its deep blue summer sky, fresh grass, and tawny banks, and silver bubbling streams; nor must you leave Devonshire without seeing some of its wild scenery, rocky, mossy, craggy, with roaring rivers, and as clear as crystal. It will do your mind good.

Shakespeare, in speaking of some one who is gradually dying, makes another say, "How is he?—Still ill?" "*Nature and sickness debate it at their leisure.*" Is not this exquisite? When I die I'll have my Shakespeare placed on my heart, with Homer in my right hand and Ariosto in my other, Dante under my head, Tasso at my feet, and Corneille under my —, for I hate Corneille, a heartless, tirade maker. I leave my other side, that is my right one, for you, if you realise all of which your genius is capable, as I am sure you will.

Write to me if you go to Devonshire. I have heard nothing from Wordsworth ever since he went, which I take to be unkind. Hazlitt is going to lecture at the "Crown and Anchor." I am sorry for it, though he will get money. It is letting his talent down a little. What affectation in Hunt's title, "Foliage!"

Yours ever, dear Keats,

B. R. HAYDON.

From KEATS.

MY DEAR HAYDON,

Teignmouth, 10th April, 1818.

I am glad you are pleased with my nonsense, and if it so happen that the humour takes me, when I have set down to prose to you I will not gainsay it. I should be (God forgive me) ready to swear, because I cannot make use of your assistance in going through Devon if I was not in my own mind determined to visit it thoroughly at some more favourable time of the year. But now Tom, who is getting greatly better, is anxious to be in town, therefore I put off my threading the country. I purpose within a month to put my knapsack at my back, and make a pedestrian tour through the North of England and part of Scotland. to make a sort of prologue to the life I intend to pursue, that is to write, and to study, and to see all Europe at the lowest expense. I will clamber through the clouds and exist; I will get such an accumulation of stupendous recollections that as I walk through the suburbs of London I may not see them. I will stand upon Mont Blanc, and remember this coming summer, when I intend to straddle Ben Lomond. With my soul, galligaskins are out of the question. I am nearer myself to hear your 'Christ' is being tinted into immortality. Believe me,

Haydon, your picture is part of myself. I have ever been too sensible of the labyrinthian path to eminence in Art (judging from poetry) to think I understood the emphasis of painting. The innumerable compositions and decompositions which take place between the intellect and its thousand materials before it arrives at that trembling delicate, and snail-horn perception of beauty! I know not your many havens of intenseness—nor ever can know them—but for this I hope not (what) you achieve is lost upon me, for when a schoolboy the abstract idea I had of a heroic painting was what I cannot describe. I saw it somewhat sideways, large, prominent, round, and coloured with magnificence—somewhat like the feel I have of Antony and Cleopatra, or of Alcibiades leaning on his crimson couch in his galley, his broad shoulders imperceptibly heaving with the sea. That passage in Shakespeare is finer than this—

“See how the surly Warwick mans the wall.”

I like your consignment of Corneille—that’s the humour of it. They shall be called your posthumous works. I don’t understand your bit of Italian. I hope she will awake from her dream and flourish fair—my respects to her. The hedges by this time are beginning to leaf; cats are becoming more vociferous; young ladies who wear watches are always looking at them; women about forty-five think the season very backward; ladies’ maids have but half an allowance of corn. It rains here again; has been doing so for three days. However, as I told you, I’ll take a trial in June, July, or August next year.

I am afraid Wordsworth went rather huffed out of town. I am sorry for it. He cannot expect his fireside divan to be infallible. He cannot expect but that every man of worth is as proud as himself. Oh! that he hath not “fit with a war-rener”—that is, dined at Kingston’s. I shall be in town in about a fortnight, and then we will have a day or so now and then before I set out on my northern expedition. We will have no more abominable rows,* for they leave one in a fearful

* Keat appears to allude here to the violent political and religious discussions of the set, as much as to an absurd practice they had, when they met, of amusing themselves after dinner by a concert, each imitating a different instrument. The fun was as boisterous by all accounts as the discussions were heated.
—ED.

silence. Having settled the Methodists, let us be rational—not upon compulsion, no—if it will out, let it, but I will not play the bassoon any more, deliberately. Remember me to Hazlitt.

Your affectionate friend,

JOHN KEATS.

To KEATS.

MY DEAR KEATS,

14th July, 1818. (?)

When I called the other morning I did not know your poems were out, or I should have read them before I came, in order to tell you my opinion. I have done so since, and really I cannot tell you how very highly I estimate them. They justify the assertions of all your friends regarding your poetical powers. I can assure you, whatever you may do, you will not exceed my opinion of them.

Have you done with Chapman's 'Homer'? I want it very badly at this moment. Will you let the bearer have it, as well as let me know how you are?

I am, dear Keats, ever yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

Extract from KEATS.

MY DEAR HAYDON,

Wentworth Place, 23rd December, 1818.

. . . . Believe me, I never rhodomontade anywhere but in your company. My general life in society is silence. I feel in myself all the vices of a poet—irritability, love of effect and admiration; and influenced by such devils I may at times say more ridiculous things than I am aware of, but I will put a stop to that in a manner I have long resolved upon. I will buy a gold ring and put it on my finger; and from that time a man of superior head shall never have occasion to pity me, or one of inferior numskull to chuckle at me. I am certainly more for greatness in a shade than in the open day. I am speaking as a mortal. I should say, I value more the privilege of seeing great things in loneliness, than the fame of a prophet, so I will turn to a thing I have thought on more, I mean your means till your picture be finished. Not only now,

but for this year and a half have I thought of it. Believe me, Haydon, I have that sort of fire in my heart that would sacrifice everything I have to your service. I speak without any reserve. I know you would do so for me. I open my heart to you in a few words. I will do this sooner than you shall be distressed, but let me be the last stay. Ask the rich lover of Art first. I will tell you why. I have a little money that may enable me to study, and to travel for three or four years. I never expect to get anything by my books, and, moreover, I wish to avoid publishing. I admire human nature, but I do not like *men*. I should like to compose things honourable to man, but not fingerable over by *men*, so I am anxious to exist with(out) troubling the printer's devil, or drawing upon men's or women's admiration, in which great solitude I hope God will give me strength to rejoice. Try the long purses, but do not sell your drawings, or I shall consider it a breach of friendship. Do write and let me know all your present whys and wherefores.

Yours most faithfully,

JOHN KEATS.

MY DEAR HAYDON,

Wentworth Place (no date).

We are very unlucky. I should have stopped to dine with you, but I knew I should not have been able to leave you in time for my plaguing sore throat, which is getting well. . . . I have been writing a little now and then lately, but nothing to speak of, being discontented and, as it were, moulting. Yet I do not think I shall ever come to the rope or the pistol, for after a day or two's melancholy, although I smoke more and more my own insufficiency, I see by little and little more of what is to be done, and how it is to be done, should I ever be able to do it. On my soul, there should be some reward for that continual "agonie ennuyeuse."

Yours for ever,

JOHN KEATS.

To KEATS.

MY DEAR KEATS,

14th January, 1819.

Your letter was everything that is kind, affectionate, and friendly, and, depend on it, it has relieved my anxious mind.

The "agonie ennuyeuse" you talk of, be assured, is nothing but the intense searching of a glorious spirit, and the disappointment it feels at its first contact with the muddy world. But it will go off, and by-and-by you will shine through it with fresh lightsomeness.

Don't let it injure your health. For two years I felt that agony. Write to me beforehand, that I may be home when you come.

God bless you, my dear Keats!

Yours ever,

B. R. HAYDON.

From KEATS.

MY DEAR HAYDON,

Wentworth Place (no date).

I had an engagement to-day, and it is so fine a morning that I cannot put it off. I will be with you to-morrow, when we will thank the Gods, though you have bad eyes, and I am idle.

I regret more than anything the not being able to dine with you to-day.

I have had several movements that way, but then I should disappoint one who has been my true friend. I will be with you to-morrow morning and stop all day. We will hate the profane vulgar and make us wings.

God bless you!

JOHN KEATS.

From KEATS.

MY DEAR HAYDON,

Winchester, 3rd October, 1819.

Certainly I might; but a few months pass away before we are aware. I have a great aversion to letter writing, which grows more and more upon me; and a greater to summon up circumstances before me of an unpleasant nature. I was not willing to trouble you with them. Could I have dated from my "Palace of Milan," you would have heard from me. Not even now will I mention a word of my affairs, only that I shall not be here more than a week more, as I purpose to settle

in town and work my way with the rest. I hope I shall never be so silly as to injure my health and industry for the future by speaking, writing, or fretting about my non-estate. I have no quarrel, I assure you, of so weighty a nature with the world on my own account as I have on yours. I have done nothing—except for the amusement of a few people who refine upon their feelings till anything in the un-understandable way will go down with them—people predisposed for sentiment. I have no cause to complain, because I am certain anything really fine in these days will be felt. I have no doubt that if I had written ‘Othello’ I should have been cheered by as good a mob as Hunt; so would you be now if the operation of Painting were as universal as that of Writing. It is not; therefore it did behove men I could mention, among whom I must place Sir George Beaumont, to have lifted you up above sordid cares. That this has not been done is a disgrace to the country. When I am tired of reading, I often think them over, and as often condemn the spirit of modern connoisseurs.

Upon the whole, indeed, you have no complaint to make, being able to say what so few men can, “I have succeeded.”

On sitting down to write a few lines to you, these are the uppermost in my mind, and, however I may be beating about the Arctic, while your spirit has passed the Line, you may “lay to” a minute and consider I am earnest as I can see. Though at this present I have great dispositions to write, I feel every day more and more content to read. Books are becoming more interesting and valuable to me. I may say I could not live without them. If, in the course of a fortnight, you can procure me a ticket to the British Museum, I will make a better use of it than I did in the first instance. I shall go on with patience, in the confidence that if I ever do anything worth remembering, the reviewers will no more be able to stumble-block me than the Royal Academy could you. They have the same quarrel with you that the Scotch nobles had with Wallace. The fame they have lost through you is no joke to them. Had it not been for you, Fuseli would have been, not as he is, major, but maximus domo. What reviewers can put a hindrance to must be—a nothing, or a mediocrity, which is worse.

* * * * *

I came to this place in the hopes of meeting with a library, but was disappointed. The High Street is as quiet as a lamb. The knockers are dicted to three raps per diem. The walks about are interesting from the many old buildings and archways. The view of the High Street through the gate of the city in the beautiful September evening has amused me frequently. At St. Cross there is an interesting picture of Albert Dürer's, who living in such warlike times, perhaps was forced to paint in his gauntlets, so we must make all allowances.

I am, dear Haydon, yours ever,

JOHN KEATS.

From KEATS.

MY DEAR HAYDON,

Hampstead, 1820.

I am sorry to be obliged to try your patience a few days more, when you will have the book sent from town.

I am glad to hear you are in progress with another picture.* Go on. I am afraid I shall pop off just when I (*illegible*) able to run alone.

Ever your sincere friend,

JOHN KEATS.

To KEATS.

MY DEAR KEATS,

1820.

I have been coming to see you every day; and determined this morning, as I heard you were still ill, or worse, to walk over in spite of all pestering hindrances. I regret, my dear Keats, to find by your landlady's account that you are very poorly. I hope you have Dr. Darling's advice, on whose skill I have the greatest reliance. Certainly I was as bad as anybody could be, and I have recovered; therefore I hope, indeed I have no doubt, you will ultimately get round again, if you attend strictly to yourself, and avoid cold and night-air. I wish you would write me a line to say how you really are. I have been sitting for some little time in your lodgings, which are clean, airy, and quiet. I wish you were sitting

* 'The Raising of Lazarus,' now in the National Gallery.—Ed.



*"A vile caricature of B. R. Haydon by John Keats."
Facsimile of a sketch by Keats on a page in Haydon's Journal.*

with me. Hunt has been laid up, too. Take care of yourself, my dear Keats.

Believe me,

Ever most affectionately and sincerely your friend,

B. R. HAYDON.

From KEATS.

MY DEAR HAYDON,

Wentworth Place, Hampstead.

I am much better this morning than I was when I wrote the note. That is, my hopes and spirits are better, which are generally at a very low ebb from such a protracted illness. I shall be here for a little time, and at home all and every day.

A journey to Italy is recommended me, which I have resolved upon, and am beginning to prepare for.

Hoping to see you shortly,

I remain your affectionate friend,

JOHN KEATS.

LETTERS TO AND FROM WORDSWORTH.

From WORDSWORTH.

MY DEAR SIR,

Lowther Castle, 12th September, 1815.

Agreeable to your request, for which I am much obliged to you, and to his friend for his offer of undertaking the bust, I forwarded to you from Rydal Mount, a few days ago, the dimensions of my pericranium, taken by the hand of Sir George Beaumont. He is entitled to our common thanks, for he exerted himself not a little upon the occasion, and I hope the performance will answer your purpose. Sir George begged me say that the hair on that part of the skull where the crown is, is thin, so that a little of the skull appears bald; and Sir George thinks that a similar baldness there might have a good effect in the bust.

I should have sent the drawing immediately on receipt of your letter, but I had nobody near who could execute it.

I hope 'Christ's Entry into Jerusalem' goes on to your satisfaction. I cannot doubt but that picture will do you huge credit, and raise the reputation of the Art in this country.

I have not forgotten your request to have a few verses of my composition in my own handwriting, and the first short piece that I compose, if it be not totally destitute of merit, shall be sent to you. I hope, also, that you bear in mind the promise you threw out of letting me have some production of your pencil, for my gratification would be high in possessing a memorial of you to place by the side of those I have received from Sir George.

I am writing in a crowded room, at a sofa-table, where two other gentlemen are engaged in the same occupation, and one of the company has turned all eyes on us by declaring that we

look like three schoolboys at a writing-school. This must plead my excuse for this incoherent letter, which I shall conclude by assuring you that Mrs. Wordsworth and I often remember with pleasure the agreeable hours which we passed in your company, and that we cherish the hope, in the course of next season, we may see you at Rydal Mount. Sir George and Lady Beaumont are here. They have taken a small place at Keswick for the summer months of the ensuing year.

Farewell, and

Believe me, with great respect, sincerely yours,

WM. WORDSWORTH.

To WORDSWORTH.

MY DEAR SIR,

London, 27th November, 1815.

Do not blame my idleness because you have not been thanked your kind present of the pencil-case. Though your letter was dated a month ago, I never had it till within this day or two. You may depend on it I will keep it, and it shall descend, while it lasts, to my posterity. I cannot express to you how much I feel flattered by your kindness in this remembrance of me. I can assure you, without affectation, I have the highest enthusiasm for your genius and purity of mind. I have benefited, and have been supported in the troubles of life by your poetry; and I shall ever remember with secret delight the friendship with which you honour me, and the interest you take in my success. God grant it ultimately be assured! I will bear want, pain, misery, and blindness. but I will never yield one step I have gained on the road I am determined to travel over.

Since last I wrote to you, Canova has arrived in town; and last Sunday-week he honoured me by a visit. He staid long, and was affected by my picture. I feel convinced he is the only thoroughly-grounded artist I ever met in my life. Of the Elgin Marbles he speaks with affection; he told me they were "*amply worth a journey from Rome to see,*" and that "*they would produce a change and revolution in the Art!*" I met him there again to-day, and soon saw that he felt all their beauties as he ought. It is a great pleasure to me to know that I said

the same thing myself six years since ; that I have always maintained their cause ; and have gained all the little I know in form from the study of these divine works. I was particular in asking him. This he said to me in the presence of another, so that I can bring witness—a very essential thing in this country, where no man is believed in his own cause.

I took him, by his own desire, to see a painter who once painted some fine things, but who, from love of money, deserted his post, and has sunk into a portrait-painter.*

I could not help watching his miserable mortification, as he brought forth his wretched affairs. At last, and with a face of painful despair—an air of withered littleness—he said, “We must all paint portraits here, Sir.” What would he not have given to have left a better impression? In that moment he would have parted with all his wealth. I feel convinced the pang that cut him was a punishment he will not forget. He has all the hankerings of ambition without the courage. I would not have changed my position for his if he had every blessing of life. It was quite a lesson to me, &c.

Believe me, with the greatest respect and affection,

Truly yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

To WORDSWORTH.

MY DEAR SIR,

London, 29th December, 1815.

Since the freedom of my native town was voted to me in honour of my ‘Judgment of Solomon’ I have never been so moved as I was on reading your exquisite sonnets. The last is the highest honour that ever was paid, or ever can be paid to me. Reflect, my dear Sir, what I must feel when the first effusion of poetry that ever was addressed to me has been addressed by our greatest poet. I declare to you I was so affected, on recognising the sensations of my own bosom so sublimely put forth, that I felt as if they had been reached by some inspired being to stimulate and encourage me. Your writing such a fine thing to me is a proof you think I deserve it ; and be assured that I will continue, by the greatest efforts and most invincible constancy, to render myself daily more

* Northcote.—ED.

worthy of such a high honour. I have read and re-read them; I read them to Landseer, who is a man of great talent, and an old and never-failing adorer of yours. He is to have a bust. A young man, whom I have never seen, the other day begged, through a friend, to tell me he should be grateful to me as long as he lived if I would allow him to have a 'Mask'!* I tell you this, my dear Sir, to convince you how your influence is increasing, in spite of the reviewers. It must give you pleasure; you must be made aware of the glory that awaits you.

I must say that I have felt melancholy ever since receiving your sonnets, as if I was elevated so exceedingly, with such a drunken humming in my brain, that my nature took refuge in quiet humbleness and gratitude to God.

This year has been to me a year of glorious retribution. Without any effort on my part my miseries have been redressed, my talent acknowledged, and my great object advanced. And now, at the winding-up, comes a sonnet from you to carry me to the conclusion of it with glory.

You are the first English poet who has ever done complete justice to my delightful Art. Never was so just and true a compliment paid to it in English verse before, as

"Whether the instrument of words she use,
Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues."

This is the truth; every other poet has shown a thorough ignorance of its nature, seeming not to know that the mind was the same, the means only different. For this, only, you will have the gratitude of every painter. Indeed, I cannot say to you, my dear Sir, enough about them. I let Scott† see them, and he was exceedingly affected, and thought them what they are—some of your finest, and worthy of Milton—though completely your own. A heart,

"Though sensitive, yet in the weakest part
Heroically fashioned, to infuse
Faith in the whispers of the lonely muse."

This went to my heart-strings. How often have I, leaning over a fire nearly out, with my picture before me, untouched

* Haydon, about this period, had taken a fine cast himself of Wordsworth's head.—ED.

† John Scott.—ED.

for the day from want of money to pay a model; how often, for a short time, have misgivings made my heart sink, and then something has started me, and I have felt as if a Superior Being had reflected a beam of light upon my brain, and a sensitive ring through my frame whispered, "Go on!"

Eleven years and a-half ago, the very first Sunday after I left home and arrived in town, I went to the new church in the Strand with the most awful feelings, and kneeling, I prayed God to bless my exertions, to grant I might reform the taste of my country; to grant that, before thirty, I might be at the head of my Art; and to grant no obstruction, however great, might stop me, but that I might sacrifice myself with delight if necessary. Judge then, my dearest Sir, of my intense feeling to find you so grandly putting forth all the secrets of my soul. I had reverence for your inspiration before; I now revere you with sympathy. God bless you! and grant that the world may be enlightened, to feel the intensity of your poetry, and do you full and ample justice before you leave it.

Your notions of Winkelmann appear to me quite true. He was, I believe, well versed in antiquity, but very superficial in his own conclusions—in everything that required thinking out. Such men are but useless rhapsodists, who turn off the minds of all from the beauty and raciness of nature.

I have advanced my picture,* and have got the penitent girl done, as well as her mother and the centurion. I hope to have the sister, who is leaning forward to encourage her, finished shortly. Behind, I intend putting a woman, who may have followed from curiosity, and in whose face I shall put a tender concern, a pity—an abstracted pity—as if she were musing on the frailties and the temptations of a lovely girl, as she looked at the penitent one. I have finished a study for it, and it tells well; it will contrast with, and set off the heart-agonized interest of the sister who leans forward. I have thought of another character instead of this woman, viz., the hard, unfeeling prude, who looks with a sneer of cruel self-approbation at the penitent girl, chuckling that *she* has escaped the vice. It would be a strong character, and would be sure to excite one's feelings for the penitent, from its cruelty. Characters of this latter kind Raphael seems universally to have rejected.

* 'Christ's Entry into Jerusalem.'—ED.

Perhaps he thought them incompatible with beauty and pleasure. All his men and women have one feeling of goodness and benevolence. But there are no women in Raphael so distinct in essence as Goneril, Cordelia, and Beatrice. Characters on this principle are, I venture to think, to be added to the Art. Raphael's women have all the general lovely qualities that render women such angelic creatures, and possess the graces we wish to be their own, at least those in our own circle; but he appears to me not to have distinguished them, as nature has done, from each other; nor to have given them those distinctive marks in external feature that denote internal variety of feeling.

I have one great favour to ask. Might I ask you to allow Scott to print the sonnet in the 'Champion;' and might he say it was written by you to me? Would you object to the others, at separate periods, being printed also? Leigh Hunt's respect for you seems to increase daily; his brother it is who has had your bust made. When you come to town again I shall have a fine cast from the 'Theseus' to show you. I sleep, breathe, and exist among the finest things in Art.* My rooms are so full, I have hardly space to turn.

With my highest respect, I am, my dear Sir,

Yours, &c.,

B. R. HAYDON.

P.S.—Be assured, I will exert myself to make one of my best heads or sketches for your acceptance. If it be possible, it shall be worthy of the sonnets. God grant it may!

From WORDSWORTH.

MY DEAR SIR,

Rydal Mount, 13th January, 1816.

It gratifies me much that the sonnets, especially the one addressed to yourself, find favour in your eyes and those of your friends. As to your request for permission to publish them, I cannot refuse to comply with it. In regard to that addressed to yourself you deserve a much higher compliment; but from the nature of the subject it may be found pretty generally interesting. The two others, particularly the 'Snow-

* Alluding to his casts of the Elgin Marbles.—Ed.

crested Mountain,' full surely are morsels only for the few. But if Mr. Scott desires it, he is at liberty to give them a place in his Journal when and how he likes. At the same time, my own feelings urge me to state, in sincerity, that I naturally shrink from solicitation of public notice. I never publish anything without great violence to my own disposition, which is to shun rather than court regard. In this respect we poets are much more happily situated than our brother-labourers of the pencil, who cannot, unless they be born to a fortune, proceed in their employment without public countenance. I thank you for the number of the 'Champion.' After being found worthy of such eulogy as is there bestowed upon you, the next enviable thing is the ability to praise merit in so eloquent a style. There is also an excellent political essay by Scott at the head of the same number. Pray give my regards to him; and I will take this occasion of stating that it may be agreeable to Mr. Hunt to learn that his 'Mask' has been read with great pleasure by my wife and her sister under this peaceful roof. They commend the style in strong terms; and though it would not become *me* to say that their taste is correct, I have often witnessed with pleasure and an entire sympathy the disgust with which in this particular they are affected by the main part of contemporary productions.

I am glad to learn that your picture advances. It is as grand a subject as could be selected. The feelings to be excited are adoration and exultation, and subordinate to these, astonishment and suspense of mind. In all the Evangelists it is written that our Blessed Lord was accompanied with Hosannas. The e a silent picture cannot express, and but imperfectly indicate; but garments may be spread, and boughs may be carried in triumph, and prostrate forms exhibited, as you have done. From the manner in which I have dwelt upon these images you will infer that I think you have done well in rejecting the character of the supercilious prude. I cannot but think such a person discordant with the piece. One of the Evangelists says that the Pharisees called on Jesus to rebuke His disciples, and this is the only feeling mentioned that does not fall directly in with the general triumph and exultation. For there is nothing discordant with these in the question, "Who is this?" succeeded immediately by the answer, "The King of Jerusalem." In fact, in no stronger manner could the

overwhelming presence of Jesus Christ be expressed. The request of the Pharisees has indirectly the same tendency. They wished that the disciples should be rebuked, and why? Because their pride was wounded, and their indignation raised by the homage which the multitude paid with such fervour to Jesus on His approach to Jerusalem. A character like that of the haughty prude belongs rather to the higher kinds of comedy—such as the works of Hogarth—than to a subject of this nature, which, to use Milton's expression, is "more than heroic." I coincide with you in your opinion as to Raphael's characters, but, depend upon it, he has erred upon the safer side. Dramatic diversities aid discrimination, (and) should never be produced upon sublime subjects by the sacrifice of sublime effect. And it is better that expression should give way to beauty than beauty be banished by expression. Happy is he who can hit the exact point where grandeur is not lowered, but heightened by detail; and beauty not impaired, but rendered more touching and exquisite by passion! This has been done by the great artists of antiquity, but not very frequently in modern times; yet much as I admire those productions, I would on no account discourage your efforts to introduce more of the diversities of actual humanity into the management of sublime and pathetic subjects. Much of what Garrick is reported to have done for the stage may by your genius be effected for the picture gallery. But in aiming at this object, proceed with reflection, and if you are in doubt, decide in favour of the course Raphael pursued.

Before I conclude, I have one word to say of the mode of publishing the sonnet addressed to you. I would wish that it should appear that the thing was not first addressed to you through the medium of a public journal, but was a private communication of friendship.

My wife and Miss Hutchinson send their kindest regards in joining with me in best wishes for your health, happiness, and success. This last word reminds me of your desire that my merits as a poet might be acknowledged during my lifetime. I am quite satisfied on this head. With me it must be a work of time: but I frequently receive acknowledgments of gratitude from persons unknown in all quarters of the island.

I remain, &c.,

WM. WORDSWORTH.

To WORDSWORTH.

London, 22nd August, 1816.

I have long wished to hear you upon politics, but do not suppose I am interrupting my studies, or harassing my peace on such matters. I am only perpetually tormented by sophistries from others, the fallacy of which I clearly see, but I wish also to ask your opinion on the matter. The great contest in society just now is between those who are the same in principle, though they differ as to the example. One party assert—1st. That while Napoleon remained on the French throne he remained in the face of Europe a perpetual living monument of a Sovereign chosen by the people. No matter what he did, or what were his crimes and cruelties, they inflicted no lasting injury upon the world in comparison with the good done to the great principle of the people having the right to choose their own Sovereign. 2ndly. That Napoleon being dethroned by the Allied Powers has inflicted an everlasting injury upon this great principle; for that, whatever were his plans for debasing human intellect for his own purposes (and this they acknowledge), the effect must have died with him; but the principle would have remained, and a better successor would soon have remedied the follies of Napoleon. My views are that, in the first place, Napoleon was not a Sovereign chosen by the people, but one exclusively forced on them by the army, totally regardless of principle or thought. And even granting Napoleon was chosen by the people, is the principle injured by the ejection of a bad choice? Indeed, is not more injury done to the principle by suffering a bad choice to remain?

Then, again, is talent to be put into comparison with virtue? And was not the system he had established of educating the masses with one view only, viz., submission to his will, likely to cease with his life?

It is strange that men who have risen by talent to a throne, or who have been chosen by the people, so frequently behave tyrannically as to drive the people back upon those whom they had dethroned. It seems to me that they who imagined Napoleon and the French people were to be instruments of liberty to nations, exhibited gross ignorance of the character of both, and wished an end to be brought about by means which

would substitute a consequence more destructive of human liberty, and more dreadful to human intellect than any the world ever experienced.

Buonaparte's system had all the fierce energy of a demon's genius. Its great object was to sap youthful susceptibility, and direct mature capacity to make an infatuated being the instrument of another's destruction; till he became the dreaded deity of this lower world, and all its inhabitants trembled at his name, shrunk in terror at his power, and wished all knowledge extinct that did not lead towards the perfection of the science of war. His awful Name trembled on the lips of children as they lisped their nursery songs, intermingled in all their boyish amusements, struck their imagination in every public building, and stole upon their senses in their prayers.

I have seen "N. N. N." engraved round a statue of Jesus Christ! Any people, however inherently sound and sensible, must in time have become affected by such a system as this. But what can any man say to such a system operating on such a people as the French! Vain, insolent, active, thoughtless, bloodthirsty, and sophistical by nature; a people who are brilliant without intensity; have courage without firmness; are polite without benevolence, and tender without heart; pale, fierce, and elegant; their looks depraved; lecherous and blasphemous in their feelings; mingling the most disgusting offices of nature with the most elegant duties of social life, and the most solemn feelings of religion with the most lascivious propensities of nature. These are the people, this was the system, and Napoleon was the Sovereign, who were to be the instruments of liberty! And to get rid of him and his system was to inflict a greater injury to the establishment of a virtuous principle than to allow both to remain!

I feel sure you will hardly believe intelligent men are to be found to assert this, and yet I often hear it asserted.

You would oblige me by giving me your opinion on the subject for my own private gratification.

With the highest respect, my dear Sir,

Affectionately yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

From WORDSWORTH.

MY DEAR SIR,

Rydal Mount, 6th October, 1816.

Your spirited and interesting letter deserved a much earlier answer; it also merited a much better answer than it will receive. I regret this inability the less because yourself, who have proposed the case (Napoleon's deposition, 1815), have pronounced a decision upon it so judicious as, in my opinion, to do away with the necessity of applying to any other authority. As to the right of a people to choose their own governor being sacrificed by the fall of Buonaparte, it is ridiculous to talk about it. Some part of the people of France, did indeed vote for him as they would have voted for the Devil, but he was no more the choice of the wisdom and virtue of the nation, nor of their folly, than he was of the wisdom, virtue, or folly, of the Chinese. Besides, if he were chosen by the French nation the other nations of Europe were convinced that he would never cease from attempting to subjugate them! They had, therefore, as much right to attempt and to accomplish his overthrow as the French had to elect him to their Imperial Throne, and to endeavour to uphold him there. Overthrown he has been, and the heir of the old monarchy put in his place, and many, professing, and supposing themselves friends of Freedom, lament these events; because, forsooth, a great principle has been violated! One thing, however, is certain, that if it were true that a principle had been rejected, it has not been wantonly done, but in preference of another principle on which nations have been accustomed to rest their tranquillity, and to rely for protection of that portion of civil liberty which their ignorance and sins permit them to enjoy. Be assured, my dear Sir, that concern for principle has little sway over the minds of your opponents. They admired Buonaparte and his adherents because they were dashing dogs at the head of expectation, and flattering to the discontented, and they hate the Bourbons because through them a check has been given to the career of profligate personal ambition. What has humanity to apprehend from this restoration as far as it is a question between their principles? Why, that the respect paid to hereditary succession, by confirming the possession of their thrones to Princes, may induce them to behave more tyrannically than they could have done without the

additional security which, by the termination of this struggle, has been given them. But do you imagine that kings or emperors care a twentieth part so much about their heirs as about themselves? In this particular they differ little from other men. Now the fate, the undeserved fate, of Louis XVI., who lost his throne and his life because his people erroneously thought he deserved to lose them, will, like that of Charles I., operate beneficially as a warning and be fully adequate, so far as example goes, to counteract any encouragement to misconduct which might be demanded on the restoration of the Crown to the same family in the person of Louis XVIII.? Is it to be dreaded that nations will be too passive under their oppressors? Surely, if the works of our time are likely to render men more so in future, it will not be in consequence of the restoration of Louis and other acts of that kind in preference to retaining the Corsican and his upstart crew, but because the powers and distinctions which successful villany has obtained after the overthrow of ancient institutions and the destruction of the person in whom authority was rested, will be likely to make wise and good men afraid of trying experiments. They will rather bear the ills they have, till they become absolutely insupportable, than rush on others which they know not of. Now the retaining Murat, Buonaparte, and the rest of those wretches, would have greatly aggravated this evil, and the deference to the claims of legitimacy in the same proportion tends to diminish it. And whatever bad consequences are to be dreaded from an excess in this quarter, they are to the truly discerning much less formidable than those to which the opposite extreme would conduct us. If you are plagued with a grievous tyrant, rise and destroy him, but do not look to another family for his successor. There is no necessity for that step. Take the next heir and bind him over by such conditions as preserve a better security for your liberties. But do not let lawless ambition loose upon you by leaving the throne open to the pretensions of every daring adventurer. But I have already written far too much. I beg to say a word about painting, and to urge you to bend your attention morning, noon, and night, that way. How are your eyes, and what progress do you make? For a subject, let me recommend to your consideration the eighteenth chapter of Numbers, from the 46th to the end of the 48th verse, "and the plague was

stayed." Yesterday I left at Keswick Sir George and Lady Beaumont, both well. Let me hear from you at some leisure moment.

Believe me,

With great respect and true affection, yours,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

To WORDSWORTH.

DEAR SIR,

31st December, 1816.

. . . . I copy out a sonnet* by a young poet, Keats, addressed to me, but beginning with you. I should wish very much to know what you think of it. He promises a great deal, and said in a letter to me, when I said I should enclose it to you, "The idea of your sending it to Wordsworth puts me out of breath; you know with what reverence I should send my well-wishes to him." He is quite a youth, full of eagerness and enthusiasm, and what greatly recommends him to me, he has a very fine head! He is now writing a longer sort of poem, of 'Diana and Endymion,' to publish with his smaller productions, and (he) will send you a copy as soon as it is out. I need not say his reverence for you, my dear Sir, is unbounded.

John Scott has been in town for a short time, dreadfully cut up by the loss of his boy. He brought over a poem written in all the fury and agony of despair, which, I assure you, I think will affect you deeply and give you a higher idea of his powers than anything he has done. There is a want throughout of pious dependence, but for a feeling, as it were, of hugging misery, and banqueting on sorrow with fierce and daring defiance, I never read anything so dreadful. It will be published very shortly.

I have been getting on furiously and successfully with my picture, and am now suffering in my health a little in consequence, but I hope soon to be well and, if God spare my life, to complete it. Hourly and daily, in the morning and in the evening, does my hope to shine in my glorious Art get more vivid and intense. If my life and eyes are only spared till I

*

"Great spirits now on earth are sojourning,
He of the cloud, the cataract, the lake."

—Sonnet to HAYDON, by KEATS.

can inoculate a sufficient number of daring youths with true principles, I shall have no fear for the Art of my glorious country. We must be great in painting, and we *will* be great in spite of all the obstructions on earth.

I am about to put your head into my picture as a believer by the side of Newton. I cannot quote your ideas, therefore I must do so with your face. If you are coming up this spring, I would wait till then, because I wish to have your hands and every part as it ought to be, which one cannot do from a cast. Do you think you will be in town this season?

With kindest remembrances to Mrs. Wordsworth and Miss Hutchinson,

Believe me, dear Sir, &c.,

B. R. HAYDON.

From WORDSWORTH.

MY DEAR SIR,

Rydal Mount, 7th April, 1817.

I have just received, through the hands of Mr. Southey, the excellent print of the 'Gypsy's Head.' The glass was shattered into a thousand pieces, but luckily the print itself was not damaged. I have hung this memorial of you in my study and be assured that I prize it not a little. If I have any fault to find with the execution of the engraving, it is that some strokes appear wanting in the face and features to soften and qualify the expression of the eyes.

Mr. Southey is going shortly to town, and will be happy to call on you. I envy him the pleasure both in seeing the artist and the picture of 'Christ's Entry,' which, I suppose, is now far advanced towards completion.

I have had a cast of my own hands with which I hope Southey will charge himself. You expressed a wish for an opportunity to paint them from life. I hope the substitute may not be wholly useless to you. Your health continues good, I trust, and your studies proceed. Where is Scott, and is he well? His poem I see is published. I am afraid of looking into it on account of the subject. If you write to him pray remember me most kindly and respectfully to him. I have ceased to be a reader of the 'Champion' for several months, supposing that he had discontinued writing in it, and

not approving the tone of its politics. The miscreant, Hazlitt, continues, I have heard, his abuse of Southey, Coleridge, and myself, in the 'Examiner.' I hope that you do not associate with the fellow; he is not a proper person to be admitted into respectable society, being the most perverse and malevolent creature that ill-luck has ever thrown in my way. Avoid him, he is a —, and this I understand is the general opinion where he is known in London.

Faction runs apace. The friends of liberty and good order are alarmed at the corruption of opinion among the lower classes. For my own part, I am full of fears, not for the present: the immediate danger will, I think, be got over, but, there is a malady in the social constitution which it will require the utmost skill to manage, and which, if it is not met with firmness and knowledge, will end in the dissolution of the body politic. When I have the pleasure of seeing you I will explain my views at length, and state to you the grounds of my apprehensions.

Perhaps some of Southey's friends may think that his tranquillity is disturbed by the late and present attacks upon him—not a jot. Bating inward sorrow for the loss of his only son, he is cheerful as a lark and happy as the day. Prosperous in his literary undertakings, admired by his friends, in good health, and honoured by a large portion of the public, busily employed from morning to night, and capable, from his talents, of punishing those who act unjustly towards him, what cause has he to be disturbed? I left him the other day preparing a rod for Mr. Wm. Smith. Pray let me hear from you, and believe me, my dear Sir, with great regard and high respect,

Most truly yours,

WM. WORDSWORTH.

To WORDSWORTH.

London, 15th April, 1817.

With respect to Hazlitt, I think his motives are easily enough discernible. Had you condescended to visit him when he praised your 'Excursion,' just before you came to town, his vanity would have been soothed and his virulence softened. He was conscious of what an emergency you had helped him

from : he was conscious of his conduct while in your neighbourhood,* and then, your taking no notice of his praise added to his acrid feelings. I see him scarcely ever, and then not at my own house. But Leigh Hunt's weathercock estimation of you I cannot account for, nor is it worth while to attempt. He first attacks you when he had never read your works, then a friend, Barnes,† brought him your 'Excursion,' pointed out your sonnets, and Leigh Hunt began to find that he really should have looked through a poet's works before he came to a conclusion on the genius displayed in them. He then recanted. When you were in town you visited him. You remember what he said, with an agitated mouth, "The longer I live, and the older I grow, I feel my respect for your genius increase, Sir." Those were his words. Before a month was over I again perceived "doubts," and "hums," and "ha's," instead of the momentary enthusiasm displayed for you, for about that time. Scott and I and all his friends accounted for it in the usual way, knowing he never holds one opinion one month he does not sophisticate himself out of it before the next is over. You explained your political principles to him, and he said he was satisfied. I think you did a great deal too much.

When first I knew Leigh Hunt he was really a delightful fellow, ardent in virtue, and perceiving the right thing in everything but religion—he now finds "no end in wandering mazes lost," perplexes himself, and pains his friends. His great error is inordinate personal vanity, and he who pampers it not is no longer received with affection. I am daily getting more estranged from him, and, indeed, all his old friends are dropping off. John Hunt is truly a noble character. . . . My putting in Voltaire's head has irritated Leigh Hunt beyond all hope. He intends attacking it. God grant he may, and if worth while I will answer him with all my might and soul. I never saw anything like the irritation of the Deists about this head. It only confirms me that I have made a capital hit.

* * * * *

My turn will come with Hazlitt, for he has the malignant morbidity of early failure in the same pursuit. I have had

* It appears by some of Wordsworth's anecdotes, recorded in Haydon's Journal, that Hazlitt scandalized the neighbourhood at Ambleside by his nocturnal rambles and their consequences, to Wordsworth's great disgust.—Ed.

† Mr. Barnes, editor of the 'Times.'—Ed.

several side stabs about "great" pictures, &c., and the absurdity of Art ever existing in England, but he shall see, if he cuts me (up) openly, it shall not be with impunity. In the 'Edinburgh Encyclopædia,' speaking of English Art, he mentioned every living painter now eminent, but me! By leaving me out, the blockhead, he made people remark it, and so he has, in fact, done me good. One night, when I saw him half-tipsy, and so more genial than usual, I said to him, "Why do you sneer so at the prospects of English Art? you know this is the country where it will next succeed." "I dare say it will," he replied, "but what is *the use of predicting success?*" He served me a dreadful trick with Wilkie. He asked of me a letter of introduction to see Wilkie's pictures. I gave it, and the very next Sunday out came an infamous attack on Wilkie's genius! You may depend, my dear Sir, that men of eminence are considered food for such propensities and nothing better. However, enough (of) him. I hope soon to have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Southey.

With the greatest respect,

Yours ever affectionately,

B. R. HAYDON.

From WORDSWORTH.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Rydal Mount, 16th January, 1820.

Mr. Monkhouse has probably informed you how far I have suffered under the same malady as yourself. I am better so far as being able to use my eyes by day, but I neither write nor read by candlelight. I do most sincerely *rejoice* in your recovery, and congratulate you with all my heart on the completion of your picture, of which I hear from our common friends, the Beaumonts, the most excellent accounts. Indeed, they speak of it in the highest terms. Your most valuable drawing arrived when I was unable to enjoy it as it deserved. I did not like to employ an amanuensis to thank you for it, as I hoped for a speedy recovery; a hope I shall not indulge in again, as I am convinced that the organ of sight is, with me, in a precarious state—that is, very irritable, and subject to inflammation. Under these circumstances I was sure of your painful sympathy. I ran the risk of incurring your displeasure

as the less evil of the two. Your drawing is much admired as a work of Art; some think it a striking likeness, but in general it is not deemed so. For my own part, I am proud to possess it as a mark of your regard, and for its own merits.

I purpose being in London in the spring, when I trust I shall find you well and prosperous. Mr. Monkhouse, I understand, you see occasionally; and through him we always hear of you with lively interest.

Now that you have recovered your eyes, paint, and leave writing to the dunces and malignants with which London swarms. You have taken too much trouble about them. How is Keats? he is a youth of promise, too great for the sorry company he keeps. Do you skate? We have charming diversion in that way about our lakes. I wish you were here to partake of it. The splendour of the snow-clad mountains, by moonlight in particular, is most charming, and the softness of the shadows surpasses anything you can imagine; this when the moon is at a particular point of elevation. I never saw anything so exquisite, though I believe Titian has, and so, therefore, perhaps may you.

Let us hear from you at your leisure; and, particularly, how far you are pleased with your performance. If I could see your picture I think it would inspire me with a sonnet; and, indeed, without seeing it I do not lack matter for so slight a tribute to your merit. Mrs. Wordsworth and Miss Hutchinson join me in most hearty congratulation and sincerest regards, and

Believe me, my dear Haydon,

Your faithful friend and sincere admirer,

WM. WORDSWORTH.

To WORDSWORTH.

MY DEAR SIR,

London, 28th April, 1820.

I have been very much hurried, or I would have written before. You will be happy to hear of my complete success in the exhibition of my picture. It has made a deep impression. The room has been daily crowded with visitors, and the receipts sufficient to meet all exigencies at present, which, you may imagine, are no trifles after six years' labour.

My great object, as you know, was the character of the British School; and this, thank God! in the opinion of Foreigners, I have raised. I must say, "Huzza!" to this, and I know you will join.

Of the picture you will forgive me saying something. The bone of contention is the head of Christ: Mrs. Siddons thinks I have hit it; so say all those whose judgment I value. It is varied from the usual type; and people talk of it exactly as if they knew our Saviour, or had seen Him. The feeling is more of surprise that such a head can be meant for His, because it is unlike all other heads of Christ they have seen! When you see it, and if you feel it, I shall be content; and I will let them say what they will and write what they please.

It grieved me very much to hear of your continued debility of sight, but I hope you are better, and that, although you resemble Milton in most things, I should be very sorry if ever you resemble him in this.

Last night I received your volume of 'Duddon River,' &c., for which, and for all your kind remembrances of me, my dear Sir, accept my sincere thanks. There are things in it as fine, perhaps finer, than in any of your other works—

"We men, who in our morn of youth defied
The elements, must vanish. Be it so!
Enough if something from our hands have power
To live, and act, and serve the future hour."

This is my favourite bit in the whole volume, and which I have been thundering in my painting-room, and in the fields, ever since I read it.

I met Walter Scott in company once, and I found him a very delightful man; but still there is some imposition in the influence which surrounds him. You are aware he is suspected as being a concealed author; you fear, from delicacy, to allude to the subject; and yet you find him continually alluding to the subject; and thus he has something (of) the air of a sort of magician, with whom certain things are forbidden to you, but granted to him. I felt as if it were a species of quackery, and cannot but think all this has its effect in society. There are some deep things in these novels, but yet the power is exclusive and national, and the mystery of the publication, the influence of reviews, and determination of all parties to forgive

the grossest absurdities, have contributed as much as their inherent merit, perhaps more, to extend their fame.

Keats is very poorly, and I think in danger.

I hope you will soon be in town, and with kindest remembrances to Mrs. Wordsworth,

Believe me, &c.,

B. R. HAYDON.

To WORDSWORTH.

MY DEAR WORDSWORTH,

London, 30th May, 1831.

People are now running down the Tories right and left. I wish to ask, if this reform had taken place in the early periods of the French Revolution, would it have been conducted according to law as now? Do we not owe something to the fortitude of that party which preserved our laws and institutions from Napoleon's gripe, and from French infection? Hazlitt told me that he heard it deliberately discussed what space of land they would each possess when property was divided!

No man who is a philosopher can be a party man; he sees such absurdities in all parties. Though a reformer in my Art, because I would not wish success to Napoleon and the destruction of the Church, the reformers always thought me a trimmer; and when I used to maintain that Manchester and Birmingham ought to be represented, the Tories suspected me to be a revolutionist!

This is what one gets by being a thorough Englishman, who wishes the supremacy of his country, right or wrong! "No," said Hobhouse; "reform, reform, even by the aid of a French army." *This* they all wished, and when Wellington beat Napoleon they sighed that liberty was gone for ever. Was there ever such trash? Would Europe have had any chance of liberty if he had triumphed? What I dread of the reformers is their predominant infidelity. I know them all. Lord Brougham said, in allusion to leaving out religious instruction at the University, "What is Christianity? No two Christians agree." I say *this* is not the question. But what have our most enlightened Christians settled to be the Christianity we are bound to believe, to uphold, to provide for, and to educate our children in?

I met Campbell the very day he was going to discuss the question at the London University, and the kind of spitting maligned he seemed to have against Christianity was shocking. Why is it they all feel such spite? Leigh Hunt used to talk of our Lord as if he could bite Him, &c.

Adieu, my dear friend,

B. R. HAYDON.

To WORDSWORTH.

MY DEAR WORDSWORTH,

London, 28th June, 1831.

I wish your opinion on certain points in this Reform Bill. Would you, or would you not, grant members to the great unrepresented towns? Would you, or would you not, suppress the decayed and corrupt boroughs? As far as this goes, would you not reform? Surely you admit the principle of growing with the knowledge of an improved people? Are we not too much a nation of corporations? Should not more of the middle class be infused into power? Is it not time? And do you apprehend revolution in consequence? What are your distinct objections to the Bill? I understand at Lord Holland's you had a fierce argument with Lord John, and your admirers say you "gave" it to him. Tell me what you said.

Yours, as ever,

B. R. HAYDON.

From WORDSWORTH, on Sir R. Peel's 'Napoleon.'

MY DEAR HAYDON,

June, 1831.

I send you the sonnet, and let me have your 'Kingdom' for it. What I send you is not warm, but piping hot from the brain, when it came in the wood adjoining my garden not ten minutes ago, and was scarcely more than twice as long in coming. You know how much I admired your picture, both for the execution and the conception. The latter is first-rate, and I could dwell upon it for a long time in prose, without disparagement to the former, which I admired also, having to it no objection but the regimentals. They are too spruce, and remind one of the parade, which the wearer seems to have just left.

One of the best caricatures I have lately seen is that of Brougham, a single figure upon one knee, stretching out his arms by the sea-shore towards the rising sun (William IV.), which, as in duty bound, he is worshipping. Do not think your excellent picture degraded if I remark that the force of the same principle—simplicity—is seen in the burlesque composition, as in your work, with infinitely less effect, no doubt, from the inferiority of style and subject; yet still it is pleasing to note the under-currents of affinity in opposite styles of Art.

I think of Napoleon pretty much as you do, but with more dislike, probably because my thoughts have turned less upon the flesh and blood man than yours, and therefore have been more at liberty to dwell with unqualified scorn upon his various liberticide projects, and the miserable selfishness of his spirit. Few men of any time have been at the head of greater events, yet they seem to have had no power to create in him the least tendency towards magnanimity. How, then, with this impression, can I help despising him? So much for the idol of thousands.

As to the reformers, the folly of the Ministerial leaven is only to be surpassed by the wickedness of those who will speedily supplant them. God of Mercy, have mercy upon poor England! To think of this glorious country lackeying the heels of France in religion (that is no religion), in morals, government, and social order! It cannot come to good, at least for the present generation. They have begun it in shame, and it will lead them to misery. God bless you!

Yours,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

P.S.—You are at liberty to print the Sonnet with my name when and where you think proper. If it does you the least service, the end for which it is written will be answered. Call at Moxon's, Bond Street, and let him give you from me, for your children, a copy of the 'Selections' he has just published from my poems.

Would it not be taken as a compliment to Sir Robert Peel, who you told me has purchased your picture, if you were to send him a copy of the Sonnet before you published it?

From WORDSWORTH.

MY DEAR HAYDON,

8th July, 1831.

I have to thank you for two letters. I am glad you liked the Sonnet. I have repeated it to one or two judges, whom it has pleased.

You ask my opinion about the Reform Bill. I am averse with that wisest of the moderns, Mr. Burke, to all *hot* reformati-
ons, i.e. to every sudden change in political institutions upon a large scale. They who are forced to part with power are, of course, irritated, and they upon whom a large measure of it is at once conferred have their heads turned, and know not how to use it. To the *principle* of this particular measure I object as *unjust*, and by its injustice opening a way for spoliation and subversion to any extent which the rash and iniquitous may be set upon. If it could have been shown of such and such a borough that it claimed the right to send members to Parliament upon . . . , or that it had made a grossly corrupt use of a legal privilege, in both these cases I would disfranchise, and also, with the consent of the owners, of burgess-tenure; but beyond this I would not have gone a step. As to transferring the right of voting to large towns, my conviction is that they will be little the better for it, if at all. But even let them have their humour in certain cases, and try the result. In short, the whole of my proceedings would have been tentative.

This is the sum of what I have to say. My admirers, as you call them, must have been led, perhaps by myself, to overstate what I said to Lord John Russell. I did not conceal from him my utter disapprobation of the Bill, and what I said principally alluded to its effect upon the aristocracy.

I remember particularly telling him that the middle and lower classes were naturally grievous haters of the aristocracy, unless when they were *proud* of being attached to them; that there was no neutral ground in their sentiments. "The mass must either be your zealous supporters," said I, "or they will do all in their power to pull you down. That power you are now giving them through your 10*l.* voters, who, to effect their purpose, will soon call in the aid of others below them, till you have the blessing of universal suffrage; and what will become—I might have said, but I only hinted

it—what will become in that case of Covent Garden and Woburn, &c.?"

I am called off.

Ever truly yours,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

From HAYDON to Mr. Moxon, publisher.

MY DEAR SIR,

The King's Bench Prison, 12th October, 1836.

Will you put me down as a subscriber to your number of Wordsworth? This is a strange place to order him from, but I relish him more here than in the mountains, from sheer contrast of locality. I will send at the first opportunity.

There is a trifle would oblige me. He dedicates his sonnets to R. B. Haydon. My name is B. R. Haydon, and, for God's sake, leave out, "Esq."

Do oblige me if you have it in your power.

Yours truly,

B. R. HAYDON.

From WORDSWORTH.

Rydal Mount, 8th July, 1837.

Your picture of the 'Duke of Wellington' I thought very promising, but excuse my saying that, as you had given that of Buonaparte with his back to the spectator, I could not help wishing that you had not repeated so much of the same posture in that of his conqueror.

I do not know that I am right in this remark, but such was my impression.

You are a better judge of exhibitions than I am, but I did think that in choice of subjects, and the manner of treating them—though that was far short of what one would wish—there was a good deal of promising talent. The genius of our times in your Art is ruined by painting to commission, that is, under the control of those who order the pictures. Landseer, if he does not take care, will be killed by this. In your lectures pray dwell upon this mischief, and point out, as you may do, without giving just offence, instances of its deplorable effects. Take, for example, that picture in Lord Westminster's

Gallery, a family piece. Is it possible to think of his genius and skill could have painted such a thing, except under the like baneful influence?

Ever faithfully yours,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

To WORDSWORTH.

MY DEAR WORDSWORTH,

London, 23rd June, 1838.

I think I may say without profanation that the people are getting to be convinced that "High is our 'calling,' friend." Surely, if you said this when nobody else said it of me, I may unite myself with you when everybody is beginning to say it. I think, after a fierce fight, I am getting into the hearts and understandings of the people. I think I shall establish schools of design in the great towns as in London. I think I am convincing them that "Exhibitions" are *nil*, and "Academies" hotbeds to give importance to mediocrity.

The enthusiasm which has followed my Lectures is extraordinary, and when I publish them, to whom shall I dedicate them? Ah! to whom? To him who hailed the first dawn and predicted the Sunrise; who had the moral courage to unite their author in inspiration with himself—to William Wordsworth—if he object not; who raised up their author into the eye of his country when he was young and hardly known, and had been oppressed and persecuted, and ridiculed and misunderstood.

Grant me leave to do this, my dear friend.

My kind respects to Mr. Southey. I have not forgotten his saying to me in 1821: "Remember, it takes one man's life to get a principle acknowledged, and another's to get it acted on." I have lived to the first point, may I live to the second!

Ever yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

From WORDSWORTH.

MY DEAR HAYDON,

Rydal Mount, 25th June, 1838.

I lose no time in replying to your letter. It gives me much pleasure to see you writing in such high spirits, as I

conclude that you are prospering. It would ill become me not to say that I must deem the dedication to me of your Lectures an honourable distinction, and the more gratifying as it comes from the feelings to which you have given utterance in your letter.

I have not seen any extracts from your Lectures, but I have somewhere heard that you speak of Michel Angelo in terms of disparagement to which I cannot accede, and therefore I should like that, in the terms of your dedication, you would contrive as briefly as you can to give it to be understood that I am not pledged to the whole of your opinions in reference to an Art in which you are so distinguished.

Pray present my kind regards to Mrs. Haydon, and

Believe me to be faithfully yours,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

To WORDSWORTH.

MY DEAR WORDSWORTH,

London, 28th June.

Whoever told you I speak in terms of disparagement of Michel Angelo told you a mistake. I have rescued Raphael from the injustice done him by Condivi and Vasari, Michel Angelo's toadies—followed so absurdly by Reynolds—and I have proved the calumnies of Vasari by dates.

I have proved Michel Angelo mistook the fallen angels of heaven for the native monsters of hell, and did not mark the difference any more than Dante.

I have shown Michel Angelo, great being as he is, to be not so pure a model as the Greeks, and that we have evidence that Pheidias was a greater. I have proved he perplexed his limbs with useless anatomy, and did not know, as the Greeks, how to clear the essential from the superfluous in form.

I bow to his vast genius in his 'Prophet and Sibyls,' and the vast power of mind in the arrangement of the Sistine Chapel. But *we* have the means to form a purer School of Design, and a really grander one, and that school will issue from Great Britain.

You shall see all the Lectures, and read them before publication. Accept my thanks that you comprehend my feelings.

I am never "out" of spirits. When in prison I trust in God; when in prosperity I pray to Him.

I have had but one object from my earliest boyhood. Often in my youth, long before I entered London, have I wandered in the fields on Maker Heights, Mount Edgcombe, or lain on my back, looking at the sky, composing 'Lectures on Painting,' that I *felt* I should deliver one day.

I trust in God I shall live to carry all my points, and then, my dear Wordsworth, I shall prepare for the workhouse.

Ever, my dear friend, sincerely yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

From WORDSWORTH.

MY DEAR HAYDON,

Rydal Mount, 28th February, 1839.

I have had an opportunity of reading your 'Essay' (on painting), in the 'Encyclop. Brit.,' and neither in that nor in your letter do I find anything said concerning Michel Angelo to which I object.

I acknowledge him to be liable to all the charges you bring against him. It would only be a question between us of the degree in which he is so. Therefore, do not take the trouble of sending your 'Essay' for my inspection.

There are some opinions in your 'Essay' about which I should like to talk with you, as, for example, when you say Raphael learned nothing from Perugino but what he had to unlearn. Surely, this is far from the truth; undoubtedly there is in him as in all the elder masters a hardness, and a stiffness, and a want of skill in composition, but in simplicity and in depth of expression, he deserves to be looked up to by Raphael to the last of days. The 'Transfiguration' would have been a much finer picture than it is if Raphael had not at that period of his life lost sight of Perugino and others, his predecessors.

Whoever goes into Italy, if pictures be much of an object, ought to begin where I ended, at Venice. Not as I did with the pure and admirable productions of Fra Bartolomeo at Lucca, and with Raphael at Rome, so on to Florence, Bologna, Pavia, and Milan, and Florence by way of conclusion. Italian pictures ought to be taken in order, or as nearly as may be so, Milan, Padua, Venice, Bologna, Pavia, Florence and Rome.

Your 'Essay' does you *great credit*. I had a sad account of the French Academy at Rome. The students appear to be doing little or nothing, and spend their time in dissipation.

Believe me, with kindest regards to Mrs. Haydon,

Ever truly yours,

WM. WORDSWORTH.

To WORDSWORTH.

MY DEAR WORDSWORTH,

London, 31st July, 1839.

Your approbation of my treatise is a great pleasure to me. I fear it is thoughtless to speak of Perugino as I did, which I will correct, for you are certainly right. I have the highest opinion of all that simple race. The more we can revert to their simplicity, without their childishness, the better.

The Art will decay for the next fifteen or twenty years among the existing artists. But during that time a race will be preparing and forming themselves for a Period of Glory which is coming as surely as the saffron streak of dawn announces the rising sun.

Wilkie, whose love of money always predominated over his love of Art, has been living on his capital of early fame for the last ten years, till he has so reduced it, that if he does not alter his whole system, he will find the loss of fame the loss of money too. His latter pictures are detestable. He has painted the Queen this year as if he had dragged her through soap suds. Poor little soul! She has not much taste for High Art or high poetry. She and her mother came to see my 'Xenophon,' which they did not understand, but laughed heartily at my 'Reading the *Times*.' So much for the prospects of historical Art at Court just now.

People ask me why the Court does nothing for me. I only reply, "I am not qualified. . . . I am not very tractable in certain necessary points of progress to Royalty." I am likely to be content with my 'Inward Light.'

Adieu! yours ever,

B. R. HAYDON.

TO WORDSWORTH.

MY DEAR WORDSWORTH,

Oxford, 4th March, 1840.

At last I have accomplished one of the glorious day-dreams of my earliest youth—"Lecturing on Art at the University."

I have been received with distinction by the Vice-Chancellor and Heads of Colleges, granted the Ashmolean Museum, and yesterday gave my first lecture, which was brilliantly attended.

There are four honours in my life:—

First. The Sonnet of Wordsworth.

Secondly. The freedom of my native town.

Thirdly. The public dinner at Edinburgh.

Fourthly. My reception at the University of Oxford.

The first and the last are the greatest, but the first is *the first*, and will remain so while a vibration of my heart continues to quiver. Who said, "High is our calling, friend," when the whole world was adverse to desert? There was the *foresight*, the manliness, the energy, and affection which have marked the poet's career from the beginning to now.

You are a glorious creature, and is not our calling "high"? Would all the crowns and kingdoms of earth have bribed you to say that of a man, if you had not felt it? And why did you feel it? Because you saw it.

You have lived to see your complete victory on earth; you have nothing to expect now, but "Well done, thou good and faithful servant;" and may that hour for the sake of your friends here be long deferred, for it will not come the less.

After the honours I received yesterday, my mind instantly turned to you. Fancy my reception *here*, and compare it with that of those fellows of the London University, who thought that a man of my misfortunes would have *injured* the religious and moral purity of their London University if I had lectured *there*! An ounce and three-quarters of civet, good apothecary—or, rather, a couple of pounds.

If I were to die this moment, my dear friend, I would thank

God with my last breath for this great opportunity of doing my duty.

Your affectionate old friend,

B. R. HAYDON.

From WORDSWORTH.

MY DEAR HAYDON,

Rydal Mount, 12th March, 1840.

Though I have nothing to say but merely words of congratulation, hearty congratulation, I cannot forbear to thank you for your letter. You write in high spirits, and I am glad of it; it is only fair that, having had so many difficulties to encounter, you should have a large share of triumph. Nevertheless, though I partake most cordially of your pleasure, I should have been still more delighted to learn that your pencil (for that after all is the tool you were made for) met with the encouragement it so well deserves.

I should have liked to have been among your auditors, particularly so as I have seen not long ago so many first-rate pictures on the continent, and to have heard you at Oxford would have added largely to my gratification. I love and honour that place for abundant reasons, nor can I ever forget the distinction bestowed upon myself last summer by that noble-minded university.

Allow me to mention one thing on which, if I were qualified to lecture upon your Art, I should dwell with more attention than, so far as I know, has been bestowed upon it—I mean perfection in each kind as far as it is attainable. This in widely different minds has been shown by the Italians, by the Flemings, the Dutch, the Spaniards, the Germans, and why should I exclude the English?

Now, as a masterly, a first-rate ode or elegy, or piece of humour even, is better than a poorly or feebly executed epic poem, so is the picture, though in point of subject the humblest that ever came from an easel, better than a work after Michel Angelo or Raphael in choice of subject, or aim of style, if moderately performed. All styles, down to the humblest, are good, if there be thrown into the choosing all that the subject is capable of; and this truth applies not only to painting, but in degree to every other fine art.

Now, it is well worth a lecturer's while who sees the matter

in this light, first to point out through the whole scale of Art what stands highest, and then to show what constitutes the appropriate perfection of all, down to the lowest.

Ever, my dear Haydon, faithfully yours,

W. WORDSWORTH.

From WORDSWORTH.

MY DEAR HAYDON,

23rd September, 1840.

Believe me to be duly sensible of the respect you pay me by naming your son after me. My name will, I hope, be of use to your son on some future day by attaching an interest to my writing, which may induce him to become better acquainted there than otherwise he might have been. Nevertheless, I cannot but feel a wish that you had selected a sponsor far short of my age, and one whose station in society might have enabled him to serve his godchild in a way which I can have no means of doing. But the impulse of feeling to which you have yielded will at least prove to the boy that there are other things of value in human life, according to your estimation, besides worldly advancement and prosperity. Pray present him with my best good-wishes, which I offer trusting that he will not fail in the important duties which his profession will lay upon him, and that he will look up to the Father of us all for guidance and support upon every trying occasion of his life.

As you do not mention his mother I venture to hope she is no worse, and, if so, improvement may be looked for, which God grant. . . .

The unlucky Sonnet I have not yet seen in print. The reading—

“Elates not, brought far nearer that grave’s rest
As shows that time-worn face. But he,” &c.,

is not liked by the best judges, especially Mr. Rogers, who is now writing at the same table with me.

In haste, my dear Haydon, truly yours,

WM. WORDSWORTH.

From WORDSWORTH.

Lowther, 28th September, 1811.

Your letter of the 11th was duly received and ought to have been answered earlier, particularly on account of the notice of your son (Frederic) and the request that I would give him a little advice. To tell you the truth, I know not how to set about it any further than concerned the expression of the interest I take in him and my sincere and earnest wishes for his welfare. Upon an occasion like this it seems so difficult to say anything which would not look like preaching, particularly difficult to a son of yours, who, I know, must have been religiously brought up and duly impressed with moral principles. His thoughts, also, must have been directed by you to his professional obligations, and those sentiments must have been fostered in him which it will be likely to lead to his being an honour to his profession. I will not, however, dismiss the subject from my thoughts, though I feel at present without courage to undertake what you propose.

I was at Devonport for three days last summer along with Mrs. Wordsworth and a dear friend of ours. I wish our visit had happened at the same time as yours. We were much pleased with the surrounding objects of Art and Nature, and passed a delightful afternoon at Mount Edgecombe. The three towns, the surrounding hills, the shipping, rocks, and water, combine beautifully. There is, however, one great want—a cathedral; or, at least, a majestic church, which ought to be planted upon some rising ground, so as to preside over the whole and thus — the — of the dependence of all human power, whether by sea or land, upon Divine Providence.

We were also at Exeter, and made a tour along the coast as far as Charmouth, thence to Salisbury, Southampton, and Winchester, which last place I had never seen before.

Your account of your feelings upon revisiting your native place was extremely interesting, and thank you for the details you give of your early studies in the Art to which your works have done such honour. With the best wishes for your future welfare and prosperity,

I remain, my dear Haydon, faithfully yours,

WM. WORDSWORTH.

TO WORDSWORTH.

MY DEAR WORDSWORTH,

London, 30th September, 1841

I have just been rubbing in the background to the ‘Battle of Poitiers,’* the English in pursuit on a distant hill, and I sit down, with my ears tingling at the war-cries, the shouts, the clash of armour, the trampling of horses, the rattle of standards. Who, for fear of pain, would lose his Intellectual Being? I would not.—I was never more gratified at any letter of yours. It proves your attachment unabated, and it proves the ground of that attachment. Believe me, all my dear children have been diligently, religiously, and morally educated, and, so far, all are good.

Your description of Plymouth is beautiful. I always felt the want of that one glorious object. I will make your feelings known to them, and perhaps it will be done.

I have, in consequence of the Report of the Committee on the decoration of the Houses, and the evident design to bring over a German, begun fresco, and, I believe, succeeded with my first attempt. ‘Uriel’ is the subject, “his radiant visage turned.” This good has accrued that it is clear an Englishman can paint in fresco. Before I tried, every one said, “It is impossible.” *Now*, everyone swears, “It is easy!”

I have made two or three experiments since, and am going to execute a regular one over my chimney-piece. As ‘Uriel’ dried, the colour grew fainter, which was from not putting on the colour strong enough in tone at first. But it is glorious practice, and I trust to end my days at a fresco with Faith in God!

So intensely, my great friend, is Christianity interwoven in my Being, that I know it to be His revealed Will as if I heard His Voice. It is in my heart, my brain, my blood. What a trial of faith did I pass through with Hunt, Hazlitt, Shelley; and yet all this added to my convictions. I am come now to consider death as a change of sensation only; to go from one scene to another, as the only thing that makes life worth enduring. This is no Cant, but Truth.

I am, your affectionate and devoted friend,

B. R. HAYDON.

* Exhibited at the Royal Academy 1844, sold to William Newton, Esq.—ED.

TO WORDSWORTH.

MY DEAR WORDSWORTH,

London, 14th January, 1842.

A day or two ago the Duke took it into his head to walk out to Leslie's, Pine-Apple Place, to see the picture he is painting for the Queen, 'The Christening of the Princess Royal,' and, I believe, to give Leslie another sitting. The Duke walked all the way, which is two-and-a-half miles, and after a great deal of trouble found Leslie's house.

Leslie, who is prudent and economical, keeps a cheap servant, who probably squanders as much again as an intelligent one of a better class—and he also keeps his outer garden-gate barred and locked, and one is questioned and cross-questioned before being admitted, as if the house were besieged.

After a great deal of trouble, the Duke found out the cottage and rang the bell. After at least ten minutes out came the servant girl, sulky at being disturbed. "Is Mr. Leslie at home?" said the Duke. "I don't know," said the girl; "but I'll see." Away she went, leaving the Duke in the dirt, without letting him into the garden, and she said to Leslie, "Here's an old man wants you, Sir." "Is there?" said Leslie; "ask him his name, and what he wants?" Down went the girl. "Master says you must tell your name, and what you want, or I can't let yer in." The Duke, by this time roused by the question, roared out, "I am the Duke of Wellington!" The poor girl jumped up, and ran back to her master, still leaving the Duke outside; out came Leslie in a fright, and, at last, in got his Grace. He tells the story himself, and jumps up like the girl, with capital humour.

With respect to the intended decoration of the Houses, if the State has the moral courage to insist upon fresco, and be determined none but those who are qualified shall be admitted, a mighty and beneficial change will take place in British Art.

Unfortunately the question is not, in England, "How can we advance High Art to the highest pitch? but, how can we advance it without endangering the supremacy of the Royal Academy?" That is the unfortunate principle, and till that be removed, I expect nothing great. The President of the Royal Academy is *ex officio* Trustee of the British Museum and Trustee of the National Gallery. He thus, with his professional

knowledge, turns his opportunities of intercourse (in their respective Committees) with the highest people, who have no professional knowledge, to take care that no plan is proposed or carried, let it be ever so good, to advance the taste of the people, provided it be likely to advance the nation, at the expense of the Academy's influence.

I see the effect daily of this pernicious privilege. Already fresco, which was in everyone's mouth six months ago, is now on the wane, because the great majority of oil painters, who have no design and no practice, are too lazy to acquire either.

English Art, since the Reformation, has been, in design, the feeblest in Europe.

The object of fresco is to restore a power of drawing which no longer exists.

Fresco, *obliging* the artist to be quite ready in composition, colour, expression, form, and action, is the best possible method of forcing the lazy into an effort they will never make without. Fresco is painting on a thin coat of lime and sand, in colours ground in water. As the ground thus prepared rapidly sets, you *must* paint as much as you can rapidly finish in five hours, and *touch no more*. You then cut round your day's labour neat and square so as to fit it, to be joined the next day to the next preparation, and so on till you have completed. Here is no shirking, no re-touching or missing. Leonardo always trembled so from his refined feeling for Art, he never could paint in fresco.

Before beginning, however (*Lettere Pittorice*), you have drawn your own picture on a cartoon as large as the wall, and you cut your cartoon in bits daily, trace off on the mortar with an iron point, and so on till done.

You will see the impossibility of English artists, as a body, with their want of drawing, their tip-toes, their bits of cloud, pillar, and table being ready for such practice and you will see why, with my two years drawing and dissection, my long practice in great works, and my having all my life made studies for every part, as in fresco, I am fitted for such practice, and I mean to pursue it.

Indeed, my dear Wordsworth, my practice in oil has ever been fresco practice, because I never begin till I am ready, never retouch in oil, and do as much as I can in one day, and

no more. I do not deny there may be many profound in "mortar," but what have they *done* in "oil"?

Yet, such are the prejudices connected with my name, that *I shall be entirely left out of the question.*

Such a tendency exists in the Academy to see nothing but what is wrong in my actions, that it amounts to a morbid insanity; and, such is their influence, they will excite the apprehension that to encourage me is to support a principle hostile to authority and established institutions, which, I shrewdly fear, there is not sufficient moral courage among those who ought to know better, to resist. However, God only knows. Many years ago I prayed I might live to see the great principle of State support to Art acknowledged, and I cared not for the fruits. Perhaps I shall be taken at my word.

Eastlake, who is appointed secretary, is the fittest man in Europe for that post. But, if that post involves his taking the lead as a fresco-painter in a mighty space, he is the most unfitted. As my first pupil and friend I love him. God bless you!

Ever yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

P.S.—You will understand the youngest men think with me, and four or five could be selected, quite ready, under direction, to begin. But this will be opposed by the great body of artists, and Sir Martin Shee (P.R.A.), being the (official) representative of the average mediocrity in the Art, will be always sure to agree in that principle which helps the unfortunate to get bread. I know the blessing of daily bread, and the curse of wanting it, but that has nothing to do with a great principle of decoration.

It is not to afford food to the wretched, but opportunity to the skilful, who may, by judicious selection, improve the condition of the wretched.

What I most fear is that peculiarly blessed English word "JOB," though I trust the sound sense of our Ministers will check that.

If incompetent artists, on a principle of equality, are admitted without previous plan, and previous thought; if one Head directs not the whole, the whole thing will end in the laughter

of Europe, and never will Englishmen be able to convince the world it is from any cause but INCAPACITY.

Adieu !

B. R. H.

To WORDSWORTH.

MY DEAR WORDSWORTH,

London, 19th March, 1842.

I think my *great object* is advancing. Its necessity is acknowledged, and although Southey says it takes one life to get a principle acknowledged, and another to get it acted on, still, I hope to see the commencement of the action before I die. I doubt not—indeed, I never did.

God bless you, my dear friend !

B. R. HAYDON.

To WORDSWORTH.

London, 16th October, 1842.

. . . . In the words of our dear departed friend, Charles Lamb, "You good-for-nothing old Lake Poet," what has become of you ? Do you remember his saying that at my table in 1819, with 'Jerusalem' towering behind us in the painting-room, and Keats and your friend Monkhouse of the party ? Do you remember Lamb voting me absent, and then making a speech descanting on my excellent port, and proposing a vote of thanks ? Do you remember his then voting me present ?—I had never left my chair—and informing me of what had been done during my retirement, and hoping I was duly sensible of the honour ? Do you remember the Commissioner (of Stamps and Taxes) who asked you if you did not think Milton a great genius, and Lamb getting up and asking leave with a candle to examine his phrenological development ? Do you remember poor dear Lamb, whenever the Commissioner was equally profound, saying : "My son John went to bed with his breeches on," to the dismay of the learned man ? Do you remember you and I and Monkhouse getting Lamb out of the room by force, and putting on his great coat, he reiterating his earnest desire to examine the Commissioner's skull ? And don't you remember Keats proposing "Confusion to the memory of

Newton," and upon your insisting on an explanation before you drank it, his saying: "Bécause he destroyed the poetry of the rainbow by reducing it to a prism." Ah! my dear old friend, you and I shall never see such days again! The peaches are not so big now as they were in our days. Many were the immortal dinners which took place in that painting-room, where the food was simple, the wine good, and the poetry first-rate. Wordsworth, Walter Scott, Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, David Wilkie, Leigh Hunt, Talfourd, Keats, &c., &c., attended my summons, and honoured my table.

My best regards to Mrs. and Miss Wordsworth, in which my wife and daughter join.

Ever yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

To WORDSWORTH.

MY DEAR WORDSWORTH,

London, 30th March, 1843.

I have—God be thanked!—got through my cartoons, one from Milton—the 'Curse'—and one from history—'Edward the Black Prince bringing John (of France) through London after Poitiers.' When I look back to the beginning, progression, and conclusion, of these works, and remember the inextricable necessities through which I have executed them, beginning without money, progressing without money, and concluding without money; appealing to landlords, collectors, creditors of every description, flying home after expostulating for mercy, and finishing the highest characters of poetry and imagination, till a lawyer's letter obliged me to fly off again to get a few hours more for Christ or Adam, I cannot help believing in that awful support I received thirty-seven years ago in my obscure lodgings when painting 'Macbeth,' in just the same condition. In an agony of mind I opened the Bible, vowing to myself the first passage I saw should regulate my die for life. To my joy then, and ever since, I saw: "Fear thou not, I am with thee. Be not dismayed, I am thy God. I will strengthen thee, yea I will help thee, yea I will uphold thee with the right hand of righteousness." This passage has blazed in my brain night and day ever since. Hesitation never enters my mind. If for a moment, I hear "go on"

audibly, as if whispered. Your "High is our calling," was from the same awful source. Poor dear Southey said years ago, "You will see your principles acknowledged." Have I not, my dear old friend? I have. I may not live to taste the fruits, but I have lived to do my duty in the first State proposition, and, as Nelson said: "I thank God with all my heart and soul for this great opportunity." Now will come the result, and, if I am successful, and if you do not thunder away a last Sonnet, never look me in the face again.

(The letter, unsigned, concludes with two pen-and-ink sketches of his cartoons.)

From WORDSWORTH.

MY DEAR HAYDON,

No date (April), 1843.

Your letter, and the print it announced, I received on the same day. It is as you say an excellent impression, and the whole effect a great improvement upon the first sketch, which I owe to your kindness. With much pleasure I congratulate you with having finished your cartoon. Let me thank you also for your sketch on the back of your letter.

My verse days are almost over, as they well may be, for to-morrow (God willing) I enter upon my seventy-fourth year, so that I can scarcely entertain the least hope of gratifying you by writing a Sonnet on either of the works which you have just executed.

Lord Lansdowne, Sir Robert Peel, and Mr. Rogers, are, I see by the papers, the persons who are to decide upon the merits of the several productions that may be offered. They have all proved how much they are interested in works of Art, and their competence to decide probably is not inferior to that of any other gentlemen whom the charge might have involved. So that I hope and trust you will have no reason to be dissatisfied with their judgment.

The laureateship has just been offered to me. At first I declined it on account of my age, but afterwards it was so urgently pressed upon me, and in so flattering a manner, by the Lord Chamberlain, that I could not but alter my determination. I am to hold it as merely honorary.

I send you, or rather I beg Mrs. Haydon's acceptance of, a copy of a little poem which I wrote two or three weeks ago

upon a subject which interested the whole nation at the time of the event.

Admiring your perseverance and firmness, and wishing you all success, to which your skill and genius entitle you,

Believe me truly yours,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

To WORDSWORTH.

MY DEAR WORDSWORTH,

London, 5th July, 1843.

Accept my thanks. I will weather it* in the usual way, viz., by another and greater attempt.

The cartoons are an honour to the school. No other school could, at such a call, have produced such works under such circumstances. I divide the exhibition under three heads, 1st, the cartoons of the experienced painters, 2nd, the cartoons of the inexperienced painters, 3rd, the cartoons of those who will never paint at all.

The 'Death of Lear' (16); 'Alfred among the Danes' (103); 'The Fury of Constance' (27); 'The Captivity of Caractacus' (84); 'The Rout in Comus' (63); 'Una and the Satyrs' (10); 'St. Augustine' (100), are as fine cartoons, as cartoons *per se*, as any country in Europe could produce, at any period. But I question the future power of the pencil, because nothing is more delusive than the hopes raised when a cartoon is made an end, and not a means.

All the Academy students celebrated for Academy drawings end in nothing, and have always done so.

My cartoons, 'Adam and Eve,' and 'Edward and John,' Ross's cartoon of 'Adam and Eve,' and others, are cartoons of experience with the pencil. Another is 'the Plague' (J. P. Davis), whose eye from long habit of imitating nature cannot bear the hideous definition by line—the necessity when you trace off for fresco—but which is a modern introduction by the Germans into cartoons, for in Raphael's 'School of Athens,' the most splendid cartoon in Europe, it was not seen.

The decision in favour of a pupil of De La Roche's is most unlucky, and most fortunate: unlucky as giving the French

* Alluding to his rejection by the Prize Commissioners in the Cartoon Exhibition of 1843.—ED.

the éclat of beating the English on their own ground, and fortunate as being evidence of such inferior drawing, proportion, character, and taste, as proves in these qualities, of which France boasts, the English are decidedly superior.

A law was passed by the Commissioners that figures should be the size of life; that form, proportion, and drawing should be preferred to *chiaro oscuro*; and yet they give the head prize to a cartoon whose only beauties are, that no figure is the size of life, that there is neither form, proportion, nor drawing, and *chiaro oscuro* its leading quality!

Prince Albert, I understand, said, "That is worth two thousand pound!" The judges lost their moral courage, and forgot the honour of old England. The 'Death of Lear,' 'Constance,' 'Alfred,' have all the qualities required in the highest degree, and yet they have been totally passed over.

My own cartoon you will think a fine conception, but it is more adapted for oil than fresco. In proportion, a boy in 'Edward' shocked me, for I could not see its error in my own room. They are the cartoons of a painter. I have reflected deeply on the exhibition which will astonish you. I have learned an immense deal. I see clearly now the future grandeur of the British School, and I hope it will not be forgotten that I have been the basis of this mighty change, that Eastlake was one of my pupils, that I had a similar exhibition of cartoons twenty-four years ago, but having neither capital nor authority to back me, and public feeling not being sufficient, the Royal Academy destroyed my plan by perpetual calumny and ridicule.

I have now lived to see them well punished, for eight of them have exhibited cartoons without success, and thus for the first time we meet in affliction.

Yours ever,

B. R. HAYDON.

TO WORDSWORTH.

MY DEAR WORDSWORTH,

London, 5th May, 1844.

My lectures will be out shortly and I shall, as agreed, dedicate them to you. It would be no bad joke to dedicate them to the Academy, that respectable institution, "founded to

advance the Art, which obliged Reynolds to resign, expelled Barry, rejected Sir Charles Bell, insulted Wilkie, scorned Hayter, disdained Martin, and persecuted Haydon; which returned 'no answer' to Lord Castlereagh's Committee when 500,000 *l.* was voted for a Waterloo Monument, and thereby lost it to the Art; and which in sixty years spent only 4500*l.* in sending young men to Italy, and 19,000*l.* on 'Dinners' In commemoration of such distinguished favours to Art, this work is dedicated by their true friend, B. R. HAYDON."

What say you?

B. R. H.

*LETTERS TO AND FROM MISS MITFORD.**To Miss MITFORD.*

DEAR MADAM,

26th February, 1817.

Do not lay your vain attempt at my door, but to your own delicacy. Had you suffered my servant to bring in your name, I would have come out to you immediately, and if you could have amused yourself for a moment with my drawings, I should have been at leisure. On Monday I shall be happy to see you and any friends you choose to bring, punctually at three, if convenient.* It is shocking thus to name an hour to a lady, but you are aware of my occupations, and will pardon me.

I feel happy that you think me worthy to be known to any of your friends. My kind respects to your father.

Believe me, &c.

B. R. HAYDON.

To Miss MITFORD.

DEAR MADAM,

30th May, 1817.

I thank you very sincerely for your beautiful, your very beautiful Sonnet. I hope I deserve it, and if I do not, that I shall make myself worthy of it. The Sonnet has been exceedingly admired by some young poets. It does honour to your powers. Attentions of any kind from ladies are to me always delightful. To their influence I am indebted for a revolution in my mind and feelings on my glorious pursuit, and

* The result of the visit to the painter's studio was a Sonnet, for the next letter is one of acknowledgment in becoming terms.—ED.

from my heart I wish it, when I tell you I look on women as angels sent from Heaven to temper the fire and direct the furious energy of men into gentler paths, and for more amiable purposes than their own inherent fierceness would otherwise induce them to pursue.

Your faithful servant,

B. R. HAYDON.

12th January, 1818.

My pupils, indeed, have done wonders. Their drawings* were an honour to England and to the age. They were not copies, they were translations, with the feeling, the power, the truth of the originals. Young men who can do so with the thoughts of others, will do great things with their own. The drawings are now completed, and I intend to exhibit them with all their others. It will show the English that they are as capable of drawing finely as the Italians, if they take the same means. It will be the first preparatory step in English historical painting *completed*. Oh, Italy! Thou art great and glorious, with thy exquisite Art, thy blue sky, thy inexhaustible ruins; but give me England, fresh, vigorous, inspiring, where everything in Art is to do, and not where everything has been done. The very fogs here make me grasp my hands and say we will do it in spite of this.

To Miss MITFORD after the exhibition of his pupils' cartoons.

6th February, 1818.

You would have been delighted to have seen the people on the five days, elegant and accomplished women and distinguished men in numbers filled the room, and studiously examining their expressions; here was no common attraction. The most refined parts of the Art, in chalk only, and drawings from dissections were felt with positive enthusiasm. The

* These were the cartoon copies of his pupils, Thomas and Charles Landseer, Bewick, Chatfield, Harvey, and others, from two of Raphael's cartoons, the 'Miraculous Draught of Fishes,' and the 'St. Paul preaching at Athens,' which the Prince Regent, on my father's request, had given permission to be brought up from Hampton Court to the British Gallery for the purpose. The cartoons of his pupils were afterwards exhibited to the public with great success; and by showing what English lads could do, when scientifically taught, led the way for the Fine Arts' exhibition of cartoons in 1842.—Ed.

private day was, indeed, a triumph. I had nothing to do when I returned home but humble myself before my Creator, which I did most unfeignedly, for having brought me so far upon my "*magnum iter*." Indeed, my dear madam, when I consider my whole history, I must own to you I feel deeply affected. I left my father just at eighteen; came to town by myself; never doubted an instant that I should accomplish all I have done and shall do: ever depending on Him who has ever protected me in most exerceiating want and sickness: and at this moment, to see the principles of Art I have advocated from the first sanctioned by the drawings of my pupils; to see most of those eminent in rank and talent bearing testimony, public testimony, to the soundness and the truth of my teaching, after passing through the roar of calumny for years, was touching. There are moments, and this was one, when one forgives one's bitterest enemies; when, quite beyond the petty passions of life, one has a distant dawning of a purer region, and feels more inclined to soften the mortification of those whose enmity you have, than unnecessarily to increase it.

A man in success can afford to do this. And perhaps, after all, it only proceeds from the confiding consciousness of success! Perhaps one's "*Vanity*" feels more flattered at being able to show one *can* be charitable, that is, that one has the power to look down, and help up, monarch-like!

I can assure you, from whatever principle, success always softens me, and injustice fires me up. A fine essay might be written to point out the difference between violent indignation at the public violation of a great principle, and the feelings of private life. That man may be very amiable in his home, though unable to bear with patience the paltry pretences of imbecility and intrigue in public. I feel convinced that Milton's public fury of expression on public matters has created an unjust belief regarding his private disposition, and that Johnson lost a fine opportunity of justifying him on the above principle.

From Miss MITFORD.

Bertram House, 20th March.

I congratulate you most sincerely, my dear Sir, on the deserved fame which your pupils have acquired for themselves

and for you, since on you it seems reflected back by common consent by the thousands who admire and the one who rails. If you can do all this with other hands, what will you do with your own? Where shall the world find words to admire, and Mr. ** terms to abuse? I don't want to know his name—better to hate those innocent two stars than any guilty combination of letters, and yet hatred is too strong a word for this insect, venomous though he be. Unintentionally the thing does good. He makes you write—always a delightful source of pleasure and improvement to your readers—and he brings out by his dark shadowing the bright and spotless reputation which he vainly attempts to blacken. One must despise him, to be sure, that is a matter of necessity, but he is of too little importance to excite any deeper emotion. I owe him some gratitude for having given rise to your kind attention; a thousand thanks for the 'Examiners.' But you must not send any more. Papa could better, I believe, dispense with his breakfast than with the newspaper that enlivens it, and we get the 'Examiner' regularly, always a delightful amusement and, when your name is there, a great treasure.

What you say of your feelings on this glorious triumph seems to me most perfectly true both to general and individual nature. There is a great deal of cant and nonsense in the phrases which one hears of misfortune's softening the heart, and such like sayings. Happiness has always seemed to me a much greater improver both of the mind and the temper. Many a heart which has been shut and withered by unkindness opens like a flower when light and warmth are let into it. The poets have aided and abetted this mistake; there is much good declaiming-ground in the sweet uses of adversity, and so forth; and to do them justice, they have handled it most beautifully. They would find a newer and, I think, a far more gratifying subject in the passion of joy. One of the few fine instances of this that I know is in the 'King and no King' of Beaumont and Fletcher, which I have always thought singularly well adapted to the peculiar talent of Mr. Kean. I don't wish it acted, nevertheless. I am something of Mr. Lamb's mind, and never wish to see a favourite play in our huge theatres. Moreover, it would never be popular. Nothing but Shakespeare's name can give poetry a passport in these days of pantomime and melodrama.

How very just is all you say of Milton! To confound virtuous indignation with habitual ill-humour could never have happened to Dr. Johnson had he not looked with the jaundiced eyes of prejudice, and determined to believe what he wished. I wish you would write an essay on this subject. Dr. Johnson, with his Triptology (to borrow a word from Horace Walpole), would not have done it half the justice. If Milton needed any other defender than his poetry and his prose, let people look at this portrait in 'Houbraken's Heads,' and then say if such a face could possibly belong to a bad temper. I would as soon (my dear Mr. Haydon, prepare to be shocked) believe in the ill-humour of Napoleon. Are you throwing my note into the fire? or are you smiling and shaking your head, and saying, like another friend of mine, "*Elle est folle de Napoléon?*"

* * * * *

Believe me,

MARY MITFORD.

To Miss MITFORD.

27th July, 1818.

I have great pleasure in telling you that the casts from the Elgin Marbles I sent as a present to the Imperial Academy of Russia have arrived, and have produced a complete revolution in the tastes and feelings of the Russian artists. It is impossible to give you an idea how M. Olenin speaks of them. As he could neither express himself as he wished in French nor in English, he wrote to a friend, begging him to translate the Russian for me. He says in one part, "Tell Mr. Haydon that we have *hearts* and *souls* to feel their beauties to the utmost extent of his wishes. Translate to him our Russian proverb, 'May God Almighty do to him as he has done to us,' &c., &c., &c."

Have I not cause to triumph? I, who first studied them, who first carried their principles upon canvas; who first dispersed casts from them all over my own country, and to Scotland and Ireland; who first sent them to Rome, and now to Russia?

B. R. H.

To Miss MITFORD.

Kensington, 14th November, 1819.

Wilkie is painting a capital picture of 'Reading the Will,' and perhaps you and your family will be amused by a description of the subject, and of the manner in which he has treated it. At a table is an old lawyer's clerk, a mean-looking, narrow-featured fellow, who holds the will, with all its awful appendages of seals, and reads it with a look of cant twang which all people have in the voice when they are doing what they have done often, and habit has rendered them insensible either to the importance or interest of what they do. To the left sits the widow, a large embonpoint lady, with her arm stretched over the favourite arm-chair of the late dear departed, holding a handkerchief; and by her expression she seems not at all displeased at the contents of what she hears read, or at what either she hears *said* by a bald-pated half-pay officer, who leans down to her cheek, and in an affected air of condolence is certainly whispering something which perhaps prevents her sinking into utter despair at any hopes of again making a conquest. (Now pray, my dear Madam, remember I am describing Wilkie's picture, and therefore do not attribute to me any unfairness to the sex.) To the right, in the centre, stands a middle-aged grandmother, holding the infant in her arms, and erecting her head with an air of insolent ecstasy at what has been read by the clerk, which makes it pretty clear that her part of the family is safe. Her air, figure, look, and expression are admirable. They all dilate into a sort of turkey-cock chuckle, and capitally contrast with a furious old maid at the door, who has snatched up her cane at the instant, and is sarcastically sneering at the whole company, as she hurries away in indignation at being cut off possibly with ten guineas for a ring. These are the principal points of this capital picture. There are other characters in it equally excellent, such as an old man with an ear-trumpet, a servant boy, and others, which make up the chain of interest. It is for the King of Bavaria, and will not be engraved here.

Perhaps you will be pleased to hear that my own picture is on the very brink of conclusion. Wilkie, Landseer, Scott, and Dr. Wauf, a Scotch preacher, all think I have decidedly suc-

ceeded in the head of Christ. These gentlemen were all stumbling-blocks to get over; and if they be sincere, and I have no reason to doubt them from the impression on others, perhaps it is true.

It is the *seventh* head I have painted; yet it is not exactly what I wished, but as I shall devote my life to painting religious subjects, I hope to paint our Saviour in all the varieties of His Divine character.

To Miss MITFORD.

Edinburgh, 5th December, 1820.

I left London for Edinburgh in the midst of crackers and bonfires. In the mail were three gentlemen, as silent as myself, until a transparency over an apothecary's shop, dedicated to "*Injured Innocence!*" lighted our faculties into furious debate. At it we went the greater part of the night, and Bergami, Majocchi, and Her Majesty had their full share of notice, until, tired of argument, we all fell asleep. We got to York the next night, and I staid there two days, saw Castle Howard and one of the finest Vandykes in the kingdom.* York is very interesting, the gates are all up, and one can have a very good idea of the inconvenience, filth, and impregnability of an ancient city. I set off for Edinburgh by coach, and got there after a tedious journey. . . . I had one or two proofs by the inns on the road that England was left behind. Waiters with red Scotch noses, slovenly dirty stockings, filthy hands, and a broad dialect. Landlords cold-blooded, unpolished, and ugly. Never shall I forget, when having determined to go the last stage in a post-chaise, I went in to inquire for the landlord. I was shown to a little withered old man, who was sitting reading an Aberdeen paper, with a rusty brown wig pushed up over his forehead. "Can I have a chaise?" said I. Without moving or turning his eyes towards me—"I dinna w but ye mai," said he, and went on with his reading! Did you ever hear of such provoking, bloodless treatment? I went to bed as soon as I got into Edinburgh, and sallied forth the next morning to see it. My dear Miss Mitford, Edinburgh is the finest city for

* The famous portrait of Snyders, painted by Vandyke before he came to England, a perfect work of exquisite colouring, high finish, and grand expression.—Ed.

situation in Europe. The two towns, old and new, are built on two ridges, which are joined by land bridges, like the towns of antiquity. Some streets run over the others, and afford beautiful combinations quite surprising. Towers, arches, houses, streets, bridges, rocks, castles, and craggy hills are tumbled together in a wildness and profusion of contrast and daring beauty, that render the whole town like a wild dream of some genius. I never saw such a beautiful city, and if the inhabitants proceed with taste, they will make it the most beautiful place in modern times.

* * * * *

I dined with Walter Scott, and was delighted with the unaffected simplicity of his family. Jeffrey has a singular expression, poignant, bitter, piercing—as if his countenance never lighted up but at the perception of some weakness in human nature. Whatever you praise to Jeffrey, he directly chuckles out some error that you did not perceive. Whatever you praise to Scott, he joins heartily with yourself, and directs your attention to some additional beauty. Scott throws a light on life by the beaming geniality of his soul, and so dazzles you that you have no time or perception for anything but its beauties: while Jeffrey seems to revel in holding up his hand before the light in order that he may spy out its deformities. The face of Scott is the expression of a man whose great pleasure has been to shake nature by the hand, while to point at her with his finger has certainly, from the expression of his face, been the chief enjoyment of Jeffrey. . . . Wilson I think the most powerful mind I have yet encountered here. He is a man of great genius, and will be a distinguished figure. No allusion has ever passed about the ‘Magazine’ They have treated me with great respect, and it would be beneath me to think of what is passed. There is a great concentration of talent in Edinburgh, but yet they have one peculiarity of a small town. Their stories at table derive their relish from their individuality. They all relate to some one local celebrity that you must know in order to enjoy the story. In London, on the contrary, the stories always refer to some general principle of human character that is found in all the world. But here, they are about “Davie,” or “Dick,” or “Sandy,” or some one you never heard of, who is either lame, or stutters, or squints, or has some defect, which is not general, but personal and peculiar. This I

suppose must always be the case where the population is limited, and society confined to a small space.

12th January, 1821.

I saw Barry Cornwall's tragedy the first night.* It succeeded well, and has some exceedingly deep things, but he has not experience enough to compose his materials for the best effect. In Shakespeare, every scene has its point to which all tends and recedes from; and every point in every scene refers to the great leading point in the play, by which means there is never an useless waste of passion nor prominence of situation. The subject of Procter's tragedy is dreadful. A father marries a young creature his son loved, without knowing it, and the girl marries him under the belief that the son is dead. His letters informing her that he was alive were intercepted by under characters, and when he returns he finds her married to his father! His interview with her is very fine and torturing; and with his father also, but then comes a third regular set interview which weakens the effect of the others and of all. There is a want of skill and of composition in this. The third interview should have been produced by accident, which would have varied the mode, and rendered the two first more effective. The scene at the feast is very deep. The father and his bride on one throne, and the son on another by himself, while music, gaiety, misery, love, and joy, which so often are felt at a splendid rout, when every visitor, as Johnson says, dreads the hour that is to leave him at his solitary reflections.

This is the most striking thing I have seen on the stage. I do not like such subjects. Shakespeare never chose them. His loves, jealousies, horrors, and murders, as well as delights, are all legitimate. . . . But Procter is a man of exquisite and tender genius, and will yet do more beautiful things. My model is come. Adieu!

B. R. HAYDON.

P.S.—“*Benson*” is John Scott, the editor of the ‘*Champion*.’ I hate this affectation of the age, concealing the commonest thing under nicknames and mystery.

* ‘*Mirandola*.’—ED.

*To Miss MITFORD.**

12th March, 1821.

. . . . Poor Scott! his great weakness was yielding to the taunts of men weaker than himself. That such a powerful mind should have been influenced by such an imbecility as his second, a fellow who, tortured by an itching for notoriety, and without character or sense to get it, goads his friend into a duel that he may have the *éclat* of being a "second," without the risk of a principal, and then pushes him to murder, because in the imbecility of his faculties he cannot comprehend that honour could be saved, though blood be not shed—it is horrible.

* * * * *

Scott was a man of singular acuteness of understanding and power of mind; but he was not what could be legitimately called a man of genius. His powers of conversation were very great, his knowledge considerable, and latterly he had supplied the deficiencies of education by an anxious study of Italian and French. He had been badly brought up and badly educated,

* In the midst of settling the composition of 'Lazarus,' news came that the 'Benson' of his last postscript, his old friend Mr. John Scott, the editor of the 'Champion,' had been shot in a duel with Mr. Christie in a meadow behind Chalk Farm, on the Hampstead Road. This duel arose out of a political quarrel between Mr. Scott and Mr. Lockhart (son-in-law to Sir Walter Scott), who was suspected to have written certain offensive attacks against Mr. John Scott and his liberal friends, which had appeared in the current number of 'Blackwood's Magazine.' Mr. Scott retaliated by publishing in the 'London Magazine' a critique upon 'Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk,' and in which critique Mr. Lockhart was severely handled. An explanation, an apology, or a meeting was demanded by Mr. Lockhart, and declined by Mr. Scott, unless Mr. Lockhart would disavow his connection with 'Blackwood's Magazine;' and this Mr. Lockhart refused. The quarrel might safely have been allowed to remain where it was but for the interference of Mr. Lockhart's friend, Mr. Christie, who drew Mr. Scott into a correspondence; and Mr. Scott, according to my father's view, smarting under the imputations which were now freely levelled at him, and anxious to prove that his rejection of Mr. Lockhart's challenge was not from want of personal courage, challenged Mr. Christie. The challenge was accepted, and the duel was fought at 9 P.M. on the 15th February, 1821. It was a moonlight night, and Trail, Scott's second, knew so little of his business he placed Scott opposite to the moon. Scott meant to kill his man if he could. Christie fired while the first shot, Scott's shot grazed Christie's head. Patmore, Christie's second, observed this, and at the second shot said, "Don't throw away your fire this time!" Christie steadied his hand and fired low. Scott fell fatally wounded; and after lingering for twelve days in great agony, died on the 27th February. An inquest was held, and a verdict of 'Wilful Murder' returned against Mr. Christie and the two seconds Mr. Trail and Mr. Patmore, who by that time had placed themselves quite out of reach of English law. My father, who had not been on good terms with Mr. Scott, deplored his death as an act of wicked and unnecessary bloodshed. He writes to Miss Mitford a detailed account of the whole of the melancholy incident, with a critique upon the dead man and his second in this most mis-managed business.—ED.

and had the worst feelings of his nature called forth by the brutal treatment of a brutal father. He had seen a good deal of life, had suffered every extremity of fortune, was very entertaining, had at bottom a good heart, but so buried in passions that its best feelings were often swallowed up at their appearance. He had a strong tact for character, and in my opinion, the soundest political feelings of the day. With all this, he was diffident of his powers, and too much under-rated his own judgment. This made him yield too readily to the suggestions of weaker minds: he wanted decision, and firmness to abide by the consequences of his own actions. . . . The curse of his life was a rankling consciousness of his inferiority to some of his real friends, and the bitter cruelty of his hatred to Leigh Hunt, his friend and benefactor, is a deep stain on his name.

He attacked Byron because Byron took no notice of him at table.* I foresaw it from the manner in which he related this fact to me, and abused Byron for ill-using his wife, at the very time that he (Scott) was ill-using his own! He assailed the politics of the 'Examiner,' after having offered to write for it, and was wounded by rejection; and he set furiously upon me on his return from Italy, after he had corresponded with me in the most affectionate manner. . . . And how did he attack me? He first asked me for some observations on Art, which I gave to him, and then he tacked these very observations of my own on to his attack, thus making me the leader to my own assassination! Is it to be wondered at I felt hurt? . . .

It is a consolation to think, poor fellow! that he died believing in a future state, and this he told me last summer in the very field where he was shot. He had no business whatever to challenge Christie, as it will be seen, but he had got himself into a hole, and was willing to fight anybody to get himself out. Mrs. Scott says that lately he could not sleep, and told her that everybody looked at him as if he was a coward. Poor Scott! The last time I saw him was the first night of 'Mirandola;' we both came into the orchestra box and were alone the whole evening: we shook hands distantly, when he—but enough, God forgive him and reward him, and make him happy! But it is extraordinary how his death affects me, having had so many interesting conversations with him on the

* All public criticism, the late Lord Lytton once said, was the result of "Private Friendship;" but evidently this is only half the truth.—*Ed.*

subject of death and immortality. I keep thinking I hear him saying what he thinks of his new state. Poor fellow!

[About three weeks later came another blow: news from Rome brought intelligence that his friend Keats had died there on the 23rd of February. Some weeks later on, when discussing his character with Miss Mitford, Haydon writes:—]

21st April, 1821.

Keats was a victim to personal abuse and want of nerve to bear it. Ought he to have sunk in that way because a few quizzers told him that he was an apothecary's apprentice? A genius more purely poetical never existed! In conversation he was nothing, or if anything, weak and inconsistent; he had an exquisite sense of humour, but it was in the fields Keats was in his glory. . . . His ruin was owing to his want of decision of character and power of will, without which genius is a curse. He could not bring his mind to bear on one object, and was at the mercy of every pretty theory Leigh Hunt's ingenuity would suggest. . . . He had a tendency to religion when first I knew him, but Leigh Hunt soon forced it from his mind. Never shall I forget Keats once rising from his chair and approaching my last picture ('Entry into Jerusalem'), he went before the portrait of Voltaire, placed his hand on his heart and bowing low

" . . . In reverence done, as to the power
That dwelt within, whose presence had infused
Into the plant scintial sap, derived
From nectar, drink of gods,"

as Milton says of Eve after she had eaten the apple. "That's the being to whom I bend," said he, alluding to the bending of the other figures in the picture, and contrasting Voltaire with our Saviour, and his own adoration to that of the crowd. Leigh Hunt was the great unhinger of his best dispositions. Latterly, Keats saw Leigh Hunt's weakness. I distrusted his leader, but Keats would not cease to visit him because he thought Hunt illused. This showed Keats's goodness of heart.

He began life full of hope, and his brother told me that he recounted with pride and delight the opinion we had expressed of his powers the first morning he had breakfasted with me. Fiery, impetuous, ungovernable, and undecided, he expected the world to bow at once to his talents as his friends had done,

and he had not patience to bear the natural irritation of envy at the undoubted proof he gave of strength. Goaded by ridicule he distrusted himself, and flew to dissipation. For six weeks he was hardly ever sober, and to show you what a man of genius does when his passions are roused, he told me that he once covered his tongue and throat, as far as he could reach, with cayenne pepper, in order to enjoy the "delicious coolness of claret in all its glory." This was his own expression.

The death of his brother wounded him deeply, and it appeared to me from that hour he began to droop. He wrote his exquisite "Ode to the Nightingale" at this time, and as we were one evening walking in the Kilburn meadows he repeated it to me, before he put it to paper, in a low, tremulous under-tone which affected me extremely. He had great enthusiasm for me and so had I for him, but he grew angry latterly because I shook my head at his proceedings. I told him, I begged of him to bend his genius to some definite object. I remonstrated on his absurd dissipation, but to no purpose. The last time I saw him was at Hampstead, lying on his back in a white bed, helpless, irritable, and hectic. He had a book, and enraged at his own feebleness, seemed as if he were going out of the world with a contempt for this, and no hopes of a better. He muttered as I stood by him that if he did not recover he would "cut his throat." I tried to calm him, but to no purpose. I left him in great depression of spirit to see him in such a state. Poor dear Keats!*

To Miss MITFORD.

5th June, 1821.

Wilkie is making a glorious picture for the Duke of Wellington, 'The Chelsea Pensioners,' as it ought to be, though I must own his Grace's pictures at the gallery are the most vulgar in taste *there*, ugly Jan Steen's—horrid subjects—all touching on the lowest appetites. He liked my 'Jerusalem' very much last year, so he said, but I suspect he would like his own pictures better. A man is "no hypocrite in his pleasures," Johnson said, and if the Duke is no hypocrite

* Shelley's beautiful monody on the death of Keats reached Haydon from Pisa in the course of the year, and he was much pleased with it, quotes it in a letter to Miss Mitford, and details how he first met Shelley at dinner at Horace Smith's.—ED.

in his, an ugly Dutch boor, laughing and shewing his horrid gums above his horrid teeth, and squeezing up his pug nose and squinting eyes, is a thing of all others peculiarly gratifying to his Grace, especially if such features are rendered doubly amiable by drunkenness and appetite. How the nobility and the King, how *he* can fill his drawing-rooms with such boors, when in real life he would feel disgust at finding himself at table *vis-à-vis* with such companions, is to me extraordinary. Could I once get near *him*, I think I would revolutionise his taste, because I would dare to do it, and others are afraid, poor creatures! But I never shall show my head *there*.

* * * * *

To Miss MITFORD.

Windsor, 26th October, 1821.

Here I am, my dear Miss Mitford, sitting by my dearest Mary with all the complacency of a well-behaved husband, writing to you while she is working quietly on some unintelligible part of a lady's costume. The day is beautiful, cool, sunny, and genial, fit for the beauty and gentle looks of such a creature as *my* wife. You do not know how proud I am of saying *my* wife. I never felt half so proud of 'Solomon,' or 'Macbeth,' as I am of being the husband of this little tender bit of lovely humanity.

It rained the whole day yesterday; was dark, dingy, dreary, and dull out of doors, but within there was a sunbeam gleaming about that made me forget the wind and rain. Mary smiles and says you must not believe one half of what I write now. You must believe *all*. My understanding never loses its perspicacity however agitated are my feelings, or tenderly disposed is my heart, therefore you will believe it I feel sure. People are very curious to see my wife, as everyone seems surprised. "You are a man," wrote a friend, "who I should have thought would have married some young girl at first sight instead of selecting a *widow lady*." Ha! ha! I suppose they imagine some *old* widow, whose face presageth snow, instead of a rich and rosy youthful beauty. I shall return to town next week and commence my studies. Accept my and my dearest Mary's thanks for your kind congratulations. I hope you will allow me to send you a large bit of wedding cake, and you shall have some to give to every sweet darling

you know in your neighbourhood, with my best wishes for their happiness.

To Miss MITFORD.

Edinburgh, November, 1821.

I find Sir William Allan only in the town, he is painting a very clever picture of 'The Broken Fiddle.' A wooden-legged sailor has broken his fiddle on the head of a young scamp for some mischievous trick; an old woman, his granddam, is shaking her fist at the sailor, who is enjoying the pain of the crying boy. . . . It promises to be a very clever thing indeed. The background in colour and effect is the best thing he has done. Allan will be an honour to Scotland.

In the coffee-room where I am now dining is a coaching bill hung up, with the intelligence that the "SIR WALTER SCOTT, *light post coach*," will start for Carlisle on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. This is true fame, is it not? If writing seldom produces such proofs of reputation, painting I fear is considered more a refinement less generally comprehensible. No man would think of attracting passengers by calling a post coach "The Wilkie."

To Miss MITFORD.

London, 6th June, 1822.

When I married, the artists said: "Ah! he will now get careless and idle, women require so many little attentions," &c., &c.; as if the few sweet attentions to a woman one passionately loved were likely to be more interrupting to study than the numerous attentions required of a bachelor. In reality I have *never* been so industrious, from a love to the Art, as I have been since marriage, from a love to my dearest Mary. This is truth, however impolitic the acknowledgment. There never was such a creature; and although her face is perfect, and has more feeling in it than Lady Hamilton's, her manner to me is perfectly enchanting, and probably more bewitching to me than her beauty. . . . She has just gone into breakfast, looking like Psyche. I think I shall put over my painting-room door, "Love, solitude, and painting."

[His friend, William Hazlitt, appears about this time to have been compiling his 'Liber Amoris,' of the events leading to which Haydon gives Miss Mitford a lively description :—]

8th September, 1822.

Hazlitt at present gives me great pain by the folly with which he is conducting himself. He has fallen in love, to a pitch of insanity, with a lodging-house hussy, who will be his death.* He has been to Scotland and divorced his wife, although he has a fine little boy by her; and after doing this to marry this girl, he comes back and finds she has been making a fool of him in order to get presents, and in reality has been admitting a lover more favoured. Hazlitt's torture is beyond expression; you may imagine it. The girl really excited in him a pure, devoted, and intense love. His imagination clothed her with that virtue which her affected modesty induced him to believe in, and he is really downright in love with an ideal perfection, which has no existence but in his own head! He talks of nothing else day and night. He has written down all the conversations without colour, literal as they happened; he has preserved all the love-letters, many of which are equal to anything of the sort, and really affecting; and I believe, in order to ease his soul of this burden, means, with certain arrangements, to publish it as a tale of character. He will sink into idiocy if he does not get rid of it.†

* This adventure would seem to have done Hazlitt good, to judge from the advice he subsequently gave to his son on the subject of marriage. "Choose your wife," he wrote, "from among your equals. You will be able to understand her character better, and she will be more likely to understand yours. Those in an inferior station to yourself will doubt your good intentions, and misapprehend your plainest expressions. All that you swear to them is a riddle, or downright nonsense. You cannot by possibility translate your thoughts into their dialect. They will be ignorant of the meaning of half you say, and laugh at the rest. As mistresses they will have no sympathy with you, and as wives you can have none with them. Women care nothing about poets, philosophers, or politicians. They go by a man's looks and manners. They are an eye-judging sex."—*Ed.*

† This incident in Hazlitt's domestic history appears to have been literally true as here related. In the memoirs since published by his nephew, it is stated that in consequence of incompatibility of disposition and temper, Hazlitt, after living with his first wife (Miss Stoddart) from 1808 to 1819, then separated himself from her, and in 1822 went up to Scotland and effected a divorce, his wife being a consenting party. On the termination of his next passion, for the lodging-house girl referred to above, he proposed to the widow of Lieut.-Colonel Bridgewater, a lady of some means, was accepted, and married her in 1824. They went abroad immediately after, and on their road home, in 1825, Mrs. Hazlitt the second preferred to remain in Paris alone rather than return to England with her husband. A separation then ensued.—*Ed.*

Poor Hazlitt! He who makes so free with the follies of his friends, is of all mortals the most open to ridicule. To hear him repeat in a solemn tone and with agitated mouth the things of love he said to her (to convince you that he made love in the true gallant way), to feel the beauty of the sentiment, and then look up and see his old, hard, weather-beaten, saturnine, metaphysical face—the very antidote of the sentiment—twitching all sorts of ways, is really enough to provoke a saint to laughter. He has a notion that women have never liked him. Since this affair he has dressed in the fashion, and keeps insinuating his improved appearance. *He springs up to show you his pantaloons!** What a being it is! His conversation is now a mixture of disappointed revenge, passionate remembrances, fiendish hopes, and melting lamentations. I feel convinced his metaphysical habits of thinking have rendered him insensible to moral duty, &c. . . .

To Miss MITFORD.

MY DEAR MISS MITFORD,

27th March, 1823.

I complained about the ‘Examiner.’ It was unjust, I think. But really you must expect it. . . . All the critics in the papers are ci-devant poets, painters, and tragedy writers who have *failed*. A successful tragedy and by a lady, rouses their mortified pride, and damnation is their only balm. Be assured of this. . . .

To Miss MITFORD.

22nd April, 1823.

I am ruined, infallibly, inextricably ruined. I am at this moment under the conviction of an execution for a great debt, with something like the feeling of seeing the first black speck on the horizon that announces the tornado which is to overwhelm all . . . ‘Lazarus’ is already seized, and perhaps before I finish this letter my property in the house will be seized also. . . .

* Medwin’s description of Hazlitt, when he called to see him at Vevey, on the second marriage tour, shows that matrimony had relaxed the metaphysician’s notions of personal neatness. “I found him,” says Medwin, “with dress neglected, and chin garnished with a stubble of some days’ growth.” But Hazlitt always hated what he called “the mechanism of society,” in which he seems to have included shaving and clean linen, as well as a clean tablecloth.—ED.

I have pursued my object for nineteen years. I have accomplished, as far as depends on me, what I said in my father's house I would accomplish.

The first night I left my father's house I passed it in burning dreams of future glory, but at the end I saw a demon with his malicious and fiery smile, that seemed to warn and welcome me. He looked as if in the midst of a sun, that, while it shone on my path, increased the brilliant darkness of his own figure. The feelings I have had have been the feelings of inspiration.

How my heart trembled when a recent critic said: "Perhaps this is his greatest and his last work." "Perhaps." I thought. I felt as if a fury had breathed on his pen to warn and startle me.

The 'Crucifixion' is rubbed in, perhaps it will end where it is now stopped.

Yours affectionately,

B. R. HAYDON.

To Miss MITFORD.

7th August, 1823.

"I was congratulated," he writes, "by many strangers on regaining my freedom. My joy was not great. I knew my misfortunes were caused by a daring attempt to change the taste of the country. The nation had proved too unripe for such attempts, and of course I came to the ground."

To Miss MITFORD.

7th August, 1823.

Well, my dear friend, here I am stripped to the bone, but full of health and spirit, with a lovely wife, a beautiful child, a character to keep, and a character to regain. What shall I do? Nobody can tell me, and all seem waiting to observe. I have been offered to travel to Egypt and the Holy Land, and to Italy, but I will not. I will not, the moment I get free, fly from my country. I will prove that I can stay in it. It will be the most judicious plan to change a little my proceedings—to secure a resource by my own labours before I finish the 'Crucifixion.' I have, therefore, gone into humble lodgings, and shall begin a moderate-sized picture of some great subject. I must own I feel more the want of my books than prints or casts. The back of a book often excites asso-

ciations, and instant reference fixes passages in your brain. Oh! the agony of trying to remember with nothing to refer to! It is the wheel and the thumb-screw. But, alas! to separate me from a gigantic canvas is tearing the soul by force before its time. Your friend is wrong in thinking the sale of my *works* cut me. They are *painted*. That is enough. I know that if Art rises here, it must rise on the principles of 'Dentatus' and 'Lazarus.' I rest content on this. God preserve them from fire! I am content to let them take their fate. If I was certain of perishing in the midst of the 'Crucifixion,' I would paint it, but there is no glory in getting into prison again.*

To Miss MITFORD.

12th September, 1823.

You will certainly spoil me, with your kind letters and your flattering poetry. Many thanks. It is a consolation to find some friends thinking highly of one, while so many seem to be thinking ill. I heartily wish my "golden hour" may come. My dear, I would pay my debts, and plunge into solitude and peace. . . . I have made a sketch of a friend, in chalk, and have been paid for it; the first time I ever took money for a drawing in my life. I felt a wrench of feeling, but my own reflections proved to me it was more manly and honourable to take money for a drawing than to *borrow* it. I have begun a portrait; in short, I will do anything in my Art to keep out of debt, and avoid the horror and meanness of owing my support to my friends. While I had a great object I pursued that only, in the hope of public support in the end carrying me through, and I felt justified then in asking assistance; but I will do nothing of that kind again until my own labours have placed me above the want of assistance.

To Miss MITFORD.

September, 1823.

Sympathise, my dear Madam, with my poor lay-figure. He who has borne the grave-clothes of 'Lazarus,' the shield of

* Nevertheless, there can be no doubt that his real desire at this moment was to go back to his stripped house, and "without a stool to sit on," finish 'The Crucifixion.' If he had not been married he would have certainly done so. In a subsequent letter to Miss Mitford (14th April, 1828) he admits that this was his real wish, but that he failed to persuade my mother to consent.—ED.

‘Dentatus,’ and the drapery of ‘Macbeth,’ is now buttoned up in a black coat and waistcoat! I declare to you his awful, stiff misery of appearance made me melancholy. Alas! how are the mighty fallen! Behold him with a coat and cravat, and a waistcoat—stiff, graceless, and a dandy! Poor lay-figure! Thou art bound to suffer the consequences of thy master’s ambition, and it will not be long, I fear, before thou art in boots! . . .

I have finished a half-length; painted the coat to perfection, the cravat unrivalled, the hand admirably, the head as it ought to be. My sitter is a worthy man, has paid me a fair price; so that dear Mary and I and Frank jog along, and pay our butcher regularly. We—Mary and I—take it in turns to clean brushes and palette, and then we read, romp, walk, or sit down and—laugh! Is not this the perfection of the thing? Have I been to prison for nothing? But, alas! remembrance of what I am, what I was, and what I may be, sometimes creeps in. I realise by night in my dreams what my day woefully dispels. I scarcely close my eyes but I am immediately transported before my ‘Crucifixion’ standing on my high steps, in my large room, painting with demoniac fury. I talk so loud in my sleep, and utter such incongruous noises, I wake myself, and disturb the house. Oh, believe me, I am sick at heart!

. . . . This is a letter, as usual, about nothing but myself. What are you about? Hazlitt was up last week from Fonthill, where Phillips has fixed him to write up, for fifty guineas, what he wrote down from his conscience last year. He came to town for a night or two, and passed nearly the whole of each in watching Sally’s door! He had another flame, who is at Hampton: down he went to tempt her for Gretna, but her brother, an officer in the Navy, happened to be with her; and “officers,” said Hazlitt, “you know, are awkward fellows to deal with!” Oh, the gallant, gay Lothario!

Is this not divine? But still nobody is like him.

Wilkie is going to paint the King in his Highland costume. The King lamented Raeburn should have died *before he had done this!*

Royal sympathy!

[In his review of Shelley’s works, Hazlitt had spoken of Keats, Shelley, and Byron as “a band of immortals.” This

tickled my father, to whom Hazlitt had persistently denied Keats's claims to any talent, much less immortality. He writes to Miss Mitford that there must be a reason for this sudden change of opinion:—]

September, 1823.

Oh, human nature! and human criticism! Did mankind know the motives which instigate all criticism on living talent, or within ten years after its existence, how cautious it would be of suffering itself to be led by modern critics! . . .

When Keats was living, I could not get Hazlitt to admit Keats had common talents! Death seems to cut off all apprehensions that our self-love will be wounded by acknowledging genius. But let us see, and sift the motives of this sudden change. 'Blackwood's' people Hazlitt would murder, morally or physically, no matter which, but to murder them he wishes. To suppose Keats's death *entirely* brought on by 'Blackwood's' attacks is too valuable and mortal a blow to be given up. With the wary cunning of a thoroughbred modern review writer, he dwells on this touching subject, so likely to be echoed by all who have suffered by 'Blackwood's' vindictive animosities. *Now*, Keats is an immortal; before, he was a pretender! *Now*, his sensitive mind withered under their "murderous criticism," when, had Keats been a little more prominent, Hazlitt, as soon as any man, would have given him the first stab! He thus revenges his own mortification by pushing forward the shattered ghost of poor fated Keats.

Hazlitt and his innamorata have now gone to Italy, the land of Art, and he has left "the land of spinning-jennies and Sunday-schools," as he says—and, as he forgot to say, the land also of Shakespeare and Milton, Bacon and Newton, Hampden and Locke.

In the 'Morning Chronicle' of yesterday is his first letter, full of his usual good things, and—bad things; but still I hope he will continue them. Any man who can leave England, and look back upon her shore and think only of spinning-jennies and of nothing else, must be a bastard son. . . . Alas! what England suffers from her unnatural children! Disappointed painters, disappointed poets, disappointed statesmen, disappointed place-hunters, all unite to decry her genius, her worth, her grandeur, and her power!

To Miss MITFORD.

7th November, 1823.

The other day, while Frank was lying on his bed in the nursery, a little robin hopped in. I caught it, caged it, and after a day or two it began to "dit! dit!" This note seized hold of the boy's imagination; and last night when, like a good old papa, I got out in the dark to give him something to drink, the instant he felt my rough hand, which he knew was not his mother's, after he had satisfied his thirst, he pressed his cheek against my hand—half-asleep as he was—and in a small treble voice, like a flageolet, said "Ditney!" with a sort of sparkling chuckle. Is he not a darling? It was so cheerful, in the midst of a dark night, when most children would have cried, that, I privately tell you—at which you must not laugh—I *hugged him well*.*

You ask my opinion of the Greek Tragedies. Judging only of the sense, the plots, characters, and expressions; and being unable to judge of the effect these must have had on Greek audiences from the associating power of the words alone of their divine language—my opinion is, they are too systematic. The characters seem to walk about as speaking-trumpets for the author to blow his moral axioms through. They are admitted for the purpose; they spout philosophy like schoolboys; and end as if they feared that passion might make them forget the instructions they had received.

They are put forward to illustrate some settled moral beforehand; they do not seem to act from impulse, and let a moral be inferred from the consequences. But yet there are scenes—grand, picturesque, daring—equal to Shakespeare. Do you know the 'Agamemnon' of Æschylus? Do you remember that sublime passage where Cassandra is driven in by Agamemnon, and when she is desired to enter the palace, starts back and shrieks, "Apollon! Apollon!" The Chorus asks her why she starts? "I smell blood in that house—like the scent

* Later on he records how he tries to teach his son the alphabet, and fails, as much, I suspect, from the impatience of the tutor as from any other cause. "I cannot get Frank to attend to his letters. 'A.' 'There's an organ, papa—in the street—hark!' 'B.' 'Give me brush to paint with.' 'C.' 'Ah! there's a fly, I've got him.' 'D.' 'Papa, why do you wear spectacles?' &c. &c. And so it goes on till I get up and tumble head over heels for consolat on. Whatever you do, never keep a school! I should be transported for thumping the boys."—ED.

of a tomb." She foams, and goes in, like a swan, chanting her anticipation of the King's and her own murder. All that follows is sublime and passionate. The opening, too, with a man who has sat for ten years watching the fire-signal from the highest mountain: at last a blaze bursts through the night: he rushes down to the palace, and the whole city is in an uproar to greet the King after the ruin of Troy. This is sublime. In Sophocles, where you hear through a whole play of *Œdipus*—old, blind, and cursed—being in the palace, but never seen; and in the last act, when his children and wife all lie dead, he comes forth to grope his way to their bodies. The last scene of 'Lear' is not finer; though 'Lear' is beyond the whole play.

But there is an infinity more of thinking in a page of Shakespeare than in one page, or two pages, of any other being who ever thought. The world would lose more by Shakespeare's destruction than by the loss of all the Greek Tragedies.

But after all, God knows what peculiar delight the Greeks must have derived from their language *alone*! This is the secret and loss. We cannot imagine a language wherein a poet could combine words into one to express one idea strongly, and yet keep up in the mind all the associations of each separate word taken to make this one. It is beyond us now.

To Miss MITFORD.

24th January, 1824.

God knows! but the longer a man lives the more he is convinced that, but for "HOPE," he would scarcely move. And that, when he has no longer any hope in this world, he carries it forward into another about which he knows nothing, and which, principally on that account, becomes a source of relief. Yet even the promises of Divinity are so darkened by human folly and wickedness, that the firmest faith has at times agonizing apprehensions, though there is "more hope atween the two boards of the Testament" than would save the worst of us.

To Miss MITFORD.

22nd April, 1824.

I am at this moment, after twenty years as sincere devotion to the Art as ever inspired an individual in it, without an atom of employment for portrait, historical sketch, view,

drawing, or design. In the bitterness of my heart I could go on like Polonius, for my heart is at last bitter. What am I to do? Croker and Sir Charles Long said, "You never painted portraits!" Well, I have painted one, it is admired, but neither Croker nor Sir Charles come to sit. Others said, "His works are too large." I have now sent out one ('Silenus') the size of my first picture which Thomas Hope purchased, and of 'Dentatus,' which Lord Mulgrave bought, and yet nobody buys 'Silenus,' and nobody will. A youth of genius unshattered by misfortune is an object of hope, but a man scarred by trouble, and branded by a prison, disposes the world to stamp him into the earth that it may get rid of a trouble and a reproach. . . . I have never been desponding, though I have had enough to kill two men of ordinary spirit, because I was young, and because time before me only added vigour and maturity; but now, what have I to hope from time but two or three years of problematical health and strength, and then the gradual approach to decay and imbecility. . . . Knowing what I could have done, and what I could yet do; knowing I should have been an honour to my country; knowing that I have done little but save my name from oblivion by a few miserable works, imperfect and unequal, the result of a perpetual grasping struggle with want, can you wonder at my feelings? If I had not a body of iron, a heart of steel, and a mind of fire, I should long since have been dead, and die I shall at last from the agonies of racked ambition.

Wilkie and Chantrey were always more violent than I was, and if they had stood by me we would have given the country a shock. But they shrunk; and although they explained their reasons to me, ease, tranquillity, and self-interest were their guides. Peace attend them!

We are all of us low. I tore the leaves out of my Journal because I have no money to buy paper. Had I not a pupil at so much a lesson we should have starved.

Yours, in bitterness of spirit,

B. R. HAYDON.

To Miss MITFORD.

31st May, 1824.

While one of the "family" was sitting, last week, a hearty weather-beaten, unsophisticated fine creature, who

should call but Tom Moore, the very essence of contrast? To see Moore survey my sitter through his glass, like something he was unaccustomed to in fashionable life, with his sparkling, dancing, rosy, Anacreontic, poetical dandyism, was exquisite.

Are you not indignant that Byron has been prevented giving us his own opinion of his own treatment, out of regard to the feelings of others! The waiting maid, perhaps,

“Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred!”

This is a sad business, and shows how Byron mistook his man. Moore had never a *real* feeling for Byron as a man, or he could never have breakfasted with John Scott after his shameful attack on Byron, which brought all Byron's affairs before the world, an attack generated by the basest spite and the meanest feelings; I had a great mind to take up the business; I had written a letter, which my wife made me destroy; I know the secret history of that infamous attack. Rogers, one morning when I was with Sir Walter Scott, and we were talking about Scott (of the ‘Champion’), complained of Moore's breakfasting with him, and said he had told Moore of it. What are the feelings of the living, who are alive to reply, to the *character* of the dead, who can reply no more? Byron's fate predominated. But I will one day tell the whole and sole cause of his affairs being brought before the world in so shameful a manner, and which was the source of all the calumny that followed. I cannot take Mrs. Franklin's friend's opinion on Byron's Journal, or Moore's, who certainly was not a sincere friend. “I shall fight,” said Byron in a letter to Moore, “and if I get killed, do justice to a brother scribbler.” Moore repeated this to me at table about a fortnight before the news arrived of Byron's death. What did that *mean*? Why, it is evident, this—“You have got my Journal; you have my opinions; *publish* them. It may offend, but I have been offended; it may pain, but I have been tortured; it may look morbid and black, but who made me so? The world. I came to it with the freshness of youth; and its vice and duplicity, its hatred of talent, its detestable cowardice, its mean want of honour, made me what I am.” Byron showed society as it is, he had courage to do it.*

* Haydon here appears to do Moore an injustice. From the publication of letters from the late and present Mr. John Murray of Albemarle Street, it would

I have not yet read Byron's 'Conversations,' but there was an anecdote in one of the extracts which confirms what I heard long since, but which I could not depend on before. He had an aversion to see women *eat*. Colonel ——— was at Byron's house in Piccadilly, Lady Byron in the room and "luncheon" was brought in—veal cutlets, &c. She began eating. Byron turned round in disgust and said, "Gormandizing beast!" and taking up the tray, threw the whole luncheon into the hall. Lady Byron cried, and left the room.

Byron hated to be interrupted when he was writing, then why did she interrupt him? Because *she* thought it a whim. To her and her dear delightful maid it might appear a whim, but if, at that moment, he was conceiving some beautiful thoughts, what can you think of a woman who, for some trifle, would interrupt her husband's conceptions? I have never said a cold thing, much more a harsh one, to Mary, but if she had come into my room and asked me if I would like roast mutton for dinner when I was conceiving 'Lazarus,' I think she would never have come in a second time.* Setting aside that, women of rank and family are not fitted for "Love and Genius." Their pride, their importance, their habits of separate rooms, footmen, carriages, maids, and confidantes, are inconsistent with the care a man of genius requires. But

seem that, of the 'circle,' Moore was really the only one opposed to the destruction of Byron's Journal. The letters in question are dated 19th May, 1824, and 6th October, blank, and are addressed respectively to Mr.—afterwards Sir Robert Wilmot Horton, and to the editor of the 'Academy.' In these letters the Messrs. Murray explain that Byron's MS. Journal did not at the time of Byron's death belong to Moore, but had become Mr. Murray's "own private property" by purchase from Moore in 1821, under certain conditions, which conditions Moore allowed to lapse; and that Mr. Murray, senior, in consequence of the failure of Moore to redeem the MSS., was at liberty "to dispose of the MSS." as he "thought proper." Mr. Murray then states to Mr. Horton that his "regard for Lord Byron's memory, and my respect for his surviving family, made me more anxious that the memoirs should be immediately destroyed, since it was surmised that their publication might be injurious to the former, and painful to the latter. As I myself scrupulously refrained from looking into the memoirs, I cannot from my own knowledge say whether such an opinion of the contents was correct or not; it was enough for me that the friends of Lord and Lady Byron united in wishing for their destruction. *Why Mr. Moore should have wished to preserve them I did not and will not inquire; but having satisfied myself that he had no right whatever in them, I was happy in having an opportunity of making, by a pecuniary sacrifice on my part, some return for the honour, and, I must add, the profit, which I had derived from Lord Byron's patronage and friendship.*"

We have all of us heard of a lame excuse, but, as Hannibal said of the prosy old man, "such a one as this—never." (See Appendix, Elze's 'Life of Lord Byron.')

—Ed.

* Haydon did himself injustice here. He was most patient and forbearing in his painting-room under interruptions."—L.D.

every wind blows intelligence that we are right in our estimation of Byron's character.

* * * * *

[An anecdote of Sir Walter Scott follows:—]

A friend of mine has been spending some time at Sir Walter Scott's. Scott is liable to great intrusions of every kind. A stupid chattering fellow got at him by a letter, and stayed a week. He was a great bore, and my friend and another visitor were obliged one day to retire to a window to avoid laughing outright. Sir Walter hobbled up to them and said, "Come, come, young gentlemen, be more respectful. I assure you it requires no small talents to be a *decided bore*!" I like this! there is the geniality of the "Unknown" in it.

From Miss MITFORD.

2nd November, 1824.

I have just finished Lord Byron's 'Conversations' (you are going to be very angry now), and I find my words of enthusiasm for the noble poet very fully justified and borne out. To say nothing of the open and avowed profligacy abroad and at home, only think of the taste which the book shows—the crying down Keats, Milton, Shakespeare, Wordsworth—the crying up Moore's frippery songs, Dr. Johnson's heavy criticisms, and his own dull plays. What he says of Shakespeare, and of Wordsworth in particular, is disgusting. To fasten on the few and rare grossnesses of Shakespeare, which pure-minded readers pass over almost without consciousness, and forget all that there is of divine in the poet of the world; and to pitch on a few faults of system in Wordsworth, and to speak of him as if he was no poet at all. Fifty years hence our descendants will see which is remembered best, the author of the 'Excursion' or of 'Childe Harold.' But he seems to me to have wanted the power of admiration, the organ of veneration; to have been a cold, sneering, vain, Voltairish person, charitable as far as money went, and liberal so far as did not interfere with his aristocratic notions, but very derisive, very un-English, very scornful. Captain Medwyn speaks of his suppressed laugh. How unpleasant an idea that gives! The only thing that does him much credit in the whole book is his hearty admiration of Scott. But Scott did not interfere with him. If Sir Walter

had been such a poet as Wordsworth, we should have seen. I would have wagered that he would not have admired the head of 'Lazarus,' unless to cry down some one else, or unless you had painted his portrait and flattered him. Then, his opinion of prowess! Well, I think this book will have one good effect. It will disenchant the whole sex. How very amusing Hazlitt's letters are, with their good things and their bad things! Where shall we find so much admirable sense and so much sheer nonsense in the same space as is comprised in the letter which talks so absurdly of national prejudice, and so finely of the burial-ground of Père-la-Chaise? This is a letter for twenty. I have sent them myself. Say everything that is kindest and finest for us all to Mrs. Haydon, and believe me always most faithfully and affectionately yours,

M. R. M.

To MRS MITFORD.

You are unjust, depend upon it, in your estimate of Byron's poetry, and wrong in your ranking Wordsworth beyond him. There are things in Byron's poetry so exquisite, that fifty or five hundred years hence they will be read, felt, and adored throughout the world.* I grant that Wordsworth is very pure and very holy, and very orthodox, and occasionally very elevated, highly poetical, and oftener insufferably obscure, starched, dowdy, anti-human and anti-sympathetic, but he never will be ranked above Byron nor classed with Milton, he will not, indeed. He wants the constructive power, the *lucidus ordo* of the greatest minds, which is as much a proof of the

* My father's admiration of Byron was sincere. In many points, such as his picturesque description, and his practical views of men and things, my father preferred Byron to Wordsworth; he thought him more human; and then, I think, he admired his isolated position as a poet. Wordsworth's gift, in his opinion, was in describing "those far-reaching and intense feelings and glimmerings, and doubts and fears, and hopes of man, as referring to what he might be before he was born, or what he may be hereafter." In his Journal for 1815, my father sums up Wordsworth as a "great being, who will hereafter be ranked as one who had a portion of the spirit of the mighty ones, especially Milton, but who did not possess the power of using that spirit otherwise than with reference to himself, and so as to excite a reflex action only."—ED.

"Byron will be remembered longer by the lyrical pearls which are scattered so copiously through his poems, gems which are familiar to every reader of his works, and can never be forgotten. It is in these that his muse takes her noblest flight; these are the portions of his poetry which are instinct with the most exquisite beauty, and exercise on us the most powerful spell; and we cannot imagine that they will ever fail to fill their readers with rapture." (Elze's 'Life of Lord Byron,' p. 402.)—ED.

highest order as any other quality. I dislike his selfish Quakerism; his affectation of superior virtue; his utter insensibility to the frailties—the beautiful frailties of passion. I was once walking with him in Pall Mall; we darted into Christie's. A copy of the 'Transfiguration' was at the head of the room, and in the corner a beautiful copy of the 'Cupid and Psyche' (statues) kissing. Cupid is taking her lovely chin, and turning her pouting mouth to meet his while he archly bends his own down, as if saying, "Pretty dear!" You remember this exquisite group? . . . Catching sight of the Cupid, as he and I were coming out, Wordsworth's face reddened, he showed his teeth, and then said in a loud voice, "THE DEV-V-V-VILS!" There's a mind! Ought not this exquisite group to have roused his "Shapes of Beauty," and have softened his heart as much as his old grey-mossed rocks, his withered thorn, and his dribbling mountain streams? I am altered about Wordsworth, very much, from finding him a bard too elevated to attend to the music of humanity. No, no! give me Byron, with all his spite, hatred, depravity, dandyism, vanity, frankness, passion, and idleness, to Wordsworth, with all his heartless communion with woods and grass.*

When he came back from his tour, I breakfasted with him in Oxford Street. He read 'Laodamia' to me, and very finely. He had altered, at the suggestion of his wife, Laodamia's fate (but I cannot refer to it at this moment), because she had shown such weakness as to wish her husband's stay. Mrs. Wordsworth held that Laodamia ought to be punished, and punished she was. I will refer to it. Here it is—

"She, whom a trance of passion thus removed,
As she departed, not without the crime
Of lovers, who, in reason's spite have loved,
Was doomed to wander in a joyless clime,
Apart from happy ghosts, that gather flowers
Of blissful quiet in Elysian bowers."†

* In a subsequent conversation, Wordsworth, when questioned, laughed heartily at being reminded of "The Devils," and said, "he had no idea what he meant at the time."—Ed.

† In an edition of 1863 the verse runs—

"Ah, judge her gently who so deeply loved!
Her who in reason's spite, yet without crime,
Was in a trance of passion thus removed;
Delivered from the galling yoke of time
And these frail elements, to gather flowers
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers."

I have it in his own hand. This is different from the first edition. And as he repeated it with self-approbation of his own heroic feelings for punishing a wife because she felt a pang at her husband going to hell again, his own wife sat crouched by the fire-place and chanted every line to the echo, apparently congratulating herself at being above the mortal frailty of loving her William.

You should make allowance for Byron's not liking Keats. He could not. Keats's poetry was an immortal stretch beyond the mortal intensity of his own. An intense egotism, as it were, was the leading exciter of Byron's genius. He could feel nothing for fauns, or satyrs, or gods, or characters *past*, unless the association of them were excited by some positive natural scene where they had actually died, written, or fought. All his poetry was the result of a deep feeling roused by what passed before his eyes. Keats was a stretch beyond this. Byron could not enter into it any more than he could Shakespeare.* He was too frank to conceal his thoughts. If he really admired Keats he would have said so† (I am afraid I am as obscure here as Wordsworth). So, in his controversy with Bowles, Byron really thought Pope the greater poet. He pretended that a man who versified the actual vices or follies was

* In this opinion of Byron, Haydon is also supported by the latest authority, that of Karl Elze, who, in his 'Life of Byron,' writes, "It is intimately connected with the character of improvisation which belongs to the poetry of Byron, that he could write only on the very spot, or at least that he must receive on the spot inspiration for his poetry, and then, almost immediately, *fervente calamo*, commit it to paper; he could not dispense with the immediate stimulus which he received from the external world. . . . He often said he could describe only what he had seen or experienced. . . . According to his view, the poet, before he could describe them, should have experienced all feelings and passions; the poet should live his own poetry. . . . Mere invention is, he says, the talent of a liar, and all fictions were hateful to him which were mere fictions. . . . All his poems were written, when the fit of inspiration was upon him, with the utmost rapidity, and as it were at one cast; even the Cantos of 'Childe Harold' and of 'Don Juan,' which came forth separately, not excepted. If the first attempt failed he would never proceed to a second; and the recasting of the third act of 'Manfred,' which occasioned him extraordinary trouble, is the only example of a departure from his practice. He often says, 'I must either make a spoon or spoil a horn.' Yet more freely he compares himself to a tiger: 'If I miss the first spring I go grumbling back to my jungle again'" (Elze's 'Life of Lord Byron,' 400-1.)—Ed.

† While Keats lived Byron abused him heartily, called his poetry "drivelling idiotism," and threatened to "skin him," if the reviewers did not. But after his death, and after reading 'Hyperion,' he subsequently admitted that it was Keats's depreciation of Pope which had "hardly permitted me to do justice to his own genius which, *malgré* all the fantastic fopperies of his style, was undoubtedly of great promise. His fragment of 'Hyperion' seems actually inspired by the Titans, and is as sublime as Æschylus. He is as close to our literature." (See Byron's 'Life and Letters'; also Lord Houghton in Keats's 'Life and Letters'.)—Ed.

a greater, and more moral poet than he who invented a plot, invented characters which by their action on each other produced a catastrophe from which a moral was inferred. This at once showed the reach of his genius. . . .

To MISS MITFORD.

(No date), 1824.

I have had a horrid week with a mother and eight daughters! Mamma *remembering* herself a beauty; Sally and Betsey, &c., see her a matron. They say, "Oh! this is more suitable to mamma's age," and "that fits mamma's time of life!" But mamma does not agree. Betsey and Sally, and Eliza and Patty want "mamma!" Mamma wants herself as she looked when she was Betsey's age, and papa fell in love with her. So I am distracted to death. I have a great mind to paint her with a long beard like Salvator, and say, "That's *my* idea of a fit accompaniment."

"Can you wonder," he adds on 6th July, 1825, "that I nauseate portraits, except portraits of clever people. I feel quite convinced that every portrait painter, if there be purgatory, will leap at once to heaven, without this previous purification. For I question whether there be in all the tortures of Hades, any torture equal to that of dragging your brush over your canvas to copy the gaping, idiotic vanity of some *nouveau riche*. No! no man can be an honest man who is a popular portrait-painter. His practice is one continual lie . . . I do not despise portrait; I only don't like it. I am adapted for something else."*

You know these are not affectations. You know I always thought so. It is curious, but I do not think any man in the Art, of the highest fancy, ever succeeded completely in portrait (another flattering uncton). I do not except Raphael. Painters who are so from the nature of their principles of using nature, are too apt when they come to use her as an individual, to be too much so. As a historical painter you keep the elements only of what you have before you, and make a head, a figure, or an expression totally different as to likeness, and

* Throughout his letters to Miss Mitford at this period there are many passages expressive of his true feeling on the subject of portrait painting.—ED.

yet the model has been of the greatest use. Now, with such habits, you come to a model which must be like and yet poetically so—to make it like, you check your fancy, and not being able to make it absolutely poetical from want of practice, from want of tact, are not able to make it sufficiently poetical to gratify the vanity of your sitter, and yet sufficiently like to please his friends. The consequence is you become too individual, and please neither.

A great portrait painter should not be, must not be, a man of the highest imaginative power. Titian, Vandyke, Velasquez, Reynolds, possessed no more imagination than was requisite to lift a little the being before their eyes. Raphael, Correggio, Michel Angelo, and Julio Romano's powers were adequate to elevate man to his original essence, and by rejecting all the accidents of disease and degeneration which have degraded his being, restored him to his essential beauty, and his essential essence.

If they touched Art it was on this principle, and when they touched it on any other, strange as it may be seen, but it is true, their imagination seemed to leave them when they could not exert it to its full, and when they clogged it with more than was necessary of the common individualities of our nature.

I except one portrait by Raphael, Julius II., where he seems to have hit the thing in expression, but in expression only. Every other is nothing absolutely but a mass of littleness and individualities. Reynolds, Vandyke, Titian, and Velasquez sailed with masterly skill only when they kept in sight of land. Raphael, Michel Angelo, and Julio Romano's powers were developed only when they left it. Reynolds and Vandyke, and occasionally Titian, would make a dash into the great ocean, but it was only occasionally, and they never seemed so happy or so heroic as when the setting sun showed them the shore which guided them. This is my opinion of the reason why the greatest geniuses in Art have not been the greatest portrait painters, and why the great portrait painters have not been the greatest geniuses in Art.

I think my 'Pharaoh' will be my best picture without doubt, and so you will think, and so will the public. The boy, the girl, and the mother are successful. My eyes filled with tears, as I painted the mother, and so have the eyes of others.

now it is done. I have put the old servant burying his face in his cloak, and my little girl, who can only speak a word or two, looked at it and said, "Poor—poor." It will do, depend upon it. The old carpenter cried; and Lord Egremont said, "It is your best." If he gives me a commission, I will paint a better.

Here am I near forty, as much the victim of delusion as ever. What has Historical Painting been to me but a delicious temptation, which led me soaring that my plunge into darkness might be more acute and headlong. I am now the same as at seven years old, when I used to shut myself up in the garret, and draw, and muse, and talk to myself, and swell with fancies excusable in a boy, but what can be said of my going on so now? though of every nut I have cracked, at least three out of four have been filled with a dry, husky, withered kernel. Adieu! to-morrow is our wedding-day. Drink our healths, as we will drink yours!

To Miss MITFORD.

I saw Kean on Monday night. Since O. P. I never was in such an uproar. Not having any relish to let my chest-bone be pressed into my back-bone, I relinquished the pit, and surveying the struggle for a moment, rushed to the boxes. Here in my violent rush to get into the stream, I rudely squeezed a lady without meaning it. She was so enraged at the rudeness of everybody before and behind, and on each side of her, which was unavoidable from the pressure, that rendered furious, she actually, with her most delicate hand, belaboured my back, swearing and scolding, which of course being conscious I deserved, I bore without a murmur, but felt highly honoured, though concealing a hearty laugh at her feeble beating. Carriage after carriage came up, and it was a high treat to watch the confidence of old dowagers and their husbands come swarming in fresh from a carriage. After following the r turbans, you would see their head-dresses whirled round, and a pair of fiery eyes darting upon them in despair. Accidentally I met Talfourd, and he took me behind the scenes. Kean was agitated, and at intervals kept drinking brandy and water. He acted so finely once, that I could not help shaking his hand as he came off, though I disapprove his conduct

Talfourd said he could not have shaken his hand. Perhaps he was right. But I could not resist his action; besides, he was irritated at the howling of a palpable set of touters.

To Miss MITFORD.

28th March, 1825.

I was at Soane's last night to see this sarcophagus by lamp-light. The first person I met, after seventeen years, was Coleridge, silver-haired! He looked at my bald front, and I at his hair, with mutual looks of sympathy and mutual head-shaking. It affected me very much, and so it seemed to affect him. I did not know what to say, nor did he; and then in his chanting way, half-poetical, half-inspired, half-idiotic, he began to console me by trying to prove that the only way for a man of genius to be happy was just to put forth no more power than was sufficient for the purposes of the age in which he lived, as if genius was a power one could fold up like a parasol! At this moment over came Spurzheim, with his German simplicity, and shaking my hand: "How doe you doe? Vy, your organs are more parfaite den eâver. How luckee you lose your hair. Veel you pearmeet me to eintrowdooze you to Mrs. Spurzheim?" I was pushed against Turner, the landscape painter, with his red face and white waistcoat, and before I could see Mrs. Spurzheim, was carried off my legs, and irretrievably bustled to where the sarcophagus lay.

Soane's house is a perfect Cretan labyrinth: curious narrow staircases, landing places, balconies, spring doors, and little rooms filled with fragments to the very ceiling. It was the finest fun imaginable to see the people come in to the library after wandering about below, amidst tombs and capitals, and shafts, and noiseless heads, with a sort of expression of delighted relief at finding themselves again among the living, and with coffee and cake! They looked as if they were pleased to feel their blood circulate once more, and went smirking up to Soane, "lui faisant leurs compliments," with a twisting chuckle of features as if grateful for their escape. Fancy delicate ladies of fashion dipping their pretty heads into an old mouldy, fusty, hieroglyphicked coffin, blessing their stars at its age, wondering whom it contained, and whispering that it was mentioned in Pliny. You can imagine the associations connected with such

contrasts. Just as I was beginning to meditate, the Duke of Sussex, with a star on his breast, and an asthma inside it, came squeezing and wheezing along the narrow passage, driving all the women before him like a Blue-Beard, and putting his royal head into the coffin, added his wonder to the wonder of the rest. Upstairs stood Soane, spare, thin, caustic, and starched, "mocking the thing he laughed at," as he smiled approbation for the praises bestowed on his magnificent house. . . . Coleridge said, "I have a great contempt for these Egyptians with all their learning. After all, what did it amount to, but a bad system of astronomy?" "What do *you* think of this house, Mr. Haydon?" said that dandy — to me. "Very interesting," I said. "Very interesting," he replied, with a sparkle in his eye denoting an occult meaning he was too polite to express. "Very curious, is it not?" "Very curious," I echoed. "Very kind of Mr. Soane to open the house so." "Very kind," I replied, as grave as the Chancellor, seeing that he was dying to say something which would come out if I pretended ignorance. "Rather odd, though, stuck about so." I smiled. "However it *is* very kind of Soane, you know, but it's a funny house, and a—" Just then, Soane was elbowed against him, and both making elegant bows to each other, — expressed his thanks to Soane for "admitting him to the enjoyment of such a splendid treat," &c., &c.—and he went off with Soane downstairs, talking of the Egyptians with all the solemnity of deep learning and of a profound interest in his subject.

As I looked at Soane, smiling and flushed by flattery, I thought of Johnson at Ranelagh. "There was not a soul then around him who would not, ere they put on their night-caps, envy him his assemblage of rank, and talent, and fashion; sneer at his antiques, quiz his coffee, and go to sleep, pitying with affected superiority his delusion and vanity." But Soane is a good though caustic man. . . . And now I must go and paint the carpet my sitter stands on; so adieu to human nature, and let me paint with all my power the colour and the texture of a Brussels bit.

Ever sincerely yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

To Miss MITFORD.

16th April, 1825.

I do not believe any portraits ever made more uproar.* There has been a regular yell, but it is dying off. Poor 'Juliet' (Romeo and Juliet) had it too, dreadfully. But all this will pass off like the wind; and, as if to counterbalance this uproar, I have got a commission, unlimited in price,† and in every way calculated to induce me to put forth all my strength, and put it forth I will.

[He then passes on to the death of Fuseli.]

Fuseli is dead at last; he has been dying these two years. I shall ever regard him with affection. His early kindness and encouragement I can never forget. He brought me into notice by hanging my first picture well. He had left it to Northcote, as he was a townsman. In true Christian charity—Northcote hung me out of sight—Fuseli came back, and said, "By Gode, you are sainding him to heavven before his time!" and he had the picture taken down and hung in a good light. . . . His loss is great, extravagant as he was, as he always had the power of inspiring others. What he said of Wilkie was the most wonderful proof of his eye for character he ever gave.

* * * * *

I dare say I am considered by my Reforming friends as of no character, because, seeing early through the contemptibility of many of the Reformers, and perfectly aware that a lurking love of dominion was shadowed behind all their abuses of power, I thought, upon the whole, the Tories I knew the most reputable of all classes of politicians. I think so still, and ever shall. I have mingled with all classes of political characters. When dining with some of the leading Whigs, at the house of a friend who was a Whig, the whole conversation always hinged on sneering, personal abuse, and dislike of the men in power. When dining with the Radicals, Whigs and Tories were personally canvassed to ascertain which of those among them were the fittest subjects for newspaper *attack*.

* His portraits were exhibited this year, and excited a vast amount of savage abuse, particularly by Theodore Hook in the 'John Bull' newspaper.—Ed.

† There was consequently some difficulty in obtaining prompt payment. The subject was 'Pharaoh dismissing Moses,' a cabinet picture.—Ed.

But when dining at Lord Mulgrave's with the leading Tories of the day, and with many of the first men, Canning, &c. &c., I never heard the Whigs or the Radicals alluded to personally but with respect. I never heard sneers, jokes, or abuse against them. And I remember perfectly well Lord Mulgrave complaining, in the most good-humoured way, of the Opposition boring them to death about the Copenhagen Expedition, and he said that one of the ministers asked Lord Erskine why he did it? and Lord Erskine replied, "Because we have nothing else to do." Perhaps, on the other hand, the consciousness of being in power enabled the Tories to be civil.

My dear Miss Mitford just imagine Hazlitt a minister! Hazlitt, with all his hatred of authority! He would metaphysicise himself into a Robespierre, depend upon it. When Cobbett's twopenny things were making a great noise once, Hazlitt let slip something that made me shudder. I know them all to the marrow, and deeper; I would not trust one in power; no, not one, not one, not one.

I have written this while waiting for a sitter. I hear his knock thundering with all the consequence of conscious patronage. Adieu!

[Occasionally he was seized with a fit of abstraction. It was the reaction after hard work. In one of these fits he writes to Miss Mitford, defending field sports:—]

I have hardly painted ten touches, eat little, slept a great deal, strolled about, stared at pictures, gone to exhibitions, and to the opera to hear Pasta sing that enchanting air in 'Tancredi,' to come home and be kept awake half the night by the bellowing of a hundred cows, who are pastured in the meadows behind us, and which did not like the easterly wind. Occasionally I have an excitement or two, such as turning away our under-nurse for eating the children's food, by way of proving how fond she was of them. Have you seen an extract in 'Campbell's Magazine' of Pope's 'Conversations'? It is exquisite. He talks of Walton's angling with great commonplace feeling, but it is not deep enough for the question. "Gay," says he, "would lacerate a trout, but would not hurt a fly." This is what the ladies call "benevolent," but it is weak. The predominant feeling in the laws of creation is *love*

of power. To catch a trout, which has ten thousand chances of escaping against your one of catching him by a device which it is ten thousand chances but one that he does not get tricked by, is a greater proof of superiority of power than crushing a fly who has far fewer chances of escape. Gay did not wish to lacerate a trout, or Walton to torture a frog, *per se*. But the design to entrap a creature which can only be caught by entrapping, is so great a gratification that any suffering which the instruments, be they worms or frogs, may endure is as nothing in comparison. It is the love of power, not the desire of torture that is the principle of action in all sports—fishing, shooting, and hunting.

It is very interesting, the description of Pope in his black dress and tie wig, presenting his mother with a flower before Martha Blount, and yet making it a compliment to her in the end.

To Miss MITFORD.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

18th July, 1825.

A wife must be a very shallow person who does not understand the necessity of a husband having his faculties by day clear and vigorous, and unimpeded by the fatigue and drowsiness of harassed nights. Tell Talfourd that a friend of yours, during nursing-time—that he may not have his brain startled from a deep and dewy slumber by the piercing, discontented squall of a sleepless child—sleeps in a small camp bed in an adjoining room, sufficiently near for all purposes of protection, consolation and adoration, and yet sufficiently removed to obtain—what a husband must have who supports his family by his wits—an undisturbed and healthy brain; more especially a man in the position of Talfourd, who is obliged to speak, and exhaust himself.

No doubt it is irksome, and sometimes I wake and swear I won't sleep alone any longer; but when I wake complacently in the morning I admit the good sense of the arrangement.

A husband who attempts to assist in any nursing catastrophe, perhaps runs against a chair, breaks a water-bottle, wakes up the mother and child completely, and utterly ruins their night's rest. If he is begged to get the lime-water, with his eyes half-open he hands over the liniment. Never let a

woman trust to her husband's help in such cases. If I get a light, I study the muscles of my leg, or the light and shadow on dear Mary's face, and perhaps drop the hot wax on the baby's hand by way of composer.

What could not wives and husbands tell of the beautiful blessings of nursing? Children are a great blessing, but they greatly interrupt the early honey-mornings of mamma and papa, which, depend upon it, mamma and papa never cease to regret. . . . Excuse this curious letter.

Ever yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

To Miss MITFORD.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

London, 10th November, 1825.

I have spent three hours with Hazlitt to-day, and spent them with great delight. We talked of Michel Angelo, of Raphael, and—the greatest of all is behind—Leigh Hunt, till we roared with laughter, and made more noise with our laughing than all the coaches, waggons, and carts in Piccadilly. From what Hazlitt has told me of him in Italy, I do think, upon my soul, that he is the most extraordinary character I ever met with in history, poetry, tragedy, comedy, or romance. By his conduct in Italy he has personified what, in idea, would be called extravagant. Hazlitt found him moulting near Florence. There he stuck, says Hazlitt, dull as a hen under a pent-house on a rainy day. Hazlitt offered to take him to Venice, free of expense. No. He never went to Rome, Bologna, or Naples. He passed through Paris, and never went into the Louvre, though staying two days! Not he! He was annoyed that Venice, Bologna, Rome, Naples, or Paris should contain anything more attractive than Mr. Leigh Hunt; and, consequently, he stuck to his house, expecting a deputation from each town to welcome him to Italy; and because no deputation came he would not honour them by a visit; thus leaving unhappy Venice, unfortunate Bologna, insignificant Florence, and unknown Rome, to bewail their destiny to oblivion, because they had not been immortalised by the notice of illustrious Leigh! . . . Hazlitt laughed, roared, beat the table, at this realisation of our predictions. When he dies, he would smile with self-complacency at the just estima-

tion of his genius, if the Devil made him poet-laureate, while the flames were writhing his vitals. And if he went to heaven—which I hope he may—he would compare himself with the Creator, and chuckle at the idea that, in making man in His own image, the Almighty had been the means of generating at least one in creation whose look and air might render it doubtful to the angels who had existed first. Such is Leigh—

“With a nose lightsomely brought
Down from a forehead of clear-spirited thought.”

Said Hazlitt, “I’ll take you to Rimini.” No; Rimini, the town, was not the poem: he wouldn’t stir. Sorry I am to write so much of a man in whose acquaintance I can no longer feel any pride. He ruined Keats; he has injured me; he perverted Byron. Poor Shelley was drowned in going back from visiting him. Like Scylla, where he comes grass never grows; and when he treads on what is growing, it withers, as if the cloven hoof of hell had poisoned it.*

Hazlitt looks ill; but his jaunt has done him great good, and his present wife a greater. She is a very superior woman, and will make him a decent being in regard to washing his face and hands (etcetera). He was breakfasting to-day as a gentleman should, and seemed to be living “cleanly,” as a gentleman ought. I like Hazlitt, in spite of all: everybody must.†

I write this at the moment of my return. I can never think of Leigh Hunt again without sorrow.

Leave the theatre, and stick to your village characters. The theatre seems to be your evil genius. How paltry of Colman! I want to read your play, but you will not lend it! Do go on again with your nature bits.

Adieu, my dear friend,

B. R. HAYDON.

* I believe this description of Leigh Hunt in Italy to have been most unfair and illiberal on the part of Hazlitt. Hunt had a large family of young children depending upon him, and he had not the means of moving about here and there. Nor would it have been considerate of him to have left his family at Florence in order to jaunt about Italy with Hazlitt, who apparently was not much troubled with a deep sense of the restraints family responsibilities impose upon a man of feeling.—ED.

† My father was evidently not aware that Hazlitt’s second wife had at this time made up her mind to separate herself from her husband. She had remained in Paris on his coming to London on this occasion, and she never appears to have rejoined him.—ED.

To Miss MITFORD.

6th December, 1825.

You have such a horror, a Malthusian horror of the increase of population, that I dread to write we have been guilty here of that abominable crime—of bringing another little snoozling rogue into being. They are both well, and I hope will continue so. I think myself lucky she had not twins, for I dreaded it most abominably.

You say you cannot account for the weakness of people having more children than they can maintain.* Stay, my dear lady, till you marry some one you passionately love, and then you will easily understand the secret. For my part I think it very wicked indeed to grumble at a large family. Existence is a blessing after all, and though according to the Methodists you give little beings a chance of being for ever damned, you put them in the way also of being eternally happy, which is something.

For my part I am convinced that the heartburnings, the bickerings, the suspicions, the jealousies which infest a married life where there is no family, are infinitely greater trouble and torture, than all the anxieties, pressure, fag, and struggle to maintain a large one.

I know that women who have had children affect, with the consciousness of power, to say that they would have been equally pleased without them; but no man, who knows the sex, would willingly tie himself to one for ever, if he were sure she would be barren—not so much for his own sake as for hers, and for the sake of both.

I differ from you, though I feel diffident of saying more to a lady on such a delicate subject, but be assured there is more courage in taking the chance of a large family, as a man ought, than in the morbid, fidgety apprehensiveness attending always the reverse. No, no, God bids increase; who bids abstain but our arch-enemy, foe to God and man? "Increase and multiply," so said One when lovely woman was handed to

* Miss Mitford was a warm advocate for the "prudential check" of the political economists being placed upon the unlimited increase of the families of poor married people, a doctrine that in recent times has received the distinguished support of Lord Amberley. Haydon, who laughed at any interference with nature, took a broader and healthier view of the matter. On the birth of his third child, Alfred, he writes a humorous letter to Three Mile Cross.—ED.

her mate, and no man with a *proper religious feeling* would be so wicked as to dissolve such an order coming from such good authority. Burn Malthus, read Milton and Shakespeare, and believe me that population and prosperity go together. Adieu!

Ever yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

P.S.—My picture, ‘Pharaoh Dismissing Moses,’ most done. Campbell called yesterday. He feels the pathetic, you know, most. It touched him; he says it will be popular, and congratulated me. How much better and happier Campbell looks since he lived in London!

I think the next subject I shall plunge at will be Bacchus returning from India, or, his first sight of Ariadne.

Once more adieu! Mary, if she knew I was writing, would send her kind love. She is sleeping. The finest sight on earth to me—even before a sunrise—is to see her wake and watch the gradual lovely stealings of consciousness over her divine face. If her eyes meet mine watching, the smile that follows is that of an angel after a sunny dream. I wish no other face to welcome me to heaven, and should think heaven without it a perpetual twilight. Adieu!

To Miss MITFORD.

10th December, 1825.

Yes, I have read Moore’s ‘Sheridan,’ and was deeply interested. But, my dear friend, it is more the excuse of an admirer than the impartial memoir of a biographer. His detail of the process of completing the ‘School for Scandal’ is delightful; but it is the process of all men of genius, the *mode* only may be different. Whether a man of genius makes memoranda of his first thoughts on paper, or keeps them locked up in his memory, to be rethought and retouched, it is no matter. Those who never put their thoughts down until their taste is satisfied, complete at once what they put down, and get reputation for rapidity. Those on the contrary, like Sheridan, who note each idea as it rises, are just as rapid in conception though the mode of execution is different. Shakespeare, Homer, and at a great distance Byron, modelled and

remodelled, and then poured forth to the vulgar, who, knowing nothing of the internal machinery of the mind, take it for granted the subject was never thought of till it was written, and go away in ignorant astonishment.

I must differ from Moore in his view of Sheridan's heart. Notwithstanding his passion for Miss Linley and his grief for his father's death, who used him ill, I question his having a *really good heart*. His making love to Pamela, Madame de Genlis's daughter, so soon after his lovely wife's death, and his marriage, in two years, with a young girl as a *compliment* to her remembrance, renders one very suspicious of the real depth of his passion. No man of wit to the full extent of the word can have a good heart, because he has by nature less regard for the feelings of others than for the brilliancy of his own sayings. There must be more mischief than love in the hearts of all radiant wits. Moore's life of him wants courage. Society is Moore's god. He cannot, like Johnson, tell all the truth and bid society defiance.* His burning Byron's MSS. was a sacrifice to his circle,† and his concealments in Sheridan's life not worthy his native independence . . . The faults of the great Whig leaders are treated leniently by Moore, but the fact is that neither Burke, Fox, nor Sheridan, had the caution or prudence requisite for leaders of their Party, or for Government. Burke's failure in the result of Warren Hastings' trial first shook the confidence of Fox and Sheridan as to his infallibility, and afterwards, having often acted independently of his advice, Burke's despotic love of rule took offence, and the seed was planted of future separation. I heard Lord Mulgrave say in the presence of other diplomatic men that Fox, whenever in power, always showed himself unfit for a leader, and his extreme imprudence in the Committee of Regency, which Pitt took such advantage of, is an undeniable proof of the truth of Lord Mulgrave's assertion. However great his genius, however delightful his qualities, he had not discretion enough for a head. Lord Mulgrave once told me that Fox latterly would have come in as Secretary for Foreign Affairs under Pitt.‡

* But Johnson did not always do this, witness his 'Life of Addison.' "The necessity of complying with times," he writes, "and of sparing persons, is the great impediment of biography. . . . I begin to feel myself walking upon ashes under which the fire is not extinguished, and coming to the time of which it will be proper rather to say nothing that is false, than all that is true."—ED.

† See *ante*, Vol. II. p. 85, by which Moore appears to be exonerated.—ED.

‡ This statement has been disputed, but Mr. Pitt did propose Fox as Secretary

It was a great pity that Burke accepted a pension, because as he turned out so right about the Revolution it dimmed the glory of genius. Lord Mulgrave said: "Mr. Fox acknowledged afterwards that Burke was right *too soon*." It was cruel to break up his friendship with Sheridan and Fox, but Burke had no other way of becoming again an isolated object of public astonishment. Sheridan and Fox had rather dulled his fame, and his only chance of self-applause, the only chance of soothing his wounded vanity left him, was to burst like a fiery star from his regular orbit, and become the object of wonder and abuse, enthusiasm and admiration, which he was no longer in the ordinary progress. Love of power was at the bottom of his heart, depend upon it; to be sure, the weakness of the greatest minds. To think that Burke was always giving Barry caution about his temper, while he was such a signal instance of violence himself.

It might be the anger of a great genius so intimately convinced of the wicked tendencies of the French Revolution, as to think it a paramount duty to convince the world of his sincerity by showing the sacrifices he was willing to make rather than even to appear indirectly to sanction it. It might be so. But then the *pension*. My dear friend, accepting a pension is like refusing a challenge. The danger escaped in the one instance, and the good done to the individual in the other, renders the world justly severe in its conclusions. Had Burke refused the pension, how grandly would his character project on the most distant periods of time! His violence, his lacerating the feelings of Fox, would have been considered a painful and noble duty. But for the paltry comforts of some "six or seven summers" he rendered his sagacity and genius suspected for ever of having been sacrificed to replace his shattered fortunes, and secure himself and his widow from necessity and want.

Pardon my presumption in thus giving my opinion of such men. The condition Sheridan was in latterly was really shocking. . . . I do not agree with Moore about the desertion

for Foreign Affairs in his Cabinet of 1804. Lord Stanhope, in his 'Life of Pitt,' vol. iv., gives a fac-simile in Mr. Pitt's handwriting of the Cabinet he had desired to combine, and it includes Mr. Fox's name as Foreign Secretary. The King, however, is reported to have said, "Bring me anybody you please, Mr. Pitt, but Mr. Fox," and so the coalition, if there was one, as Lord Mulgrave hinted, fell through.—ED.

of the nobility. He had tired and wearied them to death. He had, indeed. At their country seats he became latterly a wearisome bore—drinking claret till midnight, and then rum punch till five in the morning, ringing up the servants by night, and disturbing all the habits of comfort and delicacy in a house. I heard Sir George Beaumont say that at Lady Manners', in the country, Tom Sheridan was one night going to bed. His father came in and began to lecture him, both being drunk. Tom undressed, put the candle out, and got to bed. The next day he was telling this, and some one said: "What became of your father?" "Oh!" said Tom, "I'll be —— if I know. I heard him tumbling about for half an hour afterwards." . . . I do not agree with Moore that, when he was dead, there was an end to his faults, and that it was as a tribute to his genius the nobility crowded to his funeral. Surely something may be said for them.

I have tired you with this long dissertation on Sheridan. Half his dirty tricks were from an intense relish for fun. He forgot the apparent want of principle in the strength of the propensity. God knows everybody has his faults, I more than others; but some of Sheridan's cruelties to others were really unpardonable, and Moore ought not to have concealed them; Stora-hi's widow, for example, where Sheridan took all the "benefit" money out of the drawer, and walked off with it as his own.

His not relishing Shakespeare, as well as Byron, was *cant*. It was from hopeless envy of rivalling him. Moore, I suspect on this point. All dramatic authors, and many others I have talked with, peck and spit at Shakespeare's overwhelming and gigantic genius. Prince Hoare toddles out his namby-pamby mumblings; Leigh Hunt bows, but "seldom reads" him; Byron dreaded him; Sheridan doubted him—at least they all pretended this. It is extraordinary I never heard any poet quote him but Keats, and one day in a party of literary men I was appealed to about a passage which not one of these worthies remembered: either the play it was in, or the words. Is this not a shame?

Which would you rather be, the author of the 'School for Scandal,' or, of the 'Merchant of Venice'? The 'School for Scandal,' or any of Shakespeare's comedies? It appears to me that all the characters in the 'School for Scandal' are too

distinct to have mingled together. They are set apart as it were to say certain things. Shakespeare's characters, on the contrary, have a natural union. Each becomes the other sometimes, each says things occasionally which any people might say, however distinct their characters. Now, in the 'School for Scandal,' every one seems to say: "I am to be a scandal-monger, don't let me forget it. I am to be Charles; I am to be Joseph; I am to be Sir Peter." At least this is my impression, an unlettered painter.

I feared you are tired by this time. Mr. Monk will think we are negotiating a treaty of peace. Dear Mary's love to you and your father and mother, and with my kind respects,

Ever yours faithfully,

B. R. HAYDON.

To Miss MITFORD.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

29th December, 1825.

The compliments of the season! Not bankruptcy, suspension of payments, or joint-stock ruin! but plenty of cash, laughing, happy friends, and a sirloin on your table. These are the only English compliments, and long may you enjoy them! Do not be uneasy about Whittaker's affairs. They will soon right again. I feel for your harassing anxieties, and had I got it in my power, would take care you should not feel them even. But you know that I am as anxious as yourself, and as harassed. My "voice" of "On, on," is changed to me into "Feed, feed!" All I can ever hope to do is to well feed and educate my family. The rest the children must do for themselves. Dear Frank from over-excitement has been very ill. He and I do not do together. If we are too much together we fire each other off to such a degree he gets ill. I took him out daily with me, and we ran, and played hide and seek in the Regent's Park, and got into such a heat, to the infinite amusement of children's maids, that he gave in, dear fellow, and has been seriously ill. I suffered bitterly for a night, and thought my heart would break. But he is better. There is nothing more affecting than the sight of a dear boy restless, sick, feverish, and sedate, whose natural expression is cool, healthy, active, and sparkling. His dear mother, though but

half-recovered, has taken him with her. . . . I certainly am very fond of my family, and begin now to consider the parts of it as a solace and amusement. This is a good state of feeling for a husband. Adieu to family affairs. When does your novel come out? Do give me notice. We shall be anxious for its complete success. My "affair" will make its appearance soon. I have as much difficulty in deciding where to send it as if I were beginning life. Beechey says: "Send it to the Academy. Justice will be done to it." A patron says: "Send it to the British Gallery, it will please your employers." To the Society of Artists it certainly will not go, unless they alter *in toto* their ruinous light. A man might as well exhibit his picture under the ray of a burning lens. The members are modern landscape painters, who want all the staring light possible, destroying all sentiment and all Art. My existence depends on a proper exhibition of it, and God grant I may hit on a right one! Nobody can decide but myself. Not a *word* of all this before our campaign commences, *for your life*, not a *bent* or *break*. I think the 'Child,' the 'Mother,' and the 'Kneeling Girl,' will hit more than anything I ever painted. Fitzharris called yesterday, poor fellow, looking thin and harassed. I comforted him up. Pity such a fine young fellow should have anything to do with such a profession, the members of which are in general ill-bred, abandoned, and illiterate. Lord Mulgrave gave this character of them, with the single exception of Kemble. I agree with him. Lord Mulgrave knew a great deal of them. He will be in town again this spring, a miracle alive! nothing but his personal courage having kept him so, totally helpless for *four years*. Yet, by never giving in, he has so affected his frame as to be recovering at sixty! God bless us all!

Ever yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

To Miss MITFORD.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

London, 13th August.

I write lest you should hear from anybody else that I have run down to Reading and run away again without coming over to see you. The fact is, I was obliged to go with Orlando to Dr. Valpy's, and was obliged not to stay a moment in con-

sequence of bringing out my picture ('Alexander and Bucephalus') early in October. . . . I hope to be in Reading again on the 18th of October, when I *will* see you.

I am delighted with the Valpys. They seem happy and amiable and kind souls. I hope the doctor will like Orlando, and that Orlando will please him.

Be assured, I will paint our dear friend's wife. My picture is nearly done; but in consequence of two of my creditors forcing me to pay them all at once, I am at present a little necessitous or so. However, I trust in God I shall get out of debt, which I am fast doing, being already 480*l.* less in debt than last year.

Ever and ever yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

To Miss MITFORD.

18th August, 1826.

How do you find yourself? I heard you were poorly. What are you about? I was happy to hear of ——'s safe arrival again, and I shall be most happy to see him, though tell him he will find no more 'Solomons' towering up as a background to our conversations. Nothing but genteel-sized drawing-room pocket-history—Alexander in a nutshell; Bucephalus no bigger than a Shetland pony, and my little girl's doll a giantess to my Olympias!

The other night I paid my butcher; one of the miracles of these times, you will say. Let me tell you I have all my life been seeking for a butcher whose respect for genius predominated over his love of gain. I could not make out, before I dealt with this man, his excessive desire that I should be his customer; his sly hints as I passed his shop that he had "a bit of South Down, very fine; a sweetbread, perfection; and a calf's foot that was all jelly without bone!" The other day he called, and I had him sent up into the painting-room. I found him in great admiration of 'Alexander.' "Quite alive, Sir!" "I am glad you think so," said I. "Yes, Sir; but, as I have said often to my sister, you could not have painted that picture, Sir, if you had not eat my meat, Sir!" "Very true, Mr. Sowerby." "Ah! Sir, I have a fancy for *genus*, Sir!" "Have you, Mr. Sowerby?" "Yes, Sir; Mrs. Siddons, Sir, has

eat my meat, Sir ; never was *such a woman for chops, Sir!*”—and he drew up his beefy, shiny face, clean shaved, with a clean blue cravat under his chin, a clean jacket, a clean apron, and a pair of hands that would pin an ox to the earth if he was obstreperous—“ Ah ! Sir, she was a wonderful crayture ! ” “ She was, Mr. Sowerby.” “ Ah ! Sir, when she used to act that there character, you see (but Lord, such a head ! as I say to my sister)—that there woman, Sir, that murders a king between ‘em ! ” “ Oh ! Lady Macbeth.” “ Ah, Sir, that’s it—Lady Macbeth—I used to get up with the butler behind her carriage when she acted, and, as I used to see her looking quite wild, and all the people quite frightened, ‘ Ah, ha ! my lady,’ says I, ‘ if it wasn’t for my meat, though, you wouldn’t be able to do *that!* ’ ” “ Mr. Sowerby, you seem to be a man of feeling ; will you take a glass of wine ? ” After a bow or two, down he sat, and by degrees his heart opened. “ You see, Sir, I have fed Mrs. Siddons, Sir ; John Kemble, Sir ; Charles Kemble, Sir ; Stephen Kemble, Sir ; and Madame Catalani, Sir ; Morland the painter, and, I beg your pardon, Sir, and *you*, Sir.” “ Mr. Sowerby, you do me honour.” “ Madame Catalani, Sir, was a wonderful woman for sweetbreads ; but the Kemble family, Sir, the gentlemen, Sir, rump-steaks and kidneys in general was their taste ; but Mrs. Siddons, Sir, she liked chops, Sir, as much as you do, Sir,” &c., &c. I soon perceived that the man’s ambition was to feed genius. I shall recommend you to him ; but is he not a capital fellow ? But a little acting with his remarks would make you roar with laughter. Think of Lady Macbeth eating chops ! Is this not a peep behind the curtain ? I remember Wilkie saying that at a public dinner he was looking out for some celebrated man, when at last he caught a glimpse for the first time of a man whose books he had read with care for years, picking the leg of a roast goose perfectly abstracted !

[He declares firmly against painting as a profession for his own children.]

Never will I bring up my boys to any profession that is not a matter of necessary want to the world. Painting, unless considered as it ought to be, is a mere matter of ornament and luxury. It is not yet taken up as it should be in a wealthy

country like England, and all those who devote themselves to the higher branches of Art must suffer the penalty, as I have done, and am doing.

So I was told, and to no purpose. I opposed my father, my mother, and my friends, though I am duly gratified by my fame in observant corners. Last week a bookstall keeper showed me one of my own books at his stall, and, by way of recommending it, pointed out a sketch of my own on the fly-leaf, "Which," said he, "I suppose is by Haydon himself. Ah! Sir, he was badly used—a disgrace to our great men." "But he was imprudent," said I. "Imprudent!" said he. "Yes, of course; he depended on their taste and generosity too much." "Have you any more of his books?" said I. "Oh! I had a great many; but I have sold them all, Sir, but this, and another that I will never part with."

To Miss MITFORD.

26th August, 1826.

To-day, as I was going along Chandos Street, a fine healthy-looking miller had left the care of his cart to a younger branch of the profession, who, in looking round after some pretty girls, had let a bag tumble out of the cart. The miller just then came back, and I never shall forget his expression, as he thundered out, "—— —; but *I won't sw ar*. No. But isn't it enough to make a man? —— —" &c., swearing a most horrible oath at the same moment! This beautiful cunning of swearing by illustration instead of amplification, and thinking he could cheat the recording angel and yet gratify his passion, kept me in spirits all the way to a rascally attorney, whose expenses for talking and writing I was going to pay to the extent of 5*l*. 6*s*. 9*d*.

Your lady friend, who delivered the letter, I like very much. She made a capital and complimentary remark on 'Bucephalus': "I wonder whom they got with courage enough to shoe such a horse as that?" I won't forget this. The question is, whether he ought to be shod? Lord Egremont says he ought; I think not. The iron shoe destroys the poetry of the animal, and this your friend felt, or I am a Dutchman—which God forbid!

I felt such intense rapture at painting 'Olympias,' that I

heard something whisper, like the Dæmon of Socrates, "You shall be worried for this." I have not painted for three days since, from incessant worry!

Another bit of common life.

Did I ever tell you the story of two black-haired St. Giles's ladies strolling before me in the park? On coming to a pretty green spot, one girl had got before the other, when, seizing her drabbed and dirty gown with a pair of hands as red as the 'Red Lion' of a country inn, she hallooed out to the other girl behind, in a voice burly with vice and drink, "I say, Sal —, come up here, and I'll show yer the place where Bob and I *parted*." Wasn't it a beautiful touch? This was her way of associating the tender feelings. Her heart had been cut when Bob threw his arms around her neck and imprinted a sobbing kiss on her coral lips. You should have seen Hazlitt when I told him this!

Have you read 'Buckingham's Travels'? They are excellent, and enable you to identify localities in ancient lands in a manner that has given me a vast fund of information as to the picturesque architecture and general look of Palestine. To a painter such information is very useful. He is a clever fellow — no cant — but not quite candid. For example: how extraordinary are the verifications of ancient prophecy! Buckingham says that, after passing through the ruins of Bosrah, how astonished he was "to see an endless plain of ruined cities." But the prophecy is in Jeremiah. "For I have sworn to myself, saith the Lord, and Bosrah shall become a desolation, a reproach, a waste, and a curse, and all the cities thereof shall be a perpetual waste!" But why did Buckingham not quote this? If he be a Deist, still, as a man of candour and common sense, he must admit its extraordinary coincidence. And is it not extraordinary?

To Miss MITFORD.

As another and irrefutable proof that genius is not acquired, but innate, a farmer's son, fresh from sheaving corn, has produced a model of Milo eight feet high, in an obscure lodging, and which promises more than the work of any sculptor, ancient or modern, since the Phidian age. What will my friend Chantrey say, and the writer in the 'Quarterly'

who held him forth as keeping in *reserve* his pure poetry till he had leisure and fortune! Let any man depend on it that, if his genius does not haunt him like an Incubus, and goad and worry him to exertion in spite of fortune, *he has none!* This young man is a thunderbolt of refutation to Reynolds, and to all the school whose belief in the "acquirement" of great talent is such a consolation to imbecility.

'Milo' is an astonishing production, and worthy of the school of Phidias. In Greece, it would have procured its author independence for life. The young man's name is Lough. While at work on his 'Milo' he was for three months without animal food from want of means, and when a friend of mine found him he was tearing up his linen to make rags to keep his clay model moist. He is a fine creature, conscious of high powers, and yet modest with great simplicity, and will be the greatest sculptor since the best days of Greece, if his early ripeness does not lead him astray. His combination of high style and natural incident is great. His anatomical knowledge is not profound. It has served him for the muscles of the body, but in the hands and feet, the construction of which is intricate, he has felt his want of knowledge, and comparatively failed. In his obscure village in Northumberland, who do you think was the only artist known in his family, where pictures were often talked about as subjects of wonder as to how they were composed? Lough and his brother used to sketch my 'Solomon' and 'Jerusalem,' and in their walks would wonder how *I* had composed them.

When I called, he did not know me, but when he saw my card he was much agitated, and expressed himself with great feeling. Brougham has given him a commission and *left* 50*l.* on the table. This is a genuine bit of heart. Young Lough was brought to London by a friend of mine, who left him starving. *Now* he invites him to breakfast!

To Miss MITFORD.

8th January, 1827.

Have you read Leigh Hunt's last bit on Byron in 'Campbell's Magazine'? If not, read it without further fatal procrastination. "The noble lord," says Leigh Hunt, "complains in 'Don Juan' that he could never make a lady tell her age!"

"But," says the amiable and chivalrous Leigh, "*we* have been more fortunate with our fair informants than the noble lord." Oh! Heavens! *His* fair informants! Who be they? Mrs. Gleddon, the tobaccoist's wife, or the lady of "Hampstead ponds," who, in trying to be pathetic, and hoping she might *not* be drowned, threw herself off a wooden footpath into a Hampstead puddle where it was six inches deep, and was pulled out black with mud and dripping with water, sufficiently disfigured to excite sympathy, yet quite secure (as she wished) and not requiring the aid of the Humane Society for her recovery. Poor Leigh! Why does he write such twaddle. He is now writing his life, which will be a monkish mixture of petticoat twaddling and Grandison cant. . . .

I have not seen Campbell lately. Indeed since Sir Walter Scott breakfasted last with me and I did not invite Campbell, who is always contesting for superiority over Scott in a nasty, disagreeable way, I am out of favour. But Campbell is a fine fellow, and has stuck to his political Whiggism, though, mark you, 300*l.* a year as a pension is very apt to make a man grateful and staunch. What strikes me always in Campbell's company is the unmanly sort of nervousness that disturbs him. I remember one day when I called on him he had cut his finger, and you would have thought that Sir Astley Cooper and Lawrence had taken out his shoulder. The house was in such commotion. When I was so furiously attacked by the 'John Bull,' Mrs. Campbell said to me, "Why does Mrs. Haydon let you see such things?" I said, "My dear Madam, I would not submit to let her read what I was afraid of seeing." She read it to me, and we were both angry, and both laughed. Except Sir Walter, I look on myself as the most natural of the whole set. Scott is the very reverse of the nervous, palefaced, monkishness of the political school.

Ah, the poor Duke of York! At the Military Asylum on Sunday the 800 little fellows sobbed at the sermon as if their hearts would break. I consider the Duke's death a great loss to the army and to the country, for he had just talent enough to be a home commander-in-chief. They will find his want there. In politics he was too frequently intolerant and wrong, and clung to antiquated prejudices unsuited to the age. But in his official career he justly earned great praise. I think he was cruelly used about Mrs. Clarke. Who could cast the first

stone? Who could bear all they had said and written under the influence of a passionate attachment *of that kind* to be published to the world? I am not one of the stupid Tories of the Eldon school, and therefore I have a real respect for Royal personages, for at any rate, even if not gifted with genius themselves, they are the descendants of those who must have been gifted, highly gifted men. To found a dynasty is no easy matter, and the founder must either have had great talent or property, or both, to entitle him to rule over others. I think in a rebellion, though a strong constitutionalist, and dearly loving the rights and liberties of my country, I should enter the guards and fight for my king, wrong or right, merely from love of the poetry of Royalty—God knows.

The death of the Princess Charlotte was the first death signal to the King; now this is another, and it must go home to his bosom. "Ah," said an old woman as I was coming through Covent Garden, "great folks must go as well as little—The Lord receive us all!" This is the true thing. Twenty years will alter you and me—die we must, struggle how we may: "*Ainsi passe la gloire*," as Antommarchi said as Napoleon closed his eyes. I often think how Christianity and death must keep rank in awe. What whisperings it must occasionally be subject to. How acutely it must feel the uncertainty of its life under the stars and orders that cover its breast; the account it must give of its conduct here; the riches it must leave behind; the uselessness of its splendour to soothe the burning torture of the gout! As Lord Castlereagh was floating down like a bird of paradise at the coronation I thought: "Yes, there you go, very beautiful, but if what is behind the curtain were known, what would become of you, my boy?" There is a certain compensation of good and evil in most things which equalises us after all. Good night! my darling Mary is well, and so are all my little rascals.*

To Miss MITFORD.

27th March, 1827.

I walked out to-day and called on other artists. Callcott has a beautiful thing. Water has never been so perfectly

* Haydon was often accused of being jealous and envious of his contemporaries. On the contrary, no man was more free from that odious vice, or more ready to recognise and do honour to real merit.—ED.

painted before but once, and that once is in Lord Stafford's great 'Vandevelde.' Collins has a gem: sunshine on ice and snow with an old white horse snoozing with his nose towards the sky. It really is quite equal to the Dutch School. Newton has a beautiful thing from 'Gil Blas' for the Duke of Bedford, and Leslie's 'Lady Jane Grey refusing the Crown' is very sweet. I think it will be a strong exhibition. Madame Graham Callcott of course looked well, but seemed annoyed that I came to see her husband's beautiful landscape instead of her next new quarto: at least I thought so. She is a clever woman, but a little too masculine for my ideas of another sex. As for Callcott, he is patience and amiableness personified. Of course all those who have been setting their caps at Callcott these twenty years, and have grown grey in the service, are annoyed, and you would die to hear them talk of "Mrs. *Graham* Callcott" with ineffable spite. Depend on it, a husband and wife to be both distinguished will not promote happiness. I remember Mrs. Belzoni showing me a pebble she took out from the brook of the Valley of Elah, from whence David took his pebble to knock down Goliath, and Belzoni quite in a fever turned to me and said, "Depend on it, this is *the* very pebble that knocked out Goliath's brains!" Sneering all the time he said it, as if he were, as he was, annoyed at his wife's pretensions. Callcott is too mild for all this, but if his sea-water picture become too celebrated, she will not be over-pleased.

Yours ever,

B. R. H.

To Miss MITFORD.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

8th May, 1827.

The exhibition is a very fine one. Copley at the dinner made the neatest speech I understand, alluding to his origin, his elevation, and the advance in Art he had witnessed. With respect to the ministry I think, for the Arts if Lord Lansdowne gets in it will be good—for the world, undoubtedly a blessing. The establishment of Canning's administration* will

* In February, 1827, Lord Liverpool was struck with paralysis, and it became necessary to reconstitute the Administration: and Mr. Canning having at length received the command of the King to take the necessary steps, Lord

shake off the Holy Alliance first which made England instead of an arbiter an accessory and a humble one. But still people are too violent. They forget it was politic in Lord Castlereagh, in order to keep the monarchs together, to make promises (politically) rather inconsistent with constitutional freedom. They forget how grateful they even were and how they gloried over Waterloo. Napoleon being now no more, John Bull's beef is not in such danger, and he flicks his fingers, as usual, at those he no longer wants:—

“To *have done*, is to hang like rusty mail,
In monumental mockery.”

To Miss MITFORD.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

11th June, 1827.

Lough's first day was a triumph. I called in the morning at Coutts's, and, explaining the whole case, begged as a favour they would allow him to place his money daily in their hands. Sir Edmund Antrobus allowed it, and last night I went down with Lough and saw him pay it in. . . . To-day the Duke of Northumberland has ordered a cast of his 'Sampson.' Thank God! I think he is safe. He has now two orders for any work in marble from Sir John Paul and from Brougham; and orders for three casts of 'Milo,' at eighty guineas each; three of 'Sampson,' at fifty guineas each; and his exhibition will bring him at least 300*l.* or 400*l.*, expenses about 60*l.*, leaving, say, 300*l.* clear profit, in addition to his commissions.

As I know the obstruction of early poverty, I will fag hard to save him. His private friend, Mr. Anderson—all honour to him—pays for all expenses the first week. I think, on the whole, we have put him on his legs. For my part, I have been quite ill with anxiety.

As you will be anxious to know particulars, listen: He was brought to town two years and four months ago. My

Eldon, the Duke of Wellington, Mr. Peel and Lords Melville, Bathurst and Westmoreland, resigned their offices in a body. This secession of the old Tories with Lord Eldon at their head was looked upon with some surprise by the country, and gave a great shock to the Tory party. The more moderate Tories, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Dudley, Lansdowne and Mr. Tierney, took office under Mr. Canning, and the Administration was formed. My father had great hopes of Lord Lansdowne.—ED.

friend introduced him to Lord D——, who gave him 20*l.*, and told him it must last him a year! Lord B—— gave him an order. Lough, in his simplicity, thinking nothing could be great or grand enough for a Lord, modelled ‘Milo!’ When done, he went to my Lord’s agent, and said the order was executed. “What size?” “Nine feet,” said Lough. “Good heaven! Sir,” said the agent, “his Lordship wants a *small thing*; but if 5*l.* will help you in your present necessities you shall have it.” Lord B—— at length called to see ‘Milo,’ and said, if Lough went to Italy, he (Lord B——) would give him 100*l.*, and declined the ‘Milo.’ His first patron allowed him 50*l.*, which the expenses of the ‘Milo’ swallowed up, and left him in want, in hunger and distress. He told me he had not tasted meat for three months while modelling his ‘Milo’; that he had been obliged to tear up his little stock of linen to make wet rags to keep the clay moist; that he had only one bushel and a half of coals to warm himself by the whole winter; and that he used to lie down by the side of his clay model, damp as it was, and shivered for hours, till, worn out with hunger and fatigue, he fell asleep. Such is the lot of genius in generous England!

Ever yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

To Miss MITFORD.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

20th June, 1827.

I *cannot* go on without money. Who can? The second commission has ended in nothing, and the first I am apprehensive of. In fact, I am again ruined; with five children, and dear, dear Mary, with her face haggard from grief, no one near her who belongs to her, approaching her confinement. There is an execution in the house, and in all probability our very beds will be stripped from under us. My God! what she is condemned to endure! She won’t survive it. She cannot. What to do I not know. The Duke of Bedford called, but he has not been again, as he promised. I only want EMPLOYMENT. I have had none for *eight months*. I only fear I shall go raving mad. Lord Egremont has been tampered with. He said yesterday, “Why don’t you paint portraits?” When, not a week ago, he said, “Why the devil *did you paint portraits? are*

there not enough of portrait painters without you?" My necessities are now owing to my having paid off so many of my old debts, and having to meet such continually-recurring law expenses. Out of my last commission of 200 guineas, I had 86*l.* 6*s.* 10*d.* to pay in law expenses, because my 200 guineas had not been punctually paid to me, and I could not keep my engagements.

I will not go on in this way. Pray for dear Mary's health and strength. My tears prevent me writing more.

Always yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

To Miss MITFORD.

21st July, 1827.

The Duke of Bedford has written me the kindest letter, saying he will co-operate with my trustees in every way to ensure me "the reward for 'Eucles' that such a work and such talents merit." Have not you and Lady Madeline had something to do with it? God bless you!

B. R. H.

From Miss MITFORD

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Three Mile Cross, August 1827.

I rejoice from the bottom of my heart at the good news which your most welcome letter communicates. Your prospects seem to me at this point better than they ever have been, your high claims certainly more universally acknowledged. Lady Madeline and I had a long conversation respecting the affair of the Duke of Bedford's visit, and the interest he expressed in 'Eucles.' She is a most charming person, and your warm admirer, and entered into your situation sincerely and enthusiastically, and I have every reason to think it likely she would mention it in writing to Woburn. She repeated to me, over and over again, that she was sure, after what had passed, the Duke of Bedford would be the last man in the world not to fulfil any hope that he had even virtually given; that he never expressed interest without doing service; in fact, from

all she said, he is one of the best men that ever lived, and his conduct through this affair proves his high and just appreciation of you.*

Ever most faithfully yours,

MARY R. MITFORD.

To Miss MITFORD.

26th August, 1827.

When you see the 'Election' you will highly approve it. I have made a moral satire; on one side are the fallen angels, on the other virtue in affliction, in the middle the humour. I was down yesterday and sketched the head of the smuggler who carried the Union Jack. Such a head! Air—defiance, daring; wind, rain, storms, and brandy had eased his features into a look that approached the noble. The following conversation took place: "Do not you find your health affected by this quiet life?" "Odd—bless ye, no! Grog keeps up the constitution." "How many glasses do you drink in the day?" "Mayhap, Sir, on an average, as you may say, about—twenty-five—from sunrise to sunset. Eh, Bob, don't I?"—to his companion. Bob nodded assent. At first they were inclined to play some trick; but on seeing me grave, and hitting their likenesses in chalk in a few minutes, their disposition to fun changed. I was asked questions how I could do it so quick? Whether I don't think it was born with me? &c.

The terrific dandy now sat again. I never saw such a head—in fact, such heads! It must be so—they are the elect of the country. His mistress—a beautiful, black-eyed, refined little devil, with her black hair tumbling thickly over her lustrous eyes—put her little face in for a sketch, and of course I sketched her.

The delight they all expressed was half-savage. The smuggler, as a mark of gratitude, whispered to me that if I wished for some good brandy, I had only to *wink my eye, that was all*. He only hoped I would not forget that he carried the Union Jack, and that all views of his face were at my service.

By this time came two or three wafered notes, hoping I

* But his Grace neither bought the 'Eucles,' nor gave Haydon the employment he was languishing for.—E.D.

would call before I went. One from an author who wanted a letter to Murray. Another from a prisoner who had been confined *eleven years*, and wanted "to send a likeness to his daughter, *if a sovereign was not an insult*." Poor fellow! he shall have it without the sovereign. And in the midst of all this the door opened, and in were brought *five brace of birds*. "Why," said I, "good Heavens! this is before the time." "Yes, Sir, we don't mind time here, do we, Bob?" "Maybe, tho', you won't refuse a brace?" "Indeed I will," said I. "Then perhaps you'll buy a brace?"

What a place! where vice, virtue, and talent are brought immediately in contact. The reckless want of principle and thought; the good fellowship and utter depravity; all extremes,—affliction and fun, sorrow and drunkenness, dandyism and filth, genius and insanity—all meet and jostle.

To Miss MITFORD.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

19th November, 1827.

I dined at Talfourd's yesterday, and spent a very pleasant day. There never was such a delightful fellow, no cant, and he likes a glass of good old port as well as myself. I was so much pleased with Talfourd and his wine, and they seemed so much pleased with me, that we may fairly say for four hours yesterday the bad passions of human nature—in one company at least—were utterly forgotten. . . . Talfourd said your tragedy was expected to-day. Success attend it!

I have nearly done my 'Mock Election,' but these dark days are horrible inflictions. Mary is well and as beautiful as ever. We completed our six years of married life last month. When I married in 1821 my sister said she gave me six years before she would allow me to boast. I have rallied her well now. I might have married a large fortune, if I could have sacrificed my feelings and could have endured a gilded slavery for life. I chose where I loved, and oh, how I rejoice that I did so! How completely has my wife realised the most poetical notion of married love, or, more truly, how completely has she proved the false notion the poets have given out that matrimony is the bane of passion! If we can see our children educated, and my debts paid, I shall never complain of what I

have suffered by following my profession. How is your worthy father and your dear mother? Pray give my kindest compliments to them, and

Believe me, my dear Friend,

Ever yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

To Miss MITFORD.

28th February, 1828.

I have heard from Sir Walter, who has lost a large fortune, but he says he has a handsome competence left. Four years ago I wrote to him for assistance for Godwin whom I never had seen, and he gave it liberally. One year after that he—Sir Walter—assists me, and now he is ruined himself! Such is life! And if such is life, what is death? That is the question now. As for me I am utterly indifferent. Have you read my last petition? I understand it is much liked in the House. Brougham said I might as well attempt to make the Monument walk as to make the House listen on Art at this period of excitement. However it did act—the thing is advancing and *will be done*. The great thwarter is Sir Charles Long; would you believe it? I had a long conversation with him, which really was a long conversation. He is one of the old school, but younger members are growing round him who will leave him in the lurch.

I have been very much harassed lately; my employer could not pay me, and gave me *bills* which were as much use as if he had given me one of his old boots to raise money on. I have read your ‘Charles,’ which I shall be proud at any time to tell the world I think a very fine thing. Adieu!

To Miss MITFORD.

23rd April, 1828.

The King was sitting with an old friend of mine,* and in talking of Art, asked him if he had “seen Haydon’s ‘Mock Election?’” My friend replied he had. The King said, “Would it please me if I saw it?” My friend said, “I feel quite sure that your Majesty would be pleased.” The King

* The late General Sir Thomas Hammond, K.C.B.—Ed.

then said, "Will you get it for me to look at?" It was finally arranged that I should be asked if I had any objection to shut up the exhibition for a day, and if not, whether I would send the picture to the palace for one day. It was put to me with great delicacy—as a favour. I replied, "For a day—for a month, if the King likes." It was then arranged that the picture should be sent the next morning to St. James's Palace. When I came down to the exhibition by 10 A.M. the next morning, nothing was done. The picture was not moved, and there was only half-an-hour to get it down to the palace. I got into a great passion, of course, took down the picture in five minutes, and by eleven it was in the palace. I wrote all the names of the characters, with a particular or two of each on the catalogue, and took my leave after seeing the picture safe in the state apartments. At 2 P.M. I met Mr. Seguiet by appointment in the exhibition room. He took me aside. "Well?" said I. "Well," said he, "I congratulate you; the King is delighted, I never saw him more so. He said, 'I hope Mr. Haydon will let me have the picture to-day?' 'Mr. Haydon will leave it with your Majesty as long as you are pleased to keep it.' Now," said my friend, "*can* the King have it directly?" "Certainly," I said. "Then meet me at twelve on Monday:" and we parted. The exhibition room was very full, and the ladies and gentlemen crowded about me and said, "Oh, Mr. Haydon, I have been coming this month, and now I shall never see it!" "It shows very little regard to the public for the King to take it away," said another. "It's a great shame," said an angry gentleman. But the picture had been on exhibition for three months and they had not come, and now they affected disappointment! Phipps, Lord Mulgrave's brother, went down to the palace the next day to see what had been done. He met M. Seguiet, and asked him. "I'll tell you what has been done," he said. "I have five hundred guineas in my pocket for Haydon;" and on Monday at twelve I wrote: "Received of his Majesty, five hundred guineas. B. R. Haydon."

Le Thierry dined with me; and we drank the King's health in the large goblet I had painted in his picture. God save the King!

Ever yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

To Miss MITFORD.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

27th April, 1828.

The times in town are horrid, and will be worse. Failures, troubles, want, and no spirit. I do not wonder at it. Money really was so much the God, that now it is scarce. Commercial men sigh and sob, and yield with all the meanness of cowards. My friend is gone, and with it a commission for five hundred guineas, which I had just begun. . . . Wilkie has lost 1600*l.* by Hunt and Robinson; and Lockhart I met yest-r-day so subdued, you would hardly know him. What a life this is! Six years ago he was strutting about in Edinburgh, the relation of the great Sir Walter Scott, young, healthy, and just married, and the suspected aggressor in certain attacks on certain people in Edinburgh. Yesterday, I saw him harassed and afflicted at the mention of Walter Scott's name; in deep trouble; and, in short, an altered person. It was curious to see me, one whom he had grossly attacked, sitting by him, the more healthy, active, and happy of the two. He never has and never will get over the death of John Scott.

You say my 'Pharaoh' is popular—so everybody says. But I say, as the Highlander said to Scott, "Everybody praises us, but naeboddy gies us onything." 'Pharaoh' has not even procured me a thought or desire for a commission in any quarter. I think this want of historical feeling among the English people arises from want of imagination.

The English have no previous thoughts with which to associate any historical characters, and no poetical conceptions to refer to as a standard by which they can try the merit of the attempt. Whereas, if it be a portrait, or a view of themselves, their dogs, or country seats, they can judge, because their minds are stored with the requisite materials. A better-informed and educated middle-class might have great influence.

My petition to Parliament has been discussed again and again at different dinner-parties, so Seguier told me this morning, and the conclusion is that "*its advice ought to be followed, but that the body of the artists is not in favour of it.*" Well, I dare say not. The "body of the artists" is not made up of historical painters, but of portrait painters.

There seems a great deal of envy that *I* should have pre-

sumed to petition the House, &c. "*Genus irritabile*" may apply to poets, but for painters "*irritabile*" is a milk-and-water denomination.

What are you about? Denham's 'Africa' is deeply interesting. Remark the tenderness with which women always inspire him. To show the difference of the two men: Clapperton, the sea captain, in speaking of some woman who interested him, says, "She was a fine, strapping wench."*

Nothing since 'Bruce' or 'Belzoni' has been so attractive as Denham's book.

To Miss MITFORD.

7th July, 1828.

With respect to the "chairing," I am advancing rapidly, and I hope successfully. Sir Walter laughed outright; and when he called, the High Sheriff was sitting. I shall finish with the ball, and then return to the paths of virtue again. Wilkie is come back. After a three years' absence I met him last night at Lord Grosvenor's. He turned round and said, "Ah, how d'ye do?" as if he had only not seen me for a week or so; and he one of my oldest friends! I was going up to squeeze his hand off and was met with this! It is only his nasty manner. I believe he has a heart, though sometimes I think it must be a Cairngorm pebble.

[Then follow some characteristic, and, read by the light of the tragedy of his own death eighteen years later, curious remarks on suicide:—]

Is it not curious that this forger who killed himself with prussic acid must have used the same sort of poison that Hannibal is said to have carried about him, viz., bull's blood?

* Denham and Clapperton, in 1822-4, successfully crossed the Sahara from Tripoli by way of Fezzan, to the great kingdom of Bornou. Ledyard, Lucas, and Hornemann, had all previously failed, or died in the attempt. D. and C. discovered Lake Tchad, and brought home to Europe the then incredible news that in the heart of Africa, where nomad savages alone were supposed to wander, were vast cities, inhabited by thousands of black Mahomedans, well-governed, obedient to their own laws, eager for trade, and holding weekly markets for the sale of all the wares of Europe. In 1825, Clapperton, in a Niger Expedition which he made from Batagry on the West Coast of Africa, reached Bousa and Sokota on the road to Lake Tchad, and died there. His servant Lander, in 1830, completed the attempt, and sailed the course of the Niger from Bousa to its mouth in the Bight of Benin.—ED.

for the best acid of the kind is made from bulls' blood, at least so a chemist told me. If so, it proves the correctness of the story about Hannibal. One drop on your tongue is enough.

I like to see a fellow who has not committed murder die like a gentleman! There is something self-willed and grand about that defiance of an unknown HEREAFTER! Don't you think that Cato was more of a hero than Napoleon by putting an end to himself? I suspect I do. I shall always think of Montgomery, the forger of bank-notes, as if he had died *as a gentleman should*. Perhaps you remember the story of Wilkie and the two Irish basket-women. "Why he squints, ma cushla!" "Arrah blarney, get away wid ye; squints, he squints no more than a gentleman should!"

To Miss MITFORD.

31st August, 1828.

I have been longing to write to you since I made a pilgrimage to Stratford. Shakespeare may or may not have been born in the room shown; but his father can be proved to have bought the house in 1574, ten years after. It may therefore be justly inferred, in the absence of proof that he lived anywhere else in the interval, that he lived here, and that his son was born here ten years before he made his purchase; and as people, except on singular emergencies, are generally born upstairs, Shakespeare may have given his first puling cry in the long, low old room still pointed out. But at his grave all doubt vanishes. You stand on the tombstone with the inscription he himself wrote while living; you read his pathetic entreaty and blessing on the reader who revered his remains, and curses on him who dared to touch;* you see his bust put up by his daughter; you hear the very breezing of the trees he himself heard, and listen to the humming watery ripple of the river he must often have enjoyed. The most poetical

* Shakespeare's epitaph does not apparently differ from a common form of tombstone epitaph in that day. Hacket, in his select and remarkable epitaphs (vol. i.), says that the same epitaph was to be seen in his time (1640) on a tombstone in St. Paul's Churchyard, Covent Garden. In Robinson's 'Collection' in the Bodleian, is one of 1630 on a baker—

"For Jesus Christe His sake forbear
To dig the bones under this biere;
Blessed is hee who loves my dust,
But damned be hee who moves this crust."—ED.

imagination could not have conceived a burial-place more English, more Shakespearian. As I stood and looked up at the unaffected bust, which bears evidence in the exquisite smile when seen in profile of being authentic, and thought I was standing where Shakespeare had often been, I was deeply touched. The church alone, from the seclusion of situation, with the trees, the river, the tombs, was enough to make one poetical; but add to this, that the remains of Shakespeare, prostrate and silent, were lying near me, in a grave he had himself selected, in a church where he had often prayed, and with an epitaph he had himself written while living, it was impossible to say where on the face of the earth could an Englishman be more affected, or feel deeper or more touching sensations. I would not have bartered my associations at this unaffected, sequestered tomb of Stratford for all the classical delights of the Troad, the Acropolis, or Marathon. The old clerk, seeing me abstracted, opened the door that led to the churchyard close to the river, and left me to myself. I walked out, and lounging down to the Avon looked back on the church. The sun was setting behind me, and a golden light and shadow glittered on the glazed Gothic windows; and as the trees waved tenderly backwards and forwards, what dazzled your eyes one moment was obscured by the foliage the next, and a burnished splendour and embrowned shadow kept shifting lazily. I was so close that the steeple towered up against the sky like the mast of some mighty vessel you pass under at sea. I stood and drank in all that an enthusiastic human being could feel, all that the most ardent and devoted lover of a great genius could have a sensation of, and all that river, tree, or sunset could excite in addition. I was quite lost; and returned to my inn disgusted at the thoughts of food and waiters, and would willingly, if my Creator had so pleased, have taken my flight to a purer being of "calm pleasures or majestic pains." When I got to bed I could not sleep. I tumbled about, fancied the pillow hard, the bed badly made, the sheets damp, and then I sat up and punched the pillow as I have seen chambermaids do; but it was all to no purpose; and at daybreak I got up in a heat of eagerness and restless fidget to get to Charlecote. I put the whole house in an uproar; got an early breakfast, and started off for the Lucys' place as fast as my legs would carry me. My walking is no joke, as you know, and this morning I would

have defied Barelay. I met a sturdy gipsy, and after I had passed him, remembered that I might as well ask the way to Charlecote. "Right across the corn-field, Sir, and it will bring you to the back-way." I darted into the pathway, and coming to a swinging gate, pushed it open, and in a moment was inside an ancient park. Trees—full, tall, gigantic and umbrageous—announce the growth, indeed, of centuries. As I strolled along I caught a glimpse of the old red-bricked house, and going close to the river side came at once to two enormous willows branching aslant the stream, such as Ophelia hung to. Every blade of grass, every daisy and cowslip, every hedge and peeping flower, every tuft of tawny earth, every rustling and enormous tree casting its cool gigantic shadow on the sunny park, while the sheep dotted about on the glittering green where the sun streaked in, announced where Shakespeare imbibed his early deep and native taste for landscape scenery and forest solitude. They spoke to me as if Shakespeare was whispering in my ear. They looked as if his name was stamped by nature on their flowers and leaves in glittering dewdrops, or gorgeous colour.

I wondered I had seen no deer, when looking into the shades I saw a lineal descendant, may be, of the very buck Shakespeare shot, and was tried for shooting, lounging on his speckled haunches, and staring at me; and then up jumped a beautiful doe, which I had not seen, and sprang off as if her feet were feathered. The house was now full in sight, and crossing a narrow, old, fantastic and broken bridge, I came by the back-way to the entrance of the garden. Here sat a lady with a parrot, and a gardener cutting the grass; so fearing I had intruded, I turned back again to the private entrance, and sent in my compliments that I was from London, and begged permission to see the house. Leave was granted directly. The housekeeper, a pleasant woman, said, "Here is the hall where Sir Thomas tried Shakespeare." This is evidently the way the family pride alludes to the fact, and I dare say servants and all think Shakespeare a dissolute fellow who "ought to have been transported." I am convinced the hall is nearly the same as when Shakespeare was tried in it.

I like Malone's exquisite *moral* feeling! He proves there was no park; but might not deer be enclosed? Deer-stealing was thought no more of in those days than apple-stealing in

these; and if he did not steal deer, why should Shakespeare give the Lucy family under Shallow? And in the 'Winter's Tale' say, "I would there were no age between ten and three and twenty, or that youth should sleep out the rest, for there is nothing in the between but . . . wronging the ancients, stealing, fighting!" His works allude to the point sufficiently to make me suspect, and tradition renders it most probable. Admirers of a genius must have him a true beau ideal, like the Apollo; and like the Apollo, without a single natural detail to excite our sympathies.

As I returned home, I could not help feeling how short a road is when in pursuit of an object, and how long and tedious when the object is gained. It began to rain with vigour, so disclaiming the beaten path I dashed over a hedge on a voyage of discovery. At one time I came close to the river stretching along like a mirror, reflecting earth and sky, and at another plumped upon a nest of cottages embosomed in trees, with rosy, scrambling, dirty children, squatting on broken steps. I pushed on through flood and mud, and long wet grass and beaten-down barley, and at last got close to Stratford Bridge. At a humble cottage was the sign of "The Plough and Harrow," and "capital ale" posted up. So, wet and muddy, I walked in, and found a pure specimen of a country alehouse. It was quite a house of Shakespeare's time, everything neat and characteristic. Smoking on a back bench was a country-looking farmer's man. I dried myself at the fire, and ordered some ale, and a pint for my smoking companion. "Well," said I, "did you ever hear of Shakespeare?" "Heer of un, ah!" (puff! came out a volley of smoke) "'ee warn't born in Henley Street tho'a'!" "Where then?" said I. "By the waathur," said he. "Who told you that?" I asked. "Why, Jahn Cooper." "Jahn Cooper," shrieked the landlady, "why, what dus 'ee knaw about it?" "Nonsense," said the barmaid sharply. My pot companion gave a furious smoke at thus being floored at the beginning of his attempt to put forth a new theory for my benefit, looked at me very gravely, and prepared to overwhelm me at once. He puffed away, and after taking a sip he said, "Ah zur! there's another wonderful feller!" "Who?" said I. "Why," said he, "Jahn Cooper, I tell 'ee." Restraining myself with a strong effort, I said, "And what has he done?" "Dun," said he, sitting back and

smacking his knee, "dun!" in a voice of thunder, "why, zur, I'll tell 'ee;" and laying down his pipe, and looking right into my eyes under his old weather-beaten, embrowned hat, he leaned forward, "I'll tell 'ee; 'ee's lived 'ere in this yeer town for ninety yeer as man and boy, and 'ee's never had the toothache, and neever last wan!" I saw the exquisite beauty of this in an instant. He then took up his pipe, letting the smoke ooze from the sides of his mouth, instead of puffing it out horizontally, till it ascended in curls of conscious victory to the ceiling of the apartment, while he leaned back his head and crossed his legs with an air of superior intelligence as if this conversation must now conclude. We were no longer on a level.

To Miss MITFORD.

28:h October, 1828.

Tell Miss James that Fuseli said the very same thing of my 'Solomon.' "By Gode it is the finest ting dat eaver any Englishman painted, and I'll maintain it, by Gode!" So she has some authority, and let me add, *entre nous*, "I tink so myself."

What you have just undergone in London, I have undergone twice, and Wilkie once. They are the spring-tides of reputation—specimens of a London campaign when the stream sets in. I have never had a good night's rest for nights at a time, and during each day I have had to talk to visitors in my painting-room until my tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth. In Marlborough Street after 'Solomon,' and at Lisson Grove after 'Jerusalem' were finished before exhibition, the crush was so great that my street door had to be left open—notes, cards of invitation, and crowds of people of all ranks, many of whom I had never heard of, flocked to make or renew my acquaintance. Some had known me as a child, some had kissed me as a baby, some knew my father, some my mother, till I longed to hide myself in the cellar, and neither hear, see, nor talk again.

To you fresh from the solitude of your fields and lanes, it must have been delightfully painful, for there is a delight in the very worry. . . . Wilkie got ill and has never been quite well since. Oh, my dear, if you had only seen him on the

morning we walked into the Exhibition where the people stood crowding around his 'Village Politicians,' you would never have forgotten it! His red hair uncombed, his light eyes staring, nervous, heated, wondering and yet simple-hearted, exclaiming every five minutes, "Dear, dear!" And at table at Lord Mulgrave's, drinking Lady Mulgrave's health in some beer he had asked for, out of sheer fright. By heavens! it would make a picture. His "Letter of Introduction" is himself and old Caleb Whiteford, just as it happened, though not portraits.

However, Heaven grant you always such a worry when you come amongst us. . . . Adieu! our best love and kind compliments to Dr. and Mrs. Mitford.

B. R. HAYDON.

[Here is a statement of the true cause of all his difficulties; want of employment, and constant lawyers' expenses. For five and twenty years of his life, a certain clique of attorneys lived upon him. His death must have been a great loss to them.]

To Miss MITFORD.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

29th May, 1829.

I shall always be in difficulties unless I get employment rapidly paid for and kept up. Last year, owing to my purchaser of 'Moses' getting embarrassed, and not being able to pay me, I could not keep my engagements which his purchase money would have paid off. Then, to obtain time until he could pay me, I had to pay the lawyers 40 per cent. for the favour. Who can stand this with a large family? My employer pays me nothing additional for making me wait, but I, the poor professional man, am compelled to pay 40 per cent. on my receipts to the lawyers who are immediately employed against *me* by my creditors. It is horrible.

Where money is concerned the English people are the basest and cruellest people on the face of the earth. There are more individual acts of vile despotism exercised by vile attorneys in this free country than by any tyrannical pacha in a Turkish Pachalic. On a paltry bill of 5*l.* I was made the other day to pay 6*l.* 13*s.* 8*d.* law expenses, or about 130 per cent.! No wonder I am always on the verge of ruin. No picture pays its own

expenses at our present prices, but a balance is always left to be paid by a subsequent commission; so that, thanks to the heartless cruelty of my creditors, the grasping avarice of the attorneys, and the neglect of patrons and the public, on finishing a picture I generally find my debts doubled.

To Miss MITFORD.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

29th June, 1829.

How do you get on, these terrible times? Terrible for elections, terrible for money, terrible for heat, terrible for discourse. I have suffered more this spring than at any time of my life. . . . Sir Walter will lose 40,000*l.*, and not more. He seems to have been over-persuaded by Constable to speculate. I believe this; but of course the grovelling herd, the wretches of the world who get a character for literary taste by quoting his novels, say that he deserves his losses for his avaricious desire to amass money. Bah! their pestiferous breath chokes me.

How do you get on with your novel, or your second volume? I am getting on with 'Alexander and Bucephalus' for Lord Egremont. It is hard work to *think* through the agitation of a family. My children begin to be noisy and restless; Frank's curiosity is opening, as well as the girl's lungs; and I am occasionally, now the boys are from school, on the point of demolishing the whole set with my maul-stick. Dearest Mary devotes herself to train and check them, but it is all of no use. They never pass my painting-room door without calling "Papa" through the keyhole; and if they hear my footstep in any part of the house, I am assailed with "Papas" from the nursery-stairs in all the tones of harmony and discord. The other night I put on a Satyr mask, when they were all at their tea, and deliberately walked in, dressed in drapery, and took my seat. The silence that ensued was ludicrous; but they soon found out who it was, and my dress was demolished in a moment. I fear I am not just. I excite a great deal of this familiar fun, and then I complain of it afterwards, when I am not in the humour. Thus it is ever with children, who are mostly treated with injustice, and are generally fretful or happy, according to the fretful or happy humours of their nurses.

My running hand, as old Evelyn says, is "an Arabic not to

be endured." Give my kindest remembrance to Dr. and Mrs. Valpy; and will you ask Valpy, for me, for all the references to Alexander he knows of? I know Arrian, Plutarch, Justin, and Quintus Curtius, but is he aware of any other historian who speaks of him, if only ten lines? Do any of the later authors—Macrobius, &c.—by allusion, in any way? ALL I wish to know. Send me a gallon of information.

P.S. The finest thing said in modern times is what is reported of Parr, viz., "It is undoubted that if every rational creature obey the laws of God, he will find existence a blessing."

This is an irrefutable answer to Byron's

"Count o'er the joys thy days have seen,
Count o'er thy days from anguish free,
And know whatever thou hast been
'Tis something better not to be."

Adieu!

B. R. HAYDON.

To Miss MITFORD.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

8th March, 1830.

I really do not know what to do, nor do I think you can advise me. My pictures are very successful. On Saturday week was my private day. In the morning came a message from the King to Seguiet to see the pictures, and if they were worth seeing to bring them to Windsor. Seguiet merely asked me if the King "could see the pictures." I said, "Yes; has he sent for them?" "No; he had merely desired him to call and see them, and ascertain how they could be sent." I said, "If I have an offer of purchase may I take it?" "Certainly," was the reply. "I suppose I may make it known that his Majesty wishes to see them?" I asked. "You had better not," was the reply, "until I see him."

The day was a brilliant one. All the world was there, and had it been known the King had sent for the pictures you can imagine the effect. The next day Seguiet went to Windsor. The King said, "Well, are Haydon's pictures come?" "No, your Majesty," said he; and then, on his own responsibility, he proceeded to give reasons why the nobility and the public could not be disappointed, as if those reasons were mine. The King, gentleman as he is, replied, "Let 'Punch' be sent on

Saturday next after the rooms close. I will keep it Sunday, and send it back on Monday time enough for Haydon to continue his exhibition."

But he was evidently hurt, for he added, "I won't trouble him for his 'Eucles.'" What must he think of me, for Segquier *never* told him that he (Segquier) had not informed me that it was his Majesty's wish to see both the pictures. After his kindness to me in buying the 'Mock Election' two years ago he must think me a very ungrateful man. 'Punch' went down on Saturday, and this morning it came back with his Majesty's high approbation, but it was not purchased.

It does not follow, of course, that the King is to purchase every picture he sees. It is an honour to have your picture ordered down for his inspection, but it is hard to be misrepresented, and with no means of explanation. Had 'Eucles' and 'Punch' gone *when he wished it*, there is no knowing the effect, and if I had only known it off they should have gone.

Accustomed as Kings are to see the world leap at their commands, it is astonishing to me, and shows his good nature and gentleman-like feeling in a high degree, that the King should have condescended, after Segquier's statement, to even order 'Punch' to be sent to him.

To soften and console me in my trouble, dear Mary this morning was informed that she had lost all her money by the bankruptcy of Mr. John Bozon, the lawyer, in whose hands it was left by the trustees. What a world this is! I must fly again to my pencil. Adieu!

To Miss MITFORD.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

10th June, 1830.

Art will not grow with two powerful authorities inimical and indifferent. The state of the Art in England is easily explained. When the Royal Academy was founded an annual vote ought to have been established that those who obtained prizes, or returned from Italy, should have employment found in that style for which, exclusively almost, the foundation was laid.

Individuals not having the means or the room for works of a public nature, the Historical painter found himself without employment, and perhaps having no private fortune, or having

expended it on his progress, he was obliged for sustenance to fall back upon portrait. Portrait painters thus got possession of an Academy which was established for High Art, and keep possession of it to the injury of High Art, and to the ruin of the taste of the country.

At this period the British Gallery was founded, and the members of the Dilettante Society being supposed the only men of rank and fashion who knew anything of the matter, became the leading authorities in the new place, with the best intentions, I have no doubt. But Dilettanti are unfortunately cursed with an over-reverence for the works of the dead, and are too apt to think nothing worthy of admiration till the author is screwed into his coffin. Their very first decision gave evidence of their utter want of taste, for, would you believe it? they were going to turn out Fuseli's 'Lazar House,' which, though pregnant with faults, is yet one of the standard works of the country. Mr. Locke, of Norbury Park, interfered and saved them from this disgrace.

At that time I was much amongst them, and often admitted to their consultations, and heart-sinking it was to perceive they had no system, no object, no knowledge! All they wanted was an amusement for the season, and as their rooms were not big enough for History, public works they had no idea of. I soon perceived that if I wished to do anything in Art before I was thirty, I must depend on myself.

When they asked my advice, I opposed their narrow views, I argued with them, I tried to persuade them, I pointed out what ought to be their objects, what their aim in their system of encouragement, and I said, in the presence of a large party of nobility and Dilettanti, that if they did not pursue some such course High Art would be in a worse condition in twenty-five years than when they first took it up.

Not relishing these independent opinions, I was set adrift on the stream of my own independence. 'Macbeth,' 'Solomon,' 'Jerusalem,' and 'Lazarus' were painted and exhibited in spite of their neglect, and now twenty-six years have passed since they opened their gallery, and certainly their last display, as I predicted, was the very worst, far worse than their very first.

This, my dear lady, is the state of the Art. The Academy is composed of men who have no public object, and the British

Gallery of men who have no real wish for any style but the domestic.

The powers in Art are therefore null, and null they will remain. The only chance yet untried is in a Committee of the House of Commons, who, with the high feeling of aristocracy, coupled with the keen searching habits of democracy, would in one fortnight send forth such a report on the subject as would settle the question most effectually. Lord Farnborough, the organ of the *Dilettanti*, said to me: "What does a Committee know of Art?" I replied, "What did a Committee know of the Elgin Marbles, my Lord? Nothing; but in a fortnight what equal number of gentlemen knew more?"

Both the Academy and the Institution dread this system being established, and they secretly oppose it. All corporate bodies hate publicity; but sooner or later it will be established. Many members of the House have written to me to say that it is the only chance for Historical Painting in England; but they add that, it is no use for any proposition to be put forth until we can get a Minister to second it, for the Country Party is against it, and if Ministers are indifferent there is no chance. I assure you, without prejudice, this is a fair statement of the question.

The Elgin Marbles would never have been bought had not the press taken it up, and it was I who furnished John Scott, the editor of the '*Champion*,' with all the materials for the subject. It was he who wrote the articles, and I know at Lord Bexley's table (then Chancellor of the Exchequer) Scott's articles were highly spoken of. Lord Elgin told me this himself, and said that he "owed everything to us." When he put me down on his list of witnesses to be examined by the Committee as the one who had studied the Marbles more than any other man in England, the Committee, at the instigation of Payne Knight, the *Dilettante*, never called me up, and this occasioned my letter—my now famous letter—on the Judgment of Connoisseurs being preferred in matters of Art.

Had the '*Times*' taken up Historical Painting as John Scott took up the Elgin Marbles, this question would also have been settled long since. I laboured hard to impress this on Barnes, and he began in 1823, and would have gone on had not a certain incident of a domestic nature mortified his pride. Moore, Sergeant Rough, and myself, with the Secretary to the

French Embassy, were invited to dine and bring our wives. We all came and left our wives behind us. This was too palpable a hit ever to be forgiven, and from that day dry sneers at High Art, as if embodied in *me*, and a disposition to get out of the connection, has been evident. Moore, too, is also out of favour, and so is Rough, and you may rely on it there is no man more likely to injure the 'Times' than Barnes, for there is no man who carries his private enmities into print more remorselessly than he. He did the paper good in the Queen's matter, but he has done it serious injury since.

To resume, however. We Historical painters are the Roman Catholics of Art, and under such circumstances it is the duty of a powerful journal to lead opinion, and not to follow the ignorance of the mob it presumes to dictate to. Had the 'Times' held firmly to the assertion it set out with on my petition to Parliament, that it was as much "the duty of Parliament to vote a picture as to vote a statue," you may rely on it, from the feeling of the House, Parliamentary support for Historical Painting would have been quickly carried.

By this time you must be tired. To recapitulate, then: 1st. That, the Royal Academy is inimical to High Art is proved by their utter silence as a body upon the subject of the Elgin Marbles, the possession of which was of vital importance to the Art and taste of England. 2nd. By their returning no answer to the Committee appointed by Lord Castlereagh to communicate with them as the head of the Art when 1,000,000*l.* was voted for a monument in commemoration of Waterloo. 3rd. By their refusal to admit me in 1809-10-11, before I had written a line, or said a word to offend or hurt any individual. Lastly. By the state of History as far as regards the British Gallery, which alone is evidence of utter misdirection. Thus, then, there remains to us but one chance, through the House, or the Sovereign. Let that be tried, and then, indeed, if in twenty-five years more we remain in the same condition, I will agree with Winkelmann and Du Bois that Englishmen are incapable of such efforts.

My kind compliments to your good father.

Ever yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

To Miss MITFORD.

20th November, 1831.

I have lost my younger daughter, the more beautiful of the two, and under circumstances of great sorrow and affliction. She lived but two years and nine months, and her life was a long torture. Good God, what an existence th's is! Here is a creature comes into the world without her consent, never speaks from pain, never walks from suffering, yet conscious of hearing others speak and seeing others walk, and lies gasping with ambition to do what others do, is seized with convulsions, and dies, without the power of making her sufferings known, or being able to express one desire, one want, or one necessity!

When she was in the agonies of approaching death I put my face to hers, and said, "Fanny, darling, do you know papa?" and she moaned assent, as she used to do. Then she opened both her beautiful and lustrous eyes, with a look which will live fresh in my imagination till my last hour. The last convulsion was now approaching, and, as if conscious of some terrific power she could not resist, with a frantic scream, she held out her arms as if appealing to me, who had always, to her senses, been able to do, or order to be done, what she wished; and she put out her dear arms to me, as if saying, "Save me, save me!" "Ah! my darling," I thought, "you little know the Power you appeal against." The struggle exhausted her, she fell back and lay in a calm, soothing palpitation, and, in a few minutes, died without a sigh. And then her dear face changed from all the agony of pain to the angelic repose of death.

[A lapse of ten years and upwards occurs here in the correspondence with Miss Mitford. Whether the letters were lost or destroyed, or the correspondence temporarily ceased, I do not at present know.]

To Miss MITFORD.

London, 26th August, 1841.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND OF FORMER DAYS,

At the coming on of the great epoch for Art, which I always foresaw, predicted, and prepared for, my mind instinc-

tively turns to you, who used to enjoy my aspirations and applaud my thoughts. At last there can be no doubt a serious desire exists to give British Art a fair and grand opportunity in the decoration of the Houses of Parliament, and fresco has been recommended as your only style. Goaded to death by this probability, and knowing nothing of that glorious species of Art which gave immortality to the great Italians, I determined to lead the way, and getting leave of my worthy landlord to knock my walls to pieces, if necessary, I proceeded, with a plasterer, to chip off the outer coat, well moistened the inner one; ordered colours, river-sand, lime of several months' old; and, following Cennini, spread the requisite quantity of wet mortar—mixed with two parts of sand and one of lime—and, when the whole began to embody, I dashed away.

In four hours I produced a colossal sketch of 'Uriel disturbed by Satan in disguise of an Angel.' The awful look of my own efforts in a new, delightful, and extraordinary mode, which seemed to give wings to my imagination, and let it loose on a space it seemed at last to breathe freely on; the novelty; the absolute rapture of mind to find my dearest Mary and daughter both felt it, as if a new creation had burst open one side of my painting-room and stood meditating in the gap—so completely overpowered me, that I have been ill ever since. . . .

Now this great opportunity is coming, there is an apprehension that the Art is not equal to it; and whose fault is that, if true? Not *mine*, as you know. If my school of pupils had been backed in 1819, and not prostrated by ridicule and calumny, would there have been any apprehensions of the kind? And who are the most eminent men now in the Art, but the very pupils I instructed in my school? Eastlake, the Landseers, Harvey, Bewick, Lane., Prentice, and others. Back to the principles of my School they must come if they wish to base English Art on an unshaken foundation.

Yet I have not lived in vain if I have lived to see the principles for which I have suffered acknowledged. After having been ruined, and four times imprisoned, in consequence of contending for it, I have lived to see that annual expenditure voted for High Art which I first petitioned Parliament for in 1823, and for four times after.

It was I who sent the Duke a petition to adorn the House, which he approved, and wrote to me to send it to the Building

Committee. Are these not glories, when passing the meridian of life? Yet, am I to die on Mount Nebo, and only to see the Promised Land?

Yours affectionately,

B. R. HAYDON.

To Miss MITFORD.

London, 1st September, 1811.

I believe I may tell you the fresco is considered most promising.

Sir John Hanmer, Sir Robert Inglis, Bankses—who despised the genius of Eng'land—have all been. The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Gower, and several others, have also been to see it, and are highly delighted. Wyse wrote to me to say he “hoped it would be the commencement of a great school in fresco.” I trust in God it will; if I live, it shall. Oh, great Creator, what trials, what sufferings, what degradations were not necessary first to humiliate my spirit, to prepare me humbly to depend on Thee, to know my own imperfections and regulate my thoughts!

When I left my father's house, in 1804, I went into the new church in the Strand, and fell on my knees and prayed Him to bless my efforts to reform the taste of this great country in Art. After seven-and-thirty years, I have been again into this same church and blessed Him for His mercy in permitting me to see the advance of the cause to which I had devoted my life. *You know* how I have gone about the world, haunted and dreaming, restless and not happy, as if yearning after an undiscovered land.

But enough of myself. Your dear father I hope soon to see again. Ask him if he recollects dining at my house, with a noodle of a fellow who begged a greyhound-pup of *variegated colour*. And your father told him, it should be in colour a *vert-antique*, which the noodle, during dessert, spoke of repeatedly as a “great obligation,” saying how “very kind” it was of your father! How we laughed!

Where are my family, and how many have I now? Only two boys and one girl of my own. Orlando is now one of the Fellows of Wadham. Frank goes to Cambridge in October; he is a treasure—handsome, intellectual, witty, and mathe-

matical. Frederic, my youngest living, is a handsome, spirited, manly boy; a great favourite with women, whose society he takes to like an instinct. He is appointed to the 'Belleisle,' 74, and goes to the Mediterranean on Monday. The other day, without my knowledge, he went off to Woolwich to see the launch of the 'Trafalgar,' 120 guns, and he was launched in her. Was not that a fine *début*? After that, when his appointment came, I sent him down to Sheerness by himself. At Chatham there was no coach, no packet, so he took an open-boat, and rowed down the Medway for four hours; got to the Dockyard, and went and called on the Admiral, Sir Charles Baker. "What! my dear," said the Admiral, "have you come all this way from London by yourself?" "Yes, Sir," said Fred. "Then," said he, "you are a good plucked one, and you shall dine with me this evening, and to-morrow I'll take you on board the Flag-ship myself, and you shall pass your examination; and then you'll be ready to revenge the death of Nelson, won't you?" "Well, Sir, I'll try," said Fred, "if I get a chance." "Well done," said the Admiral, and smacked him on the back. The next day he took him on board in his own barge, and Fred passed his examination, and is now an "officer" in her Majesty's Service.

I have only one daughter living, a handsome girl with a splendid figure, determined spirit, plays with exquisite execution, knows French and Italian thoroughly, but has no talent; is retiring, modest and feminine. She would rather interfere with the "dignity" of a man, too much for love, I fear.

I'll tell you a story. When I went to Walmer I arrived about 9 p.m., and went straight to the drawing-room. The Duke was in capital spirits, and talking away to the whole party staying there. Among other things, he talked of the Abbé de Pradt and what a conceited fellow he was. "The first night I came to Paris," said the Duke, "in 1814, I was invited to a grand party of Mme. de Staël's. Pradt got up and made a long oration and said, 'We owe the Salvation of Europe to *un homme seul*!' Before he gave me time to blush," said the Duke, "he put his hand on his own heart, and said, 'C'est moi!'"*

* This story of the Abbé de Pradt is very like the one told by Spence of Ambrose Philips the poet, and a very vain man. He, Congreve, and Swift, were

A friend of the Duke's was at Elba when Buonaparte was reading Pradt's published 'Memoirs,' and Napoleon absolutely roared with laughter. Pradt had stated in these 'Memoirs' that when he met Napoleon at the Inn at Warsaw, after his retreat from Russia, and conversed with him on the state of affairs, Buonaparte was so impressed with his (Pradt's) remarks, that he made frequent notes. "Now," said Napoleon to the Duke's friend, "always hear both sides. I was writing Maret to say, 'Renvoyez ce coquin de Pradt à son archevêque!'" The Duke tells a story better than Sir Walter Scott. My three days at Walmer were more valuable to me than Napoleon's hundred days were to him. Adieu!

To Miss MITFORD.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

30th October, 1841.

You ought to be well scolded for not sending me a note, though you will not regret to hear that I went out to get a drawing-book for a sweet creature, who is deaf and dumb, and is fond of drawing. When asked if she regretted being deaf and dumb, she intimated she never heard many things which seemed to pain others, and she was quite happy. Her face looks so, and the expression is a sparkling innocence fit for a head of Truth.

I beg you will tell Charles Dickens that I shall be most happy to see him, or any friend of his, any Sunday from 2 till 4.

Do not frighten yourself about the Germans, so far there is not the slightest public movement in their favour. Cornelius came over to execute an order for Lord Monson, who is dead. Should there be any intent on there, as in the Elgin Marbles, I must assault their absurdities and, perhaps, go out in the explosion.

Talfourd was pleased with my lecture on Wilkie. I was affected and the women cried, so we had a pretty touching affair.

once discussing Julius Cæsar, when the question arose what Cæsar was like, in person. "For my part," said Philips, "I take him to have been a lean man, of pale complexion, extremely neat in his dress, and about five feet seven inches high." This was so exact a description of Ambrose Philips, Esq., that after a minute or so, Swift politely delivered his opinion that Julius Cæsar must have been "a plump man, about five feet five inches high, not very neatly dressed in a black gown with pudding sleeves."—ED.

To Miss MITFORD.

MY DEAR MARY RUSSELL,

31st May, 1842.

Frank is first in mathematics at Jesus, Cambridge, and we are all so delighted to see the dear fellow home again, who has done me so much honour, that I was rather inclined to jubilate and lounge and spend money instead of getting more by working, so we are going to Woolwich for shells and shot, and grape, and canisters, and ramrods, and screws, and the Lord knows what to put into the foreground of my 'Saragossa.'

On Tuesday, Wordsworth breakfasted with us alone and went to church, and afterwards to Lockhart, who took us to the Zoological—as a part of the wild beasts. Wordsworth's silver-haired simplicity contrasted with Lockhart's arch mischief and was exquisite. Wordsworth sat down to rest and told us a delightful story, so beautifully, as if an Apostle was unbending. I looked up and saw Lockhart relishing the whole thing, as if for a moment bewitched out of his melancholy mocking. What an expression I caught then for one of my Cartoons! So when you see it, remember. The story was this:—A friend of Gainsborough's had a sweet child who was going away to school. As her father was on a sick-bed he was touched at parting with her. This came to Gainsborough's ears. So Gainsborough looked out for her, and said to her, "My little love, can you keep a secret?" "I don't know," said she; "but I'll try." "Well!" said he, "you come to me to-morrow." She came, and he painted her portrait, in order that when she was gone it might be placed at the foot of papa's bed, to delight him. The child went to school enjoying her secret, and the next morning, when her father opened his eyes, there was the image of his darling looking at him from the bottom of his bed!

You never heard any human being tell such a simple story so touchingly. It would have softened the hearts of the lions and tigers could they have heard it.

As Wordsworth was telling this in a shady nook, I sitting by him, Lockhart before us standing, and looking complacently down, the sun shone on Wordsworth's silvery hairs, while his dull eyes, with that look of internal vision I never saw in any other face, told of thought unknown to any but his Maker—

out came of the window the long neck and calm, large-eyed, head of the camelopard as if above all human anxiety, and with an air of quiescent contempt for all three of us, that was exquisite.

[The late Dr. Elliottson about this time became a convert to mesmerism, and persuaded my father one evening to witness the effects of mesmerism on a young girl-patient.]

To Miss MITFORD.

13th August, 1812.

The other night Elliottson took me to see a most extraordinary case of mesmerism, which he told me had convinced Brougham.

I went at the appointed time, and the doctor and three others (Angelo, the fencing-master, among them) accompanied me, or rather we accompanied him.

As we approached Pulteney Street, the Doctor impressed upon us all the great respectability of the people, and begged us to be attentive.

We were shown into a parlour where sat three girls, one very young. The other—not the eldest—sat down on a sofa, and Elliottson directly put his two fingers before her eyes, moving them slowly, and we saw the lids gradually sink till they closed. The muscles of the neck became rigid, and her head fixed. Her arms, hands, legs, feet, were *fixed*, and we had hardly strength to move them when we did. As I suspected the whole thing, I watched her keenly, and I became perfectly convinced she *saw*. Elliottson (who sincerely believes) told me to touch her hand, and by mesmeric influence her arm would become relaxed. I did so, and the rigidity went off, but returned when I ceased to touch her. Elliottson now sat by her side, and told us to watch the extraordinary effect. By degrees she moved slowly towards him, and leaned almost on him. Then some one sat on her other side, and she frowned and seemed disturbed; and the Doctor told us that was a repelling influence which gave her pain. He then sat on the floor, and she gradually bent forward; and, in fact, wherever he moved she leaned like the flower, and often her attitudes and expressions were extremely graceful.

Whilst all of them were before her, looking at her extraordinary appearance of intense sleep, I crept slowly behind her,

put my hand close to her arm, and, watching my opportunity, darted my hand on the back of her arm, which, if it had been naturally rigid, would have been stiff, but it was as *relaxed as my own*. The moment she felt an insidious attempt to detect her, *I felt the triceps muscle act* by her will, and I could not move her arm.

Now this proved that she was not asleep, because she was taken by surprise; and feeling she had been off her guard, her thought was communicated by the will to the nerves, which conveyed it to the muscle, and, in obedience to the will of the being, it resisted the attempt to move the arms by the contraction of that very muscle which could only resist in that direction.

I then said: "Open her eyes!" He said he could not. I said: "Pull up the lid!" The eye was buried above the lid; but *for one instant* the eye was visible and the pupil *contracted*; therefore she saw; because if it contracted, it was to relieve the pupil from too great a rush of light, which the somnambulist is quite insensible to.

I then said: "Wake her." "Oh!" said Elliottson, "that is a deuce of a job!" He bawled in her ear. She was rigid. He cried again, but to no purpose. He shook her, and cried out again, and she dropped as if shot. "All of you hold her and wave your hands over her," cried the Doctor. Elliottson held her head and kept breathing on her face. I held her hands and tried hard to undo her fingers. Angelo held her knees, and the two others held her feet; and after breathing, kicking, twisting, and fighting, we lifted her to the sofa, when she gradually became awake again, but she could not open her eyes. Elliottson breathed on one eye; it opened. He breathed on the other, that opened. Conversation ensued, and we took our leave. Angelo very sensibly said he was more astonished than ever. Another said it was a most wonderful case of catalepsy. I said nothing; and on a cab passing I popped in, and was home in a twinkling, and mesmerised them all.

B. R. HAYDON.

P.S.—It was a scene for H. B. Five "great men" holding a young girl in a catalepsy. O dear! My poor friend Elliottson was evidently deluded, and believed.

To Miss MITFORD.

12th July, 1843.

The cartoons are a glory to the country. Have I not lived, as I told you I would, to see the first great National move? Did I not, twenty-five years ago, begin it with my cartoons, too soon for my interest? but that sowed the seed. Eastlake was my first pupil, then the three Landseers, Harvey, Bewick, Chatfield, and Lance, all distinguished men subsequently.

God bless you!

B. R. H.

LETTERS TO AND FROM EASTLAKE.

*From EASTLAKE.**

MY DEAR HAYDON,

31, Hôtel d'Espagne, rue Dauphine,
8th January, 1815.

I have been here a week to-day and am to be introduced to Denon to-morrow. You gave me your letters sealed, by which I was told I ran a risk of a penalty at Dover, and therefore cut them open before I went to the Custom House. I was afterwards told that I need not have been alarmed. However, as the thing was done I was obliged to apologise to Madame le Noble, and I said I hoped it was unnecessary to say that I had not read them. Madame Noble replied, "Oh! Monsieur, c'est égal. Je suis bien persuadée qu'il n'y a point d'indiscrétion là-dedans." "Tant mieux," thought I, for her husband read it with her. I have seen Nicolopolo, but have not been able to find Wyborn. I found M. de Launay without any difficulty. Whether your letter was one of introduction or not I have to thank you for its having produced the same effect, for he called on me yesterday and left an invitation for his *conversazione* last night. I, of course, went and was extremely entertained. The painter, I forget his name, who lives in the same house, was very eager to know your opinion of French art. I told him, not without softening it a little, but it seemed to annoy him, and it was not till I said, "*Il fait pourtant des exceptions*," that his face brightened up with "Ah, ah! à la bonne heure."

They all seem to have an idea that you are still going to send your picture over here; but I said I believed there was very little likelihood of it. They have a very high opinion of

* Eastlake was at this time just twenty-one years of age.—Ed.

you, and a very high but uncertain one about Wilkie, that is to say, when in answer to their inquiries I assured them as to what he is. M. de Launay nodded his head and looked at the company as much as to say, "I said so. I knew he was a man of talent."

The French Exhibition is a poor come off, very much worse than I expected. It seems to me very odd that no person gave me any very high description of the exterior of the Louvre and Tuileries. I was never so struck with architecture in my life. I have seen the Luxembourg as well as the Louvre, but till everything is settled I don't know what I am to do. I do not feel enough at ease even to express my admiration.

I am, my dear Haydon,

Ever yours truly,

C. L. EASTLAKE.

10th January.

P.S.—I open my letter to thank you sincerely for introducing me to Wyborn, whom I like very much. I was at a ball where he introduced me last night (Countess D'Yvis). He intends visiting London in the spring. Get something *ready to show him, as I have pitted you against all the French painters.*

From EASTLAKE.

MY DEAR HAYDON,

Exeter, 25th August, 1815.

Your sister being married is a great loss to my father, as she was, I believe, very kind to him, and he is still very sensible of it.

You have, I suppose, heard of a little whole length of Buona-parte, which I have painted, and which is now exhibiting here. The following is the certificate the French officers gave me:—

"J'ai vu le portrait que M. Eastlake a fait de l'Empereur Napoléon, et j'ai trouvé qu'il est très-ressemblant, et qu'il a en outre le mérite de donner une idée exacte de l'habitude [la tenue ?] du corps de sa Majesté."

(Here follow the names and Captain Maitland's.)

You would be doing me the greatest service if you could

get this business mentioned in any of those papers whose editors you are intimate with, as it will pave the way for the exhibition of the great picture in London. I shall stay here a week exactly, and then return to Plymouth to copy the picture life-size for exhibition in London.

Yours ever,

C. EASTLAKE.

From EASTLAKE.

MY DEAR HAYDON,

Plymouth, 24th November, 1815.

Both your letters have given me the greatest pleasure, the last especially. I need not thank you for them, but if your friends are entitled to receive such communications in proportion to their interest for your success, I am not afraid of losing so honourable a distinction. Canova must have received a profound impression from the *Elgin Marbles* to have spoken so decidedly on them, and his conviction must have been so intense, that the mere circumstance of your agreeing with him, tended, I have no doubt, to give him a certain opinion of you, which it appears was so entirely confirmed by the sight of your picture. I heartily congratulate you, and know it will be of the greatest service to you. You have established his opinions on two important points, viz., *your own merit* and *that of the Elgin Marbles*. On these, you may say, hang all the law and the prophets. Certainly, next to yourself, nothing ought to be so interesting to you as these immortal relics. The very pain you have endured for them, the battles you have fought for them, endear them to you; in short, your success, which you owe so much to them, while it is an existing proof of the truth of their principles, is the most agreeable source of your attachment to them. We hear of affections for places and inanimate objects, yet how poor are the associations which occasion these feelings, compared with the intelligent perceptions which these works light up within one, and which supersede the grandest associations they also can excite! There certainly will be a revolution in taste, or, rather, it is already advancing.

I suppose your work ('Jerusalem') is already far advanced. It is a stupendous undertaking! So much the better for

exhibition, when it will pour the result of accumulated labour in one torrent upon the sight! How strange it seems, and what a triumph for the Art, that a man can see, in an instant, what has cost years of toil! It is the contrast between the means and effect that put that idea into Sir Joshua's head, "as if some mighty genius had struck it off at a blow." The suddenness of the impression and the strong resemblance of that impression to nature, in a fine picture, always excite this feeling, and the power of exciting it seems to rank a great painter with a God.

And then subject comes in to complete the elevation of our thoughts and to purify the rapture of our senses. But how decidedly it places grand and serious history above any other walk of the Art! *You* have the happiness to follow this highest path and the honour to add dignity to it.

Ever sincerely yours,

C. L. EASTLAKE.

From EASTLAKE.

Rome, 27th January, 1817.

If I had written to you from Florence, which I thought of doing, I might have been able to describe my feelings on seeing that city and its contents. You cannot have an idea of Michel Angelo without going there. He is the genius of the place and meets you everywhere. Not Rome itself can give you more delight than the thousand objects of interest that you meet there. In every street are either busts or statues of the Medici, or the "palle:" their arms ornament the walls. I even observed these arms on the back of an old chair at an inn before I arrived in Florence. You turn into the great square; at a distance some white figures against the old palace look like colossal paintings, you soon find them to be marble statues and recognise Michel Angelo's 'David,' with an arm and a wrist such as he alone could have sculptured, and looking twice as strong as a great 'Hercules,' by Brandinelli, close by.

There are the masterworks of all the sculptors there, and all more or less fine, except an unhappy giant in a fountain, said to be by Ammanati. In the chapel of the Medici all of

Michel Angelo's best, but the number of unfinished things by him is quite curious. You see him in some of these things, after having bloked out an arm in the roughest way, indulging himself with finishing a bit of the hand and just hitching round the thumb, and some parts quite soft and two or three sharp touches, leaving it—for ever. One thinks him less a Mannerist after seeing these things. No marble was ever so like flesh, except the Elgin figures. Momentary actions are attempted, and mostly successfully, and the uniform tension objected to in him does not strike one here, or looks like a latent strength. The thigh of the 'Night,' in G. de' Medici's tomb, is the most wonderful thing of this sort. Though she be asleep you fancy she will dart her leg out with force enough to knock a house down, so "heaped with strength and turned with elegance." You think of nothing but muscle before any figure of Michel Angelo's. You see masses of it slipping about. I was going to say you hear the tendons crack—but, after all, he seems rather to give the idea of the power of motion than of motion itself, and the motion of knocking down than of leaping, etc. The colossal size helps all this and the proportions of his extremities, which are in a sort of sledge-hammer taste, so that, putting his invention out of the question, there is a certain degree of terror inspired even by his forms. I could have explained my notions better at the time. I suppose you will hardly understand this. You ought not to rest until you have seen Michel Angelo and Florence. I just now think you have not latterly trod so closely in his steps, as I think your natural taste would lead you to Rubens. Rembrandt and the Elgin Marbles have all conspired in different ways to change your judgment on this subject.

I have a notion that the Bolognese colour and a certain degree of Michel Angelo's bursting strength, added to the nimble elegance of the Greek statues, would produce a style more congenial to your feelings. The English taste, too, may have some influence. The English is now the first school of colour in the world. This is all right enough, but it is quite certain the sort of nature a man must study for colour must narrow his feelings in form. And the Hoppners and Romneys, who would say Michel Angelo is "unnatural," are not to be taken as oracles from the practice they have both omitted and committed; or, to be more polite, the very nature of their

merit implies, as men study in England, a more than ordinary neglect and ignorance of the higher parts of their Art.

The French are put out of the question on all hands as destitute of feeling for painting; the Italians are weak; the Germans and the English are the only two sensible schools, and yet nothing can be more opposite! There are hosts of Germans here determined to restore the mind of the Art; they paint in fresco; they study Masaccio; and in their bad works are like Albert Dürer. They have no idea of colour or effect, but, for dignity and truth of expression, and the motive of their figures, I think their Art ranks very high. They must get out of their absurdities in time. These are so striking, especially to an English eye, that when I first saw some of their works I thought them without merit. I now think they have the highest, but still not what one would follow. They should be judged of from their drawings, some of which I think are equal to anything that has been done in invention, expression, and general propriety. The English are devoted to mere imitation of substances, save and except that imperceptible thing which arises out of practice. They are aware of no principle in Art; to copy what you see is perfection, and they make a head round and coming from the picture. The Germans say the same, always supposing selection, and they imitate an expressive turn of the head and the looks and actions of nature. Their colour and effect are below criticism. Some of these Germans have restored not only the Art, but the dress of the fifteenth century. You meet Raphael's costume in the streets. The number of these painters is such that all foreigners, until lately, were called *Tedeschi*! The hosts of English that have poured into Rome, and the magnificence they display, have given the natives a high idea of us, especially after the bombardment of Algiers, which is now exhibiting at a theatre here, where, I am told, the nine Muses dance about Lord Exmouth! The Dey of Algiers sings a *bravura*, &c.

I saw Canova by accident before I went to deliver your letter, and as I introduced myself to him by saying I had brought a letter from you, I thought it needless to use the letter afterwards. He lives like a king, and is difficult of access. The democracy he talked to you of is an aristocracy of artists.

Yours ever,

C. L. EASTLAKE.

HAYDON to EASTLAKE.

October, 1816.

..... The French mingle the principles of Sculpture with Painting. They forget that the one is a substance, and the other the effect of it under the influence of atmosphere and light. This is nothing to them. They know by investigation the parts exist in the thing as distinctly in shadow as in light, and they make them so because they know them to be so. This is ignorance, not knowledge, because knowledge is only useful to develop truth, and not on its own account. If I turn the part of any object obscured by shadow to the light, that part is then definite. Sculpture requires every part requisite to be there, as it can be viewed under the variety you can view Nature; but the moment of a Painting is but one, and can never be changed. It is the effect of a thing under the influence of the light of that moment, and no other; therefore the true effect must be shown of that moment, and of no other. The mind then reposes—some part predominates over others; whereas, if all parts are equally obtruded, distraction ensues. Of two evils choose the least. A button is more easily finished than a face. If the button be highly wrought, it will be sure to attract more than the face. But a great mind will sacrifice the button to the face. It will be there if you look for it; but it will not force you to look for it. But what is the use of dwelling on the ignorances of a school which will not stand fifty years? If Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, Virgil, Ariosto, Dante, Michel Angelo, Raphael, Correggio, and Titian, are right, they are wrong, and they are wrong by every principle of Poetry and Art which has ever existed.

* * * * *

Breadth, depth, brightness, and size, a principal light, but always gently graduated, are the great requisites to enable a man to keep his ground against all greyness and brownness. Teniers and Rembrandt had no chance in the Louvre.

Ever yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

From EASTLAKE.

MY DEAR HAYDON,

Rome, April, 1817.

Months have elapsed without my having heard from any soul but you, and I have delayed writing to you more than

I ought. I have seen the Easter ceremonies since your letter arrived, and in hearing a fine musical performance in the Capella Sistina, I had time to look well at Michel Angelo. The 'Judgment' has suffered most. The tone of colour is extremely dark throughout, and therefore grand and according with the subject. The sky behind the demons is almost reduced to white, by decay, in some parts, while the devils retain their tremendous depth of tone, and are rendered, if possible, more terrific. It was in this part of the work that Michel Angelo was most at home, and the figures above are striking in proportion, as they border on the terrible and gigantic. Yet the demons are a vulgar crew; their expressions would look like caricature but from the activity they are in, which makes even their grimaces natural. It is a complete hell broke loose. Then the single black figure of Charon against the sparkling sky, whacking that *lump* of the damned in the boat, is really enough to make one tremble. There was a time, it is said, when the eyes of Charon were the principal light in the picture, but now the spots in the sky eclipse them.

With respect to the figures above, you would be astonished at the defects in proportion and drawing. If it was an attempt at foreshortening, it has failed completely, and I cannot think this, because some are too tall as well as too short. Certain deviations from proportion, especially in a large size, give a gigantic effect. This is produced in perfection in that Saint standing and showing a knife, a most tremendous fellow, with a head and expression agreeing. The Bartholomew, on the other side, is on the same style; but the Christ outdoes them all for bad proportion without any good effect being accomplished by it. When peculiarities are successful we pardon them and admire in them the artist's originality; but the least failure makes us refer to some other standard than the caprice of the master, and in this instance, when we consider that these frightful giants are representations of Christ and his Saints, it does appear the greatest dereliction of propriety ever committed by the Arts. With all this, this work, if on no other account, is invaluable as the best, perhaps the only model of the gigantic style. The only picture I remember that comes near to it is one by Ludovico Carracci, at Parma, 'The Interment of the Virgin;' all the Apostles, much larger than life, are bearing the body: these figures of colossal dimensions seem doubly large

by their proportions; great extremities seem to be the principal cause of this; you feel that you are looking at giants, and with drapery, expression, light, and shade agreeing, it is a perfect thing in its way.

It is strange, to return to Michel Angelo, that he should have neglected, or failed in all this again in the 'Jonas,' which, notwithstanding its size, looks like a boy. All the ceiling has a magnificent tone, and the 'Prophets and Sibyls' are in good preservation. By-the-by, the drapery of these figures is very fine, a thing one never expects in Michel Angelo. I cannot at present add anything new to what has been said of their grandeur, but am sure they deserve all their reputation. I am always in the Vatican, and, perhaps from having studied it more, am of opinion, that the 'Dispute of the Sacrament' is the finest of the frescoes. The extraordinary truth and character in all the portraits, the expression, that monk reading, for instance, between two Popes (but the print can give you no idea of it), and the arrangement of colour are all first rate. The 'Christ' is the finest I have seen. I mean to paint it. With respect to drawing, you occasionally meet with things, as in the Cartoons, which would not be tolerated in a modern artist; but Raffaele seems to have considered hands and feet, or rather their details, as having little to do with his grand object. No painter ever disposed hands more perfectly to assist expression. And if the nails of the fingers are done in a dry way, the action does not suffer much from it. The extraordinary variety in which his figures point their hands, or lift them in surprise, or hold things, is really a study by itself, and notwithstanding this diversity, every action strikes you as being the most appropriate. As a Frenchman said: "It is extraordinary how a man could ever arrive à côté de la nature comme ça." This, by the way, was looking at the thing rightly, for Raffaele seems to have only had for his object the perfect imitation of Nature. If he ransacked ancient baths for remains of antiquity, it was rather for decorations and arabesques, than for form. He seems to have not felt the antique. And I think it fortunate he did not. It is a question with me whether the study of statues does not create a substitute for the imitation of Nature. Every boy in the Academy can draw handsomer legs than Raffaele, though very few can succeed in that consent of action in all the limbs which he never fails in. Look at the French

artists, they give in the statues themselves in their pictures, and yet how worse than nothing is this excellence! I am sure you will not think, from what I have said, that I hold drawing cheap. The greatest difficulty in drawing is to put a figure well together, and a greater still to put it in contemporaneous action. When this is attained, it will not be the worse for fingers and toes done in a scientific way and with feeling, and still further assisting the action; but I would rather see the general action and proportion excel that of the toes.

I have been led to these remarks by remembering to have heard it often inculcated that well-drawn extremities are the test of merit in a picture. This is, to my mind, one of the sources of the decline of Art.

Believe me, sincerely yours,

C. L. EASTLAKE.

From EASTLAKE.

MY DEAR HAYDON,

Rome, 22nd March, 1818

I cannot leave Rome without sending you one line to thank you for your last letter. By-the-bye, you do not seem to know that I am going to Greece. You have heard so since, perhaps. I start in three days. I have learned a little of the language through the aid of a Greek priest, and I shall possibly be absent six or eight months. I am accompanied by a young Irishman, called Barry, more an amateur than an artist; a Yorkshireman, called Johnson, perhaps Kinnard, and perhaps another. We propose to embark at Otranto for Corfu, and then proceed to Patras, in the Morea.

Have you yet made acquaintance with Cockerell? His drawings of Greece would interest you very much. I mean to paint in oil there, and take a good cargo of materials. God grant I may not lose them! I hope to hear news of your picture on my return. Kirkup will give you the accounts of the Vatican you desire, or Hayter, *vivâ voce*, for he is gone to England. I have sent thirty or forty oil sketches from Nature to Mr. Harman; you may see them by calling on him, but this will arrive before them.

Make haste and finish your picture, for it is time for *you* to

come out again. I have spread your fame among the French here, and some who are going to England are prepared to *judge* you.

Yours ever, my dear Haydon,

CHARLES EASTLAKE.

From EASTLAKE.

MY DEAR HAYDON,

Rome, March, 1819.

You will have reason to blame me for not having written to you sooner. Since I last wrote I have visited Greece, and though it is not generally considered the thing for a painter to do, I am so delighted to have been there that I look upon it as a good move in my life. . . . I entered the Piræus at dawn. It is a small harbour, or rather pool, with some miserable houses on one side. One or two merchant ships were lying at anchor, and a few Greeks were wrangling on a kind of pier. The plague was in Athens, at least without the walls, and fortunately it never got in. The road from the Piræus lies along the site of the long walls. Midway you enter the olive grove which encircles Athens like a vast zone almost on every side. This past, a mile or so, a plain begins, and the Acropolis becomes distinct, on which, notwithstanding some high towers, the Parthenon predominates. The town is entirely surrounded by a wall, and the Acropolis and the Areopagus together hide it completely from the view. As you approach nearer, the Temple of Theseus appears above the wall with one palm-tree, and Mount Hymettus beyond, the very essence of everything classic. And the colour is so too. Here are no vivid greens which belong to the Dutch school and not to Poussin. There is a silent, Egyptian, sandy surface everywhere—no verdure, but grey ground and yellow-burnt grass—the acropolis with a tone of Ludovico Carracci—the temple of Theseus a golden brown—the olive grove one hill of grey—the mountains, Titian, and the sky more.

I had an opportunity of judging of the effect of the ‘Metopes’ in the Parthenon; one good one remains at the south-west corner. They appear nothing from below, and I should think it impossible to judge of their merit accurately at that distance by the naked eye; on the north-west corner are some ‘Metopes,’ in a

very bad state, of female figures sitting, one of which at the corner seems to be very fine. There is no getting near these. The bas-relief on the west side of the cella which Lord Elgin only took in plaster is said to be the finest, "because," say the architects, "it could be seen more easily than the rest." Because these things cannot have their proper effect, or rather cannot be enough appreciated at such a distance, Wilkins concludes that they are inferior works. Now the principle throughout the Parthenon seems to have been that of lavishing labour and taste where it could produce no effect whatever. Such was the gilding or painting the band under the triglyphs with an exquisite ornament which could never be distinguished from below, and the cornice within the portico where it was dark. This profusion, and what we should call useless high finish, is to be accounted for by a spirit of devotion to the goddess, and the best artists were honoured by being permitted to decorate with their best works even such parts of the temple as were out of the reach of examination. On the same principle the parts that were nearer the eye, the statue of Minerva itself, for instance, were not of common materials, as if perfection of art itself was not sufficient without costly materials to do homage to the Deity of Athens.

Do give me some news of yourself and of Art.

Ever yours,

C. EASTLAKE.

From EASTLAKE.

MY DEAR HAYDON,

Rome, 27th December, 1824.

I have been long wishing to know your address in order to write to you, and although that may appear but a slight obstacle, yet, after a long silence, the least difficulty operates as such. . . . Our correspondence has been slack, and why, I cannot tell. If it was my own neglect I am concerned at it, but I think, though that is hardly worth enquiring about, you were at last a letter in my debt. . . . It is not too late to assure you of the interest I have never ceased to feel in all that concerns you. Be assured your early kindness to me is among those obligations which I am least likely to forget. My early impressions on Art (which might, perhaps, have pro-

duced a better result) I owe entirely to you, and I have always involuntarily connected my idea of the many perfections of the Art with your own practice. It would, indeed, be unnecessary to repeat all this, but for the long cessation of our intercourse. You have been in all the storms of an eventful career, and have, perhaps, forgotten not only your old friendships, but even your former kindnesses to friends. My situation has been absolutely quiet, and perhaps too much so, for a future residence in England; but among the recollections of my first life there, I look back with pleasure and gratitude to the time when I began the study of a happy profession under your guidance.

* * * * *

I remain, dear Haydon, yours very sincerely,

C. L. EASTLAKE.

From EASTLAKE.

MY DEAR HAYDON,

Rome, 21st March, 1825.

Your letter gave me great pleasure, not only by satisfying my curiosity about you, but because it showed me that your mind has undergone the great, though I hope temporary, change that has happened to you with fortitude and philosophy. *Sperat infestis, metuit secundis, alteram sortem bene præparatum pectus.* But I cannot help reflecting that if you had used your prosperity as prudently as you bear your adversity nobly, the national misfortune of your present cessation from High Exertion would not have happened. The danger of all ambitious pursuits is that, the independence of will necessary to such aspirations may be directly opposed to our social relations, to say nothing of higher ones; and the truth is, there is no possible situation in which the human being is not dependent on the general or temporary nature of things. To go no further—Buonaparte acknowledged that his principle was merely a passive one; that his care was to go along with “the great march of events,” and if he had not done so he would not have been so great as he was. It is in human actions as in art. Everything that succeeds with men must be calculated on, and addressed to some abstract feeling derived from the general experience or impression of natural or moral facts. The opinions of the human beings with whom

we are brought in contact, whether right or wrong, constitute a moral fact, which it is the interest of all who aim at human success to go along with. But nothing is more opposed to this temper of mind (which, it is admitted, may sometimes be employed on a wrong object) than the *independence* of genius. Instead of harmonising and concurring with the march of events, this principle would *make* them; instead of using the materials and circumstances offered, this independent power would *create* them. The greatest degree of success will always be owing, not to our attempting to *over-rule*, but to our *consulting* the nature of things. . . .

Your account of the difficulties and trials you have passed through are truly distressing to me, who have witnessed your early hopes and well-grounded ambition. I was not a spectator of the more stormy and prouder period of your career, but the contrast is only the greater to me. I remember the quiet industry of your beginning and the silent energy of your progress, but it was not in your nature to suppress the power you were conscious of. . . .

What is to be done now? Perhaps your greatest glories remain; you have years of matured practice before you, and may add and improve on the great works you have done. Come what will, *they* remain; and your reputation as a painter must last as long as there are artists in the country.

* * * * *

Ever sincerely yours, my dear Haydon,

C. L. EASTLAKE.

From EASTLAKE.

MY DEAR HAYDON,

Rome, 21th September, 1825.

I hope you are again "*pittore di storia*." Your account of the war against your portraits (supposing, as I do, that they were fine things) is quite heart-sickening. We feel more for another than, perhaps, we should for ourselves in certain things. The party persecuted often meets the malice of his enemies with indifference, which is still more galling than successful retaliation. It is, at all events, the most politic conduct, and the most likely to ensure peace of mind. . . .

I am glad Mrs. Haydon has not forgotten her sitting to me.

Her handsome face in my painting-room (however poorly imitated by me) was the means of getting me many portraits. What an advantage for you to "use your eyes," as you used to say, to such a countenance.

* * * * *

The Venetian horses are not the work of Lysippus. The art of casting in bronze was at its highest perfection in his time and that of his scholars, one of whom made the Colossus of Rhodes. The Venetian horses are badly cast, and each done in two moulds and joined lengthwise afterwards. A propos, you know the name of Cleomenes, son of Apollodorus, on the 'Venus de' Medici' is modern, and the verb is badly spelt (*επωεσεν*). Falconet says there were some very old casts in Holland, in his time, with the name of Diomedes instead of Cleomenes, another proof that the inscription is not even a copy from the ancient one. Now, Pliny says, "Phidias worked but little in marble; there is, however, a 'Venus' by him," he adds, "of exquisite beauty, in the portico of Octavia."

Pausanias mentions other marble works by Phidias. However, the 'Venus de' Medici' was found under the portico of Octavia. Although everybody has admitted the inscription on the statue to be spurious, no person has drawn any conclusion from the circumstance of its discovery under the above building, part of which still remains. I have mentioned this to a celebrated antiquary here, but he pretends the 'Venus' is too finished for Phidias, who, he supposes, was more of a Michel Angelo. To say nothing of Pliny's expression, "*Eximie pulchritudinis*," we can hardly suppose a sculptor who worked much in ivory would neglect to finish a female statue in marble! The Cnidian 'Venus' was in a different attitude; but some have falsely attributed the Medician 'Venus' to Praxiteles.

Pray make my compliments to Mrs. Haydon, and

Believe me, &c.,

C. L. EASTLAKE.

From EASTLAKE.

MY DEAR HAYDON,

Rome, 15th March, 1828.

You desired me to say if I had received your catalogue safe. I have, and thank you for it. I think it the best com-

position of yours I have read; although, from the difference of my view of things, I cannot always go along with your *own prominency*. Still I am willing to admit that circumstances, as well as your talents, have made you prominent, and, like Buonaparte, I suppose you do well to meet the familiarity with which the public are pleased to consider you. If they choose to talk of you, you must appear as a talked-of person.

You have a knack at good quotations, but the best one you ever hit on was that prefixed to your 'Essay on the Elgin Marbles:' "*Ceci s'adresse à vous.*"

I write you but a line, because I am shortly to be in England, sooner than I first intended, and shall then have an opportunity of talking with you of your history, "*E dei di che furono, l'assalse il sovenir.*"

My kind compliments to Mrs. Haydon.

Yours, &c.,

C. EASTLAKE.

LETTERS TO AND FROM SEYMOUR KIRKUP.

From KIRKUP.

DEAR HAYDON,

Rome, 2nd June, 1817.

When I wrote to you last, I thought you were coming. Your account of proceedings at home is animating. Have you a school or pupils of your own? Are you raising a generation to carry your patriotic views into effect? You will not travel because "your post must not be quitted, and the cause endangered for any *private pleasure* of your own." Pleasure! I think you are right. Delightful, indeed, it must be for you to visit objects so much endeared to you by long and close acquaintance, I may almost say relationship. The being surrounded by them what a stimulus to your enthusiasm! But your temperament is not one that stands in need of stimuli, and I think with you a visit to Italy would be a greater pleasure to you than benefit. What is there in Raphael that you are ignorant of? It is useless, vain to talk to you of Raphael's majestic dignity, animated expression, and so on. My opinion is, I believe, orthodox enough. I have now seen a great deal of him, almost everything. Some of his heads are finely drawn; they almost all breathe and think. Turn, air, grace, action, everything which regards expression seems perfect. I think you will like his drawing better than that of Carracci; but you have certainly effected a fastidiousness in the eye of an English student, which will save him from studying the Italians. Your scrupulous and deep-studied adherence to the old canons *at first*; *your discovery* of the matchless new ones, and the research and proper use of nature in your pictures, have *given us all new views*. One proof is that we have lost some of the old ones for coming here. The English will

not make so many cartoons here as formerly (except for action or drapery), and Rome will not be considered as the first academy in the world.

By the way, is it true that you have a new stock of casts at Somerset House? Has the Pope sent the Academy a cargo? Is the Monte Cavallo figure or figures fixed anywhere in public yet, and for good? And, above all, are the Elgin Marbles well placed, accessible, and casts of them at the Academy? Is there to be a new academy built, and a public gallery of pictures?

Poor Barry! one thinks of him here. How does the war wage between the Academy and the Institution, and Payne Knight, has he been floundering any more? Give us news, and

Believe me ever most sincerely yours,

S. KIRKUP.

From KIRKUP.

DEAR HAYDON,

Rome, Via d'Ascania,
30th November, 1817.

You desire me to send you the news of Rome. What one discovers of Raphael and Michel Angelo, I conceive, is the best news from Rome. I sent you all the ill impressions I received when I first came, because you appeared to write to Eastlake under some disappointment at not being able to make the journey, and I avoided increasing it by repeating what has often made you spring again with a desire to come. I did not, however, deceive you. I told you the truth, though not the whole truth. You command me to go on.

I often wonder whether your love of colour, of painting, and for England, and the indispensable necessity of studying execution to meet with any success, of studying it deeply where it has been the occupation of lives spent with diligence and possessing vigour and talent worthy our noble country—I often wonder, I say, mentally, whether so strong a bias towards a point, wherein the old masters have done such wonders, may not deter you from seizing a post which I believe you consider of higher rank, and in which you have helped to show there is a greater opening—or, rather, you have been the sole demonstrator, and Rome confirms it. You produced a

reform in the manner of studying what you called the "cold superstitions," and your labours from Phidias were the first to carry that style to canvas.

There is certainly much finer drawing in the 'Judgment' than in the Farnese or Stanze. Michel Angelo, therefore, must be the first master of design; and if drawing is to be studied from pictures, Reynolds is right in recommending the Capella Sistina for drawing. But were not Mengs's precepts better, who referred to the antique? . . . Let me draw a comparison no one else ever dreamt of. Michel Angelo seems to me to have been as successful a painter as Rembrandt. He has the appearance of the most perfect skill and command of hand, in another way, under the influence of bad selection, and with no regard to propriety of character. In expression, the parallel ceases. Rembrandt has sometimes pathos, but never sublimity, except when his effect produces it. Michel Angelo's expression is worthy of Homer. I am not thinking of features only, as we of the English school generally do when we talk of expression, but of every quality which conduces to the action of a picture. The turn and motion of the figure, animation or repose, and energy of mind, latent or in action, whether depending on position, direction of lines, or grandeur and general effect of colour and light. And, my dear Haydon, I am as much impressed by his effect, in some instances still remaining, as by his drawing, or, rather, I should say, more. The splendour and magnificence of the Prophets and Sibyls are not exceeded by any of the Venetian painters. Vasari relates (his own words), "*Che molto gli piaceva il colorito e la maniera di Tiziano*;" and how Reynolds could quote them or ever have looked at those figures, and assert (in his 4th Disc.) that glow, harmony, and splendour are incompatible with the grand style I am at a loss to conceive. Bustle of composition are to be found in many instances. The 'Golden Serpent,' the 'Deluge,' 'Noah's Sacrifice,' and many parts of the 'Judgment' are sufficiently crowded and bustling, and in the prophets' and sibyls' draperies of satin and changeable silks, and colours in themselves precious, and raised by the most effective and learned contrasts, and toned and harmonised by masses of shadow and gradations of light worthy of Titian's best efforts, and perhaps in a broader choice of cast of drapery than ever he executed. There is, of course, much, but not all, ruined by

Time, some things entirely, some partially, and some rendered uniformly faint, and some dingy, and some out of harmony by the changing of some of the colours only. The best preserved are the 'Zachariah,' 'Daniel,' 'Jeremiah,' 'Cumaan,' 'Delphic,' 'Ezekiel,' and the 'Jonas,' though this last appears never to have been very forcible or correct, and is much more like Barry's etching than I expected. I believe it to be much the largest. The 'Daniel' is likewise very large. The head has something terrible in it, though it is badly drawn and very unfinished. Their majestic attitudes you know by heart, but a great deal of their effect you cannot imagine without seeing them: splendid Venetian reds, and greens, and purple, and orange with golden lights, really gilt and glazed on; the little bad balustrades on each side the figures are done with bright gold leaf, and several of the best preserved figures do not suffer for it. And not only the richest colours abound, but some are absolutely gay, and such as one would not imagine, and which must have called for the greatest skill and knowledge of effect to treat in subjects of so much grandeur, rose colour and lilac, pale yellow, and Titian's most sparkling azure, ultramarine with pale lights. I think more of the ornamental has entered into the scheme of these grand figures than is generally believed.

The four historical fan-shaped compositions in the corners of the ceiling have less variety and contrast of colours and more impressive effects of light, astonishing Chiaroscuro. The 'David' and 'Judith,' worthy of Rembrandt for that, and fine, subduel, solemn colouring. The 'Brown Serpent,' too; the horrid earthy pestilential colour of the sick and dead side, and the gloomy, deep twilight that pervades it, low and broad, contrasted with the sparkling lights on the beautiful female opposite, cannot be exceeded. I have never seen any prints that conveyed the real effect to your mind; indeed, a great deal is out of the reach of engraving.

But I am afraid I am tiring you about colour. I will be brief, and I only trouble you at all about it because it is the quality you can least judge of by prints. In the ceiling there is a good deal of pale faded violet or lilac, his favourite colour for God the Father. I think there is much judgment in its choice, as it is a fine retiring colour and makes the ceiling appear higher, and consequently the figures larger and grander

than they otherwise would. The ceiling is decidedly paler than the rest. The effect is generally figures dark on a light ground, but all pale together. The prophets are likewise dark before light, but with vigour of effect. The triangular compositions and the larger ones in the corners have dark back-grounds.

The outline in the 'Judgment' is done with most prodigious power. It is dug into the wall with a hard point, in general with surprising precision, some few repentances excepted when the colours deviate a little from the bench that was intended for their boundary. And yet, notwithstanding the stubbornness of the instrument and the accuracy with which he accomplished what he intended, it is performed with a bravura and appearance of facility and feeling which would have been admirable on canvas.

The left thigh of Charon is a remarkable instance where the lines sweep down with as much boldness and emphasis as ever you saw in a sketch by Rubens. The extremities, too, are drawn in a very superior style to anything I have seen by Raphael or Annibale, though not with the best principles of refined nature—as you would judge from the balls of the thumbs, points of the ankles, arch of the feet, or length of the heels. You know his faults, everything bursting equally into action, and consequently a want of mass and of repose in the muscles, and a want of a little straightness in some parts of his outline. Heads too small, knees and feet too small, calves too large, and the body heavy, are constantly to be met with, so much so as to be his characteristic, and yet no one approaches him, or his tact for action. You cannot contemplate him without feeling absorbed by the full force of an elevated and poetic mind. What he wants in silent or ideal form he compensates in heroic action—some few instances excepted, and which one has no business to think of as a painter. Think only of West's poverty and manner in drawing an open hand, and then, the beautiful variety in the 'Judgment,' energy, firmness, and absence of affectation.

I think I see you reading what I said at the beginning: "Colour deter me!"—I will conquer that too. Michel Angelo is not a bad colourist, though in England he is thought so, because form and elevated expression are what he had no rival in; whereas, in colour he may have been even exceeded, though only in a few instances. Besides, his colours have

suffered infinitely more than his forms from time. Colour is certainly a more common attainment. You have, I may say, discovered a new road, and proclaimed it. You are well mounted for the good race, for you have the advantages of a cultivated, sensible, and ardent mind. I hope your literary fatigues will soon end. Indeed, they must, as they will either be effectual or ineffectual. You are not certainly a selfish writer or painter; you sacrifice much to the general good, but your appearance in print is no compensation for being distracted from your immortal object. I would rather see you doing good than removing evil (you *will* try both); and, much as I long to see your last letters, I do not pay them a bad compliment in saying I should prefer to have an etching from your own hand of your ‘Solomon,’ ‘Macbeth,’ or ‘Dentatus.’

Believe me ever faithfully and affectionately yours,

S. KIRKUP.

From KIRKUP.

DEAR HAYDON,

Rome, 10th January, 1818.

Since my last I have seen Canova. I had tried several times unsuccessfully: he is so much engaged just now. He is *much delighted* by your present; by his manner as well as by his expressions: “*Gradito con tanto piacere—e come corrispondere: bisogna regardarlo qualche oggetto utile?*” He asked me what sort of present would be most acceptable to you, and best express his gratitude? This I was not quite competent to point out, of course, but I assured him how glad you would be to know he valued your present; and I read to him part of your letter, and he was *very* much pleased. He told me to mention to you that he was not aware to whom he was indebted. He had been given to understand it was from Mr. Hamilton, but was uncertain, or he would have been earlier in making his acknowledgments.

Another proof of his satisfaction. He set his pupils to study it immediately, and one of them has made a famous little model. Lane was so delighted with it that he is going to have it cast for his own amusement here, until he can get the original on his return. I dare say you will hear from Monsignor Marchese before long.

I am glad to hear of the drawings your pupils are making from the cartoons. You have not seen many of the schools of Europe, nor I the drawings you tell me of, but I have no doubt you may defy them to produce anything comparable.

In the Academies of Italy, besides prize drawings, there are large heroic-sized, highly-finished cartoons from Raphael, Michel Angelo, done in Rome, and presented by the students pensioned there, for every little state has a set of pensioners here. They are generally works of great labour, immense backgrounds niggled up, and the figures crossed and patched, and finished most elaborately. No effect, though often a great deal of black; and then, as for drawing, expression, fine form, movement, &c., not approached, not thought of; all sacrificed to the *conté* crayon and hard paper stump, and so forth. I remember seeing one at Florence or Bologna much noticed. It was of one of Michel Angelo's figures on the ceiling, finished very highly, and piecemeal detail was its only quality; plenty of patience, an infinity of markings on a large surface on grey paper with black and white chalk, which is the favourite way. Though I could see it was weakly and badly done, and incorrect, yet I expected to find a fine study in the original. I was surprised. The original is nearly invisible from its height and the injuries of time. Nearly all but the *idea* must have been the invention of the copyist.

I think young students and all the Italian masters are bad imitators of the present French, or rather the prints after them; for nobody goes north to study. Think of such idle labour! It is bad practice to witness such apathy as there is abroad. Think of large, noble, and correct cartoons from Phidias! Exquisite purity of line, form, energy of action, and modesty of nature. To me one of your great toes from them is worth more than all they can do here, masters or disciples.

The Academies I have seen are Parma, Bologna, Florence, and Naples; all noble ones; besides those of this place and of France. My journey was too quick to see much on the road. I was glad to terminate it. I hope on my return to see more. Venice I did not visit, and at Milan I was turned back from an informality in my passport. You wish me to tell you everything from city to city.

The very moment you cross the Alps you are reminded it is Italy, by one of the most beautiful Roman antiquities in the

country—an arch to Augustus, standing in a delightful garden in Susa, at the very foot of Mont Cenis. It is one of the most picturesque objects I have seen yet: beautiful in colour and preservation, very original and handsome, and interesting.

Turin.—The King's Palace. Marchese Campignani's pictures and the ceiling of the Jesuits' Church.

Piacenza.—Duomo: ceiling by Carracci, bad form. Cupola: Guercino, bad proportion.

Parma.—Cupola: the massing of the groups. Some figures near the bottom remarkably hard and decided when seen near: fine principle. Inequality in the drawing, but some finer than usual for Correggio. The whole in a dreadful state of ruin, few parts left, and much *totally* destroyed, of which some has peeled off in large pieces.

Church of St John.—Cupola and a picture in left transept by Correggio, both very much in the dark. Over the choir a large fresco by Annibale Carracci, copied from the one by Correggio destroyed when the church was enlarged. A part only was saved—the 'Virgin crowned by Christ'—now in the library of the Academy. On the left, on entering the church, are some small spirited Parmegianos damaged.

Church of the Stoccalo.—The 'Moses' of Parmegiano, glorious, but hidden in the bend of an arch, on which it is painted over the organ on the left. Another proof of the study of perspective. Parmegiano was certainly not appreciated in his time, from his being employed to paint in corners and obscure places.

At the *Convent of St. Paul* are several little groups of boys, some very indifferent, ascribed to Correggio, but possibly an early attempt, or more probably painted by his followers. At the *Annunciata*, the last stage of a ruined Correggio.

Academy.—'St. Jerome,' 'Madonna della Scudella,' 'Pietà,' 'St. Placidus,' and a 'Virgin and Child,' by Correggio; a very rough and slight fresco, half-length, not handsome, but a beautiful composition, and very "Corregiesque;" a small Raphael—'St. Catherine,' &c.; and two gigantic Ludovicos from the Louvre—the 'Funeral' and 'Assumption of the Virgin.' In spite of the incorrect, and even monstrous, style of the drawing, nothing has given me so high an idea of Ludovico.

In the library is the 'Madonna and Christ' saved from St.

John's. She is the most beautiful of all Correggio's 'Madonnas,' though the head is too large, and the cheeks too fat. The most expressive, pure, enthusiastic, elevated character. She is being crowned with a ring of stars of silver light, beautifully painted, her arms crossed gracefully, but too short. The Christ is weak.

Of Correggio in general it is seldom you can judge of his effect, as his frescoes are in such dreadful ruin. Chiar'oscuro is a quality that soon dies. His expression is often wonderfully touching, though not always accompanied by beauty or youth. It is like Leonardo's, peculiarly Italian—sensitivity, acuteness and genius, in his women and children. I do not much admire his men. His frescoes, like Raphael's, are sketchy; much slighter than his oil pictures. I say nothing of them, you saw them in Paris. His action is graceful, supple, elastic, and clinging rather than powerful, though never tame. His forms are, of course, never fine, sometimes a great deal of his peculiar style, sometimes surprisingly weak. Worse proportion and knowledge of the figure than Reynolds at any time.

But limbs, bodies, draperies, clouds, and everything, is individually sacrificed to the making of masses, and on that account, notwithstanding his general elegance, and even frequent feebleness, there is much of the sublime. He has been reckoned, I believe, to combine the grand and ornamental. I felt it so, and I believe it to be more owing to his uniting and kneading his groups so massingly and fully than to the scale on which he painted. A proof is that one is sensible of it in prints. The cupola is the most striking instance, and all the domes I have seen since have seemed poor, mean, and trifling. Michel Angelo's 'Judgment' is another striking example, and Rubens with that quality, and *consequently* a broad light and shade, has made even *his* sublime.

Modena.—The Duke's Palace has a fine gallery of various masters.

Bologna.—I do not think there is one Ludovico as fine as that at Parma. The 'Transfiguration' is pale. It is at the Academy. There is likewise a small picture by him very fine and well painted—a 'Monk crucified in his Robes,' with a vision of the Virgin coming at a distance in the air. I think Fuseli must have studied this. There is likewise Guido's celebrated 'Crucifixion,' and many other fine pictures.

In the *Church of the Dominicans* the chapel of the Guido family is very interesting. It is very coolly and beautifully painted by himself. The ceiling, all the figures and ornaments most powerfully executed, and, through an opening, is seen at an immense height the 'Virgin carried to Heaven by Angels,' entirely foreshortened, and all done with great skill and effect, and colour and perspective. Round on the walls are the monuments of his ancestors and himself, with the titles and honours they possessed for two or three centuries.

In the sacristy is a masterpiece by L. Carracci, but it was too dark for me to see it.

Florence.—In Michel Angelo's group at the Cathedral the dead 'Christ' is much the finest part, which is unusual; but some of the other figures are very bad, lame, and feeble, which is likewise unusual with him. Of his figures in the Medici Chapel, that of 'Night' is very singular in its detail, and very disgusting. The 'Aurora,' which is the best, is not fine form, and the others are heavy, stumpy, and short-legged. The portraits of the 'Medici' themselves are curiously long-backed and short-legged.

In haste, ever yours,

SEYMOUR KIRKUP.

From KIRKUP.

MY DEAR HAYDON,

Rome, 30th June, 1818.

Lawrence is making a great impression here. Our school is rising in reputation, for it is beginning to be known. It is yet only known through the portrait painters. If you could but send a picture here, a small one, I trust you will; and it will stand in the face of the world, and in competition with all the Schools of Europe, instead of a month or two's exhibition in London, hardly to be seen by two foreigners of any judgment, where you have rivals who *will* not appreciate you, and a public that cannot.

Could you make some one of your first pupils paint a small picture under your eye, and send it to St. Luke's? I know what it would do. It would do ten thousand times more than your pamphlets, which are Gospel to me, but which are not so much studied and valued abroad as they ought to be.



Early Sketch by Hayden of the Thersites

Consider, my dear friend, *you are born to paint*. How many dirty little souls are *brought up* to write better than you? Postpone publishers, and devote your powers wholly to your brush. Your publications should come at the end of your career. Not only would you then impress by your name, but you would be more qualified by experience to express, and by the state of Europe to receive, your doctrines than at present. Remember, the cause *depends entirely upon you*. Weigh my advice.

Ever yours,

SEYMOUR KIRKUP.

Extract from a Letter by HAYDON to KIRKUP.

London, 10th August, 1818.

I should wish to know from you whether Day's casts from the Theseus and Ilissus have yet arrived at Rome. The Prince Regent's present of casts from the Elgin Marbles have arrived at Florence, and I hope you have seen them. When you do see them, if you have not, compare them diligently and carefully with Michel Angelo's nude figures at the tombs of the Medici. I have seen in the same room casts from the Moses, and from the Ilissus and Theseus in England, and I assure you the principles of the Moses were completely annihilated. I never saw a more swaggering, pompous, and affected figure, in fact, a bully. The execution of the feet is beneath criticism, and I assure you I should have been ashamed if Rossi had done them so badly. The style seemed to be gigantic in the whole figure; but there was a consciousness, as it were, in the arms and limbs, which took away all idea of their being the mere unconscious agents of a superior impulsion from a directing power, viz., the will, which the limbs and body always are, and which is one great characteristic beauty in the Elgin Marbles. The moment that limbs and body appear to have been moved for any other purpose whatever unconnected with the intention for which they were first called into action, all feeling vanishes of their being in that position the best adapted to execute the intention, and the impression is weakened by an air of affectation.

This is the great principle of nature, whether in action or repose, and the action or repose ought never to be disturbed

for grace, or any other purpose not immediately the consequence of action or repose. However, my dear Kirkup, I have seen but one of his figures, Moses, and *that* has disappointed me most grossly.

Ever sincerely yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

From KIRKUP.

MY DEAR HAYDON,

Rome, 18th October, 1818.

What is the matter? You talking about women! *You*, the devoted to the divinity of Greek Art, discoursing of guitars and eyebrows! I don't wonder at your saying Raphael and Michel Angelo are very well *en passant*. I have always looked to you as the first man who has the right to say so, for their revolution must end when the reign of Phidias is restored. But Phidias another time. Just now I must talk of ladies, since you desire me, though upon my life I cannot help thinking of your spectacles with awe. It is like amusing one's schoolmaster with stolen fruit and gunpowder.

Well then, there are certainly beautiful women everywhere in Italy, and I think a greater number than usual in Rome and its neighbourhood. The young ones are remarkably so, but they fade very soon, and there are fewer handsome creatures at thirty and forty than even in England—*form* especially. Of their fine faces I have endeavoured to discover something of a national character, and I think there is a certain combination of fine features which may be called Roman. Siddons and Catalani both partake of it, or rather did in their best time, though they were very different beauties. The eyes and brow of the one, with the smile of the other, and her fine broad antique cheek, though not quite so high as the zygoma. (I shall expect to see you by return of post.) But there are really some divine creatures—eyebrows above all—the physiology of the eyebrow was never more obvious. Come and make rhythms yourself. A painter must find much to admire among the women of the lower classes; their sparkling eyes, beautiful eyebrows, fine oval faces, smooth foreheads and black glossy hair, divided always like Niobe, fastened behind with antique ornaments—no nasty modern caps—the only covering a small net behind, like Raphael's pictures, or a large square white cloth (in the sun or

rain), like Michel Angelo or Andrea del Sarto; unchanging, national dress, every village a different one, and all of great antiquity. In fact, everything that meets the eye in Italy is full of interest, and one looks back to our English as mere apes of France, so far as relates to dress and appearance.

I remember your being struck, in 1814, with the French peasantry, but those were comic, and these are beautiful.

Have I anything more to tell you about the sex? Their complexions are often pale and sallow, from the bad air, but always clear and soft. Their mouths are generally larger than our English beauties, and their teeth not always clean. Have I not told you enough? Come and see them yourself, and study them as much as you can, though not so closely as Raphael.

By the way, I have discovered the house of the Fornarinà. It is still a baker's, and his wife has the merit of resembling her, though fatter and older.

What you say of the 'Moses' I feel fully. There is an excess of consciousness, but it is that excess, that abuse rather than the principle itself, which disgusts me. Michel Angelo is no doubt too violent for the present day, but still the effect of the 'Moses' is highly imposing, and the situation prodigiously advantageous. The head must have been finished in its present light, as it is quite poor in every other. The window is over the right shoulder, and the frown is marked by a very decided shadow which tells at the very bottom of the long Doric colonnade which the figure commands. As to the Medici figures, I never did relish them, and his 'Christ' at the Minerva I always thought a poor thing. The 'Moses' and the 'Sistine Chapel' are what maintains him, in my poor judgment, above the moderns; but many think not.

Canova I have not seen lately. Thorwaldsen, his rival, has a cast of the Ilissus likewise. It seems the only one known here. A horseman or two from the procession would have served him more, I think, as he is finishing a large work of the kind for the Court of Bavaria, and he will regret not knowing them, if ever he sees them after. Why does not the Prince Regent send a set to St. Luke's after the handsome present of the Pope? There is no place so universal as Rome. It is of much more consequence than Florence. Your young friend Harlowe is here and has done wonders; a copy of the 'Trans-

figuration' in fifteen days, as large as the original and full of resemblance. He has made a mark, and will return to England with the highest honours.* He gives me an enthusiastic account of you. God bless him for it! "Go on, my boy," as you say to me. Do *concentrate* your powers.

I was delighted at receiving your "letter." There is not a word in it but bears conviction, and those who deny it are not worth conversion. Many thanks for it. It will run well here, and will be fingered and thumbed by readers of all nations. Write to me when you have half an hour to spare. Eastlake is safe at Athens, but no further news from him.

Believe me yours, ever affectionately,

SEYMOUR KIRKUP.

Extract from HAYDON to KIRKUP.

London, 27th November, 1818.

I have been thinking of the characters of Raphael and Michel Angelo. Reynolds has certainly not discriminated their characters as he ought, and in a forthcoming number of the 'Annals' I have endeavoured in a short paper to show the injustice done by him to Raphael. The character of Raphael as a painter was the representation of man influenced by passion, appetite, or circumstance. Michel Angelo seemed to disdain the representation of creatures who are weak enough to yield to passion; and took refuge from the poverty of this world's materials in the sublime feeling of imagining a higher order of beings. Michel Angelo's prophets and sibyls look as if they were above the influence of time or circumstance; they seem as if they would never grow old and had never been young. With all the sedateness of age they have the air and energy of manhood. Which is the greater painter? This perhaps can never be satisfactorily settled. Perhaps Raphael was the greater painter; but Michel Angelo was the greater being. Raphael's genius certainly only expanded, and would have only expanded as opportunities only were given. Michel Angelo's would have "burst its cerements" in spite of circumstance, or have made circumstance assist its expansion. Every

* See *ante*, Vol. I. p. 312: Letter to Lord Elgin.

man will judge of them according to his own character, and the question, who ought to stand first, will perhaps never be concluded. Shakespeare combined both their powers, and both their powers may yet be combined in painting. Michel Angelo, in disdain, as it were, of this world, often violated inherent truth in his representations; but whatever worlds we imagine, and whatever beings we people them with, we can never imagine any world where malleable matter is not influenced by action or repose, gravitation, extension or compression, the common principles of creation.

B. R. H.

From HAYDON.

MY DEAR KIRKUP,

London, 9th December, 1841.

Years have passed since I heard from you; but your letters I have still got, and read them often with pleasure. You remember my desperate struggles to paint 'Macbeth,' 'Solomon,' and 'Jerusalem,' and you remember my early assertion that "State employment" was the only principle. You were abroad at my ruin; but, in prison or out, I kept to the same course, and now at last this great principle *is acknowledged*.

Southey said it took one man's life to get a principle acknowledged and another to get it acted on. I have lived to see acknowledged the great object of my youth. Whether I shall live to see it acted on, God only knows; but of this I am quite sure, *I shall not taste its fruits*.

You know the fate of all reformers. They are cursed and crucified. Their principles adopted, their name is execrated and their ashes scattered to the winds. My ruin in 1823 was inevitable. I had spoken the truth in 1812. The aristocracy was angry, the artists furious, the Academy malignant. Without any assured income I had begun and completed 'Solomon' and 'Jerusalem,' and when I begun 'Lazarus' I calculated ruin at the end. I got through it by 1823, and was ruined as I foresaw. Since that my life has been a dreadful struggle, but I have never been down. I have brought up a large family by way of a help. One boy is a Fellow of Wadham at Oxford; another was in the Royal Navy, but was killed at Madras by the bite of a sea snake; another is now at Cambridge; another a

midshipman on board H.M.S. 'Vindictive;' and I have a beautiful daughter and a more beautiful wife, and have lost five lovely children by harass and trouble. Such has been my life since you last wrote. It has not been an idle one. But although the great object of my life has triumphed, and the principle of "State employment" is virtually carried, in the decoration of the Houses of Parliament, that plan being also my own, believe me, my dear Kirkup, I have not *the least chance*; and as the principle can now work its way, and will need no more at present of my eternal excitement by appeal, by attack, by petition, I am seriously turning my thoughts, at last, to the Vatican. I must see it, though Keats said "our brazen tombs would lie together." Perhaps I may realise the prophecy, and after an absence and separation of twenty years the first duty you may have to perform may be to see me quietly inurned, if you think it possible even then I shall be *quiet*. Do write to me. For the last five years I have had constant employment from public bodies, and from the middle classes. My lectures all over the country have had enormous success. The principles of form I used to lay down to you have been fully comprehended by all classes but the aristocracy, and at Oxford University my success was victorious.

If any power were put into my hands I think I could induce the youth to come out with vigour; but power will not. I have offended too deeply the prejudices of authority; and though Eastlake will do immense good, I fear his nerve when the interests of the artists are in opposition to the Art. With many dear and old associations,

Believe me, my dear Kirkup,

B. R. HAYDON.

From KIRKUP.

MY DEAR HAYDON,

Florence, 4th January, 1842.

The sight of your handwriting is like the face of an old friend. Heartily glad am I to see it, and I shall be still more so to see you if you can realise your intention of coming out to Italy. You *must*; you are certain to come if you are not by force prevented. I remember it was in your portfolios, *my boy!* that I made my first acquaintance with the 'Sistina' and the 'Stanze.' At that time how much more had those prints done

for you than the originals have done for anybody since! Alas! that your career should have been checked by coming a little too soon.

You tell me that you do not expect to reap any of the fruits of your present triumph. How so? Has your mind suffered? Your hand? Your eyes? You *must* be worth what *I left you*. The moment I heard of the Committee and the Report, I set you down in my own mind for the first great composition, and when I heard that Eastlake was chosen secretary I looked on it as certain. He has always done you justice. He is one of the few who know your power. In fact, whenever they do begin, I suspect your journey to Italy will be put off. You will have enough to do on the spot. Your energy will be wanted, not only in your own work, but to rouse your rivals. Your science, your philosophy, besides your power of grand design and colour, will be indispensable.

I suppose you and Eastlake to be the only men of "mind" above the mere "manuel;" but I am out of the world. I am very happy, perhaps more so than if I were in your volcano. I hear of nothing that makes me regret my present retirement. But I am not alone. Surrounded by the old masters, and the finest monuments in the land of Dante, Machiavelli, Buonarroti, and Galileo, I am living with two dogs and a great collection of books. I now and then paint, a humble attempt, generally when I want some relique or MSS. beyond my purse. I go very little into what is called "society," for I can do without it, and my curiosity has been fully gratified by what I have seen of the very highest—I mean in rank, for low enough it is in intellect generally—Courts and all. I don't know what St. James's may be, but here they are a set of Polonius's, without his fun.

You tell me you are publishing your true principles of Design over the country in lectures. You do quite right, for they are too good to be lost or confined to an old newspaper. The more I have seen, and the older I grow (fifty-three I am), the more I am confirmed in your most important discoveries. They should be made known by yourself, or some one will publish them as his own. They are much wanted abroad. The modern Italians are in the blackest darkness. They are a miserable race, and as conceited as ignorant. The Florentines believe they still hold the supremacy. They believe themselves all Michel Angelos and Leonardos, though they are

only lame followers of the old David school. And yet (will you believe it?) your English aristocracy come here and admire, and say, "You must confess the English School cannot draw so well as that!" But you will believe me, for you know, above all men, how profoundly ignorant of all knowledge of correct drawing, and of the true principles of Art, from want of proper and previous education, are the bulk of English aristocratic travellers.

I do really hope, my dear Haydon, that you will be induced to make a dash again at something great, instead of lecturing about. *Print and paint*—for after all, by lecturing you are only teaching others what you can best do yourself—and gain at the same time the honour, which may otherwise be seized by somebody else, and you yourself forgotten.

Besides, the finest lesson of all is a picture. I have heard of you, and of the wealthy Duke, your patron. He is a narrow, selfish man, or he would part with a drop out of his oceans of wealth to secure you tranquillity, and give the country a chance of seeing what a man they possess in you, and what you could do with your mind free from harassing anxiety. It would be for the good of the country, for your good, and greatly to his credit. But no; any other extravagance but that. Balls, dinners, fêtes, horses, mistresses, servants, grooms, are all he is capable of. They are all alike—the hereditary law-makers, by whom John Bull is bought and sold, and he deserves it.

You will find Florence a very interesting place; and it is healthy and more cheerful than Rome, and what is a merit with me, it is more free from the low, vain, ignorant Cockney artists who so infest Rome, that I hate the very name of artist, and always say "painter" and "sculptor," as the old ones did. My great resource and constant companion is Dante. He is a world of himself, or rather three worlds, and what worlds! I am acquainted with the Buonarroti (descendants of Michel's brother), who still keep up the house of the great man. Michel Angelo was never married. He used to go to bed in his boots! so Condini says. Adieu! my dear Haydon. If you fear for Eastlake's nerves, do all you can to strengthen them. He does not want courage, but his heart is kind, and he may be biassed. It is dangerous to have too much humanity and generosity.

Ever yours,

SEYMOUR KIRKUP.

From HAYDON.

MY DEAR KIRKUP,

London, 18th January, 1842.

Your letter has brought a pulsation to my heart. There is nothing like an old friend. It is impossible to have such associations with *nouveaux venus*! And are you fifty-three? Only three years younger than me. Why, you old veteran! Have you a beard? are you bald? are you grey? You ask me if my mind or eyes are affected. My mind, my dear fellow, is more vigorous than ever. My eyes have never been ill since I married, and my general health has never been so strong. I have not had one day's serious illness for twenty-three years. For any great public work I am more fit than when you knew me: tempered by misfortune and corrected by adversity, my mind I trust is more attuned. But the great overwhelming Curse of English Art is still erect, and nourished by its own intrigues. All the good done, all the benefits obtained for the English people has been disputed, thwarted, harassed, intrigued against by the portrait-painting Hydra! Backed by the vanities, the ignorance, the folly, and the sympathies of the aristocracy, it baffles every proposition for the enlightenment of the people inch by inch, and inch by inch shall it be fought out to the last gasp.

Is there another nation in Europe which exhibits such an anomaly? Here is a people boasting of its liberty and its "*Habeas Corpus*," from sheer contempt of taste and refinement suffering itself to be trampled on, stamped on, and defied by a nest of portrait painters, because, out of their sphere, they are too contemptible as a body to have any influence on commerce or the price of the Stocks! The genius of the country in Design is kept down by these people, though it is forcing up itself rapidly; and now, when at last the greatest moment since Edward III. is opening upon us, and by the introduction of fresco a wholesome state of Design would infallibly be introduced amongst us, the Royal Academicians, knowing their own incompetence, are opposing it! But the English people are alive to the truth; and if fresco fail, I will hold up the Royal Academy once more to the disgust of Europe, even if I come down again with more hideous crash than ever; down I will come, sooner than not expose their intrigues.

If Eastlake were independent of others, I know his sense, and heart, and genius too well to doubt his wishes. But he is entrammelled, beset, worried. He is obliged so to steer as to be offensive to no one. I do not care who is offended or p' eased, *so long as the truth be made known*. Why my lectures have been so popular, from the University of Oxford to the humblest Mechanics' Institution, is because I have spoken out the truth, no matter who disliked it. This must and will carry the day at last, and you will live to see it.

Parliament meets in a fortnight. The Commission on the Decoration will meet soon after. So far, they have kept me from examination. They may omit, but they cannot suppress. I foresee that I shall have precisely the same game to play as with the Elgin Marbles--carry the day and be set aside for my pains.

* * * * *

You see, my dear friend, I foresee "a JOB," and if so, I leave the country for ever. The British people are a fine people, but so borne down by the habits of proper submission to authority, that every proposition, independent of some authority, is looked on like the emanation of a lunatic. Genius is an impertinent intrusion on the established order of things. They don't want genius. Property is endangered by an original conception, and the Crown and the Altar will go to rack if a Painter insists that portraits should not be made to stand upon their tiptoes.

But, believe me, this state of things will not last. We stand upon a volcano. And the British people will at length become so enraged at having their genius thwarted, their independence threatened, and their power of advancing side by side with other nations in Intelligence and Art so encumbered by precedent, by authority, by the abuse of law, by the pompous pretences of imbecile power, that up they will burst, by-and-by, with an explosion that will shatter into a thousand fragments all these pretensions, and with them all the relations of society, property, religion, law, and government, *never to be rejoined*. Remember this for, as sure as you and I live, it is coming to pass.

A moral revolution is far advanced. Society dines and dances, grows rich, and goes to Court, and doesn't see it. But it is well on its way. A physical revolution is deferred by the sense a moral revolution engenders; but exactly as the moral

and intellectual revolution advances will the curses of our present unnatural social condition become apparent. As the rich wax richer the poor will lapse into great poverty, capital and labour will quarrel, trades will fly the country—Plutus is a timid god—and in a little time down it will all come, my dear friend, with a crash that will echo to another planet.

You are a Radical. I am not. I have always been a Reformer. But because I will have an independent thought, the Conservatives swear I am a Radical; and because I wish to preserve our constitution, the Radicals swear I am a Tory. I love the aristocracy of my great country, but I despise the morbid horror they all have of a man enjoying any principle of thought which authority does not sanction. Ignorant of the genius of England, they join when abroad, as a proof of their taste, in all the hue and cry against its talents; attributing the condition of High Art to natural defect and not to local obstruction. How can any man feel anything but disgust at such levity?

In any other country in Europe such pictures as I have painted for the honour of English Art—‘Solomon,’ the ‘Jerusalem,’ ‘Lazarus,’ ‘Dentatus,’ and ‘Xenophon,’—would have been secured in a great Public Gallery, and have kept me in constant employment.

Here in England I have now been thirty-eight years in the Art, and out of those years I have been twenty-two years without any commission whatever! For the last six years I have only had two orders from the aristocracy—small sketches, thirty guineas each!

Two noble Lords,* who all their lives had preached against pictures life-size, went to Paris not long since, and brought back with them two works of De la Roche, *life-size*! The press said that “no Englishman could paint such works.”

I wrote to one of the noble Lords, and I offered to paint a picture the same size, the same sort of subject, at the same price; and I engaged to beat it. He declined “*for the present*”! Thus, after preaching against great works, he goes abroad and violates his own law, and then refuses his own countryman the opportunity he grants to a Frenchman.

And this is the encouragement the nobility give to your

Attached friend,

B. R. HAYDON.

From KIRKUP.

MY DEAR HAYDON,

Florence, 20th February, 1842.

Your account of yourself is very inspiring as to your powers and health, but I see that your energies have been so absorbed by your studies in painting, that you are led by the nose as a citizen and a man. What is to be hoped for a country when such a mind as Haydon's floats in the wake of such a *craft* as Peel? An Arch-Ambiguity! A Tory who is ashamed of being so, and calls himself a "Conservative Reformer"! A second-rate man, of a third-rate age; with no real power, except as a debater; a man who betrayed the Chartists, by whose support he got in on the pretext of the Poor Laws; who betrayed the Orangemen on the "Scorpion Bill," and who means to betray the landlords on the Corn Laws. Don't talk to me of Sir Robert Peel, and what he will do for Art. Nothing can be hoped for in a country of Peelercraft, priestcraft, and portraitercraft. His "Royal Commission" will end in a job, of vulgar common thoughts, and the only man *I* thought likely to do something of energy and national character—and who shall be nameless—will most likely be left out, as he was in the Report, unless he stoops to flatter the man in power.

Is it true that Peel swindled you of a picture of Napoleon at your whole-length price, and refused you what you required, or to return it? —, who is here, tells me he had the story from Wilkie, who was a matter-of-fact person, and not given to exaggeration.

If you love the aristocracy of England, it is more than the aristocracy does you, or anything but its empty, ignorant, trifling self. What—*not one in the whole land* to take a man of genius by the hand, relieve him of his miserable pecuniary anxieties, and help him to do something for the honour of the country? But with all their vast wealth, to stand by and see such a man struggle and suffer in mind and body all through his life, when a mere drop out of their superabundant millions would have placed him in freedom and independence, have released his mind from the grasp of poverty, and have set him free to conceive and paint his great and glorious designs!* No,

* "Their superabundant millions!" Although individual noblemen appear very wealthy, the fact that the nobility generally are once again settling their sons in "trade," does not look like superabundant "millions" being common.

no, my dear Haydon, believe it not. Your darling aristocracy have neither love for your Art, nor for you. Would they have left you for thirty years without a commission if they had? They do not care a "straw" for you, perhaps would rather be without you, as your situation is a reproach to them; and if you persist in living in spite of them, they will let you live till you die, at length, from want of the common necessities of life. Then they will attend your funeral, as an excitement, and cheerfully (of course) subscribe a small sum towards the support of your widow, "out of respect for her husband's talents." This is what they always do in the case of men like yourself, and they will do it in your case. Leave the country; leave the country, my dear old friend, and come to Italy.

I have been round to visit the frescoes in the churches, and have examined them well. The old ones, Giotto, Gaddi, Giotto, Spenello, &c., painted with less body of colour I think, because the rough sandy texture of the wall is apparent all through, but their colours were not our water-colours, transparent. They always used earth and white, and the lights are touched on the local colour. They are body colours, not at all washy, and perhaps not much thinner in quantity than the more modern works, for the ground may have been smoother in the latter, and that would give the appearance of more impasto, which they certainly have—Massaccio for instance. He not only has none of the gritty mealy surface of a rough wall, but his paint is in sufficient body to show the tooth of the brush. He has, too, a very deep rich tone (which the earlier frescoes want in general; they are too cold, though often harmonious), and I really think he even has more body of colour than Andrea del Sarto, or Pocetti, or Pietro da Cortona. There are specimens (the 'Sei Cento') wherein they have returned again to the roughness of the lime wall, very sketchy and clever, and almost in the style of Boucher and the loose French School. There is much to be learned even from the inferior painters.

I repeat, the oldest frescoes are painted with body colour, not glazed and the wall left for the lights; not even in the architecture or light parts of the background or drapery; all painted, but the surface of the rough wall, looking a little

One question certainly seems to arise out of this new view of "*noblesse oblige*." How many generations in Trade are required before a titled nobleman may be considered to have forfeited his Title?—ED.

mealy, telling through the paint more than in the later works of Massaccio.

Addio, ever yours,

SEYMOUR KIRKUP.

From KIRKUP.

MY DEAR HAYDON,

Florence, 12th June, 1842.

In England taste in Art is as corrupt as the electors. What honours were ever bestowed on Flaxman, Fuseli, Stothard, West, &c.? Formerly a man was ennobled for real service to the State; but now a sneaking courtier, a spy, a diplomate, or an intriguing lawyer may be made a peer of any rank from the highest to the lowest. And Sir Peter Paul, Sir Anthony, and Sir Joshua were not even made baronets, fashionable and rich as they were! Think how an empty-headed guardsman turns up his nose at such a *fellow as you!*

I wish you success with your cartoons and frescoes. You are the man for all eyes to be turned on now. *But you will stand no chance* against the First Lord's or a Minister's protégé. You'll see. It will end in a job!

Flaxman was once offered one from compassion, if he had no objection to execute a design of Westmacott's. Flaxman modestly declined, and said he feared he could not do justice to Mr. Westmacott's thoughts! I wish you better luck. I would not be in Eastlake's shoes for 1000*l*. They'll work him. He'll suffer from pressure above and pressure below, and all *his* gain will be loss of time and tranquillity. His masters will sacrifice him without any remuneration, except the honour, which they will think quite enough: and the Lord defend him from the disappointed.

Amen, and good night!

Ever yours, late and early,

SEYMOUR KIRKUP.

From HAYDON.

MY DEAR KIRKUP,

London, 23rd June, 1842.

I verily believe I shall not be able to attend to a cartoon. How can I, with two boys, one at Cambridge, who has just won

a scholarship by being first prizeman in mathematics at Jesus College, Cambridge, and another in her Majesty's navy? After being thirty-eight years fighting the battle of Art how can I be expected to compete when I ought to be commissioned, and to devote *six months* for the chance of a prize? It is not just, but this is always the way in England. The error lies deep: the want of Art education at college. The young men of rank and means come out of college as ignorant of Art as they go in. When in Parliament, when members of committees they have not knowledge to come to a decision, and they are always putting off the evil day, by schemes to elicit some hidden wonder, to excuse themselves in the mean time from coming to the point. By starting premiums for next year they have no occasion to give commissions for this; and next year, when commissions ought to follow, oh, no, the Royal Academy will advise another trial, because it is not judicious to conclude by only one! Thus, I, who would try to get a prize, in the hope of a commission, will be baffled for another year, lest my merit be accident and not desert. In character with my convictions of Academic intrigue, I need not tell you that the members are averse to fresco, because fresco requires drawing, and because no member knows how to practise it. Eastlake at this moment has not a bed of roses. The Academy says, "How can Mr. Eastlake answer to the Academy?" Answer for what? For the crime of recommending a style the Academy is founded to encourage. Everything that escapes from these men shows how just is my distrust.

I see and am convinced there exists the intention to leave me out, exactly as they are convinced I ought to be brought in.

The Royal Commission has no idea of the skill of the Royal Academy. In diplomacy, in skill for intrigue, in ability for taking advantage of the ignorance of the upper classes, in tact for playing upon their vanity by that greatest farce in Europe—the annual dinner—they are matchless. Only think of the Lord Chancellor, the Prime Minister, peer and patron, gushing over with enthusiasm with four wretched whole-lengths occupying the four centres! Can any good come out of such a Nazareth? This cartoon-scheme is intended to take the British School at a disadvantage; and if it fail, in will come

the Germans. That is the real object of Prince Albert, and of all.

I thank God with all my heart that I have lived to see State support and drawing begun. My business is over *perhaps*. But I fear the inveterate selfishness of the portrait painters. I really fear the whole thing will eventually be burked and prostrated by portrait gossip. Every Academician who paints a nobleman gains a vote for his side of Art. Wilkie acknowledged to me that there was a dread of High Art amongst them. Consider that this little nest of forty men without a charter stood out against reform, said they would not yield, and did not yield, when King, Lords and Commons were forced to yield. Show me such another specimen of pluck.

I have sent two historical pictures to the Exhibition of this year. They have hung them well, but would rather be without them. Never was the historical painter in a more unbecoming place than in the English Exhibition. Above my picture stands a lady in velvet: on the right, a view of Kensington gravel pits; on the left, a favourite pony; and below, some dead mackerel; in the midst stands my 'Samson and Delilah:' and Samson, of course, looked like a maniac. And well he might!

Of my 'Mary of Guise,' they say the infant is not an "aristocratic one!" What of that? Do aristocratic babies never wet their napkins? Are they above digestion and its consequences, and do they smile with superior condescension and polished grace at a dose of castor oil? What next!

Your account of Rossetti is delightful. I will get to know him. But is his theory of Dante sound? Good Lord! how many theories have I read! I hate notes, theories, readings, new and old. Text is enough for subject and painter.

I have had two tons of lime buried, but no one has followed my example, and no one else has attempted a fresco. Mine stands gloriously well. But, my dear friend, the spaces in the new House are 15 feet by 10. It is not half enough for fresco. I propose to illustrate the best government to regulate without cramping the liberties of mankind by a series of historical facts from the history of the world. They say that is allegory. I say the principle is abstract; but facts to illustrate it are not allegory.

I fear our friend Eastlake corresponds too often with Over-

beck, Schnorr, and Cornelius. He certainly has a German bite. He is for bending the stick the wrong way to make it straight; I am for straightening it without bending. I am for adding what we want, as I did to him, and to Lance, and the Landseers, and others; that is the true way to reform, not by losing what is excellent, and adding only what is problematical. They will not ask me, from a cowardly fear of the Academy, though the whole scheme is based on my evidence in 1836. If they would give me power I would change the whole school and raise a race of designers. But there are men in the world who enjoy a particular felicity in baffling the particular desire of any of their species, especially if he deserves to gratify it.

God bless you, my dear Kirkup! Ever yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

From HAYDON.

Painting Room, 26th June, 1842.

Here I am, my dear Kirkup, my picture before me nearly finished, the sun shining on my "ébauche" in fresco, which stands gloriously well, with Vasari, Cennini, Ammenini, and Heaven knows how many other "inis," on my table; and shall I confess to a hearty, old, and sincere Radical, no confidence in the prospect or promise of anything in England? You remember my early devotion, sincerity and eagerness in the cause of Art. You know that "self" was never my feeling. You remember my object was the Art at the expense of my own interest, and careless of it; you remember what I knew, what I discovered, what I acquired I had no pleasure in retaining, but in communicating. Eastlake was my first pupil. The very first hand he ever drew he brought to me. I watched over him like a brother, guided his studies, lent him my dissections, and this he always acknowledges. What I did for him I did to others—Edwin Landseer, Thomas and Charles Landseer, Lance, Prentice, Bewick, &c., &c., in short, no young artist ever was turned from my door who wanted help in art; and what is more, help in money, at least to one you know of.—Dentatus, Macbeth, Solomon, and Jerusalem—before you left England, were enough to establish my knowledge, my principles, and the capacity of an Englishman as to High Art.

Since then my 'Eucles,' 'Xenophon,' 'Christ Blessing the Children,' 'Lazarus,' the 'Mock Election,' 'Punch,' and other works, would have confirmed your early impressions and have proved them right. You know that although Fuseli, West, Barry, Flaxman, and Hussey, had devoted themselves to the cause of High Art, none had so completely laid it open to the public mind as I had. None had identified the art and the public together so deeply as myself; and notwithstanding the outcry about my writing—my writing!—you know I got at the public in a way, and interested them to a degree that no other artist had ever done before me. Finding from indisputable evidence that the advance of High Art was obstructed by a body which pretended to assist it, I attacked and exposed their imbecility and intrigues, and by proving the weakness and treachery of the constituted authorities, the aristocracy in art, I roused the anger of the aristocracy in the nobility. After every variety of fortune, suffering, and torture, in which my great pictures were painted, I brought this constituted authority before a Parliamentary Committee, and I proved all I had asserted. In my evidence I laid down a plan for a Head School of Design, with branch schools. I laid down a plan for adorning the Houses of Parliament, and I proposed a public system of reward. Well! what happens? A School of Design is appointed, and Eastlake, my own pupil, recommends another man (Byce) to lead it, and of whom the world knew little. A Committee is formed to consider my proposal of adorning the Houses in consequence of my petition to the Building Committee, and I am not even sent for, consulted, or examined. My pupil is selected for examination, and others taken as authorities on the question under inquiry—men whose ignorance was apparent—and thus I am left, after being the main instrument, unselected, unnoticed, and unsought. . . .

Oh, no! my dear old friend, never expect one who has ruffled the nap of the aristocratic principle the wrong way will be allowed to smooth it down again, smooth he ever so delicately. But after thirty-eight years of devotion to my art, they call on me to sacrifice six months of precious time to compete for the chance of getting a boy's prize! I thank God, as I have told you, that I have lived to see the day when drawing is acknowledged as necessary by a Royal Commission; but I do not thank God for the partiality, for the fears, for the want of

discrimination I see everywhere. If I do not try, it will be said, "Haydon shrinks in the day of trial after all his outcry!" Does he? Try I will; try I must! But recollect I shall sacrifice my boys, my wife, myself, and be rewarded again with imprisonment in the King's Bench.

When I am again in prison, I may fall ill, I may die; and then the aristocracy will be relieved of the nuisance of my existence. Then what will happen will be—"Oh! now the man is gone, it is not fair his wife should suffer. Oh, no!" Subscriptions may procrastinate the retirement of my dear wife to a Whig union, and when these means are exhausted, "a refuge for the destitute," my Lord will say, as he drives to a Queen's ball, "is provided for such cases; what can she do better than go in?" Voilà la farce finie! This is High Art in England.

You say, "All eyes will be turned to me!" My dear Kirkup, you should have added, "And all pockets will be turned from you!" I shall get nothing, and as I have no income at present, Sir Robert will have hard work to get an income-tax out of me. I shall say, as Horne Tooke said to the income-tax commissioners, "Gentlemen, I have no income." "No income, Mr. Tooke; then how do you live?" "Why, gentlemen, there are but three ways—begging, stealing, or borrowing; which do you think is the most likely source for me?"

God bless you! Ever yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

From KIRKUP.

MY DEAR HAYDON,

Florence, 6th August, 1842.

What you foretell is most likely to come to pass. *You will be burked.*

I perfectly see what you remark of our friend. You must work steadily on, and depend upon *no one*. I don't think writing does a man any good; it rather does harm. It is laughed at and, indeed, often deserves it. It is so difficult to address the public about oneself. No, the only means for a painter to make any impression, are his works. Leave writing to the snobs and penny-a-liners. They are more used to the

writing-tools after all. Look what a hand Severn has made of it. Is it advisable to proclaim to the world that painters have had no schooling? That they can only produce the vilest slip-slop? No grammar, no construction, not a respectable sentence. Ignorant as the English nobility are, they must sneer at that. You complain of Severn leaving you out; but you would have had more reason if he had put you in. It was a mere puff to draw attention and get a job. It is all about himself, and very little about fresco. Besides, *your* name would not have answered his purpose. It would have been a damper for him with the Royal Academy, towards which he may have some pretensions.

I have just seen the 'Art Union' account of the Exhibition. What fulsome trash! Vulgar, common-place praise, and ignorant, impertinent blame. All party spirit. How much better you are out of it all, standing alone! You would be much better here if fortune had favoured you, ever so slightly, as she has done me. I advise you to keep clear of them all, and do something to show the world and shame them. But avoid answering attacks, losing time and reputation. The only answer is a cartoon or a picture. Any other, and they triumph. The fact is, those can write who can't paint. Now you, who can do both, are, and ought to be, above writing. Besides, your style does not suit the country; you are too enthusiastic for a book-maker, and so sincere as to become distrusted, if in the least carried away by your subject and the strength of your convictions.

Pens play the devil with us.

If you want a smooth surface for your fresco, rub it with a sheet of paper under your trowel, or your hand, which is better.

Ever yours, dear Haydon,

SEYMOUR KIRKUP.

From HAYDON.

MY DEAR KIRKUP,

London, 16th August, 1842.

I cannot help believing it was Eastlake's fault I was not examined. I trust he is sincere. He keeps many things from me which I get from others to whom he has communi-

cated: this is not open. But perhaps I am over-suspicious. As he looked at my fresco one day he said, "You will be examined next meeting; keep quiet, and let things take their course." I did so. As the time approached, he hints, "no more examinations will take place." As he was preparing the Report he kept saying, "I shall take up the Fuseli School, including you as one." I said, "If you imagine my principles of dissection and drawing were Fuseli's, you are wrong; I brought them up with me to London before I had seen Fuseli; and Fuseli, moreover, knew nothing of either. They are my own, derived from the Italian School; and by educating you, the Landseers, Lance, Bewick, and others, I have laid a foundation, the credit of which nothing can deprive me of." I told him also, "The plan for adorning the House is mine; the School of Design is mine. Do you justice in your Report to these facts." No, my dear Kirkup, he could not screw his courage up to the sticking-point. The fear of the Academy, of the aristocracy, of the artists, and of his own interests prevailed; and though he acknowledges all, out comes the Report, with a series of inferior allusions that interferes not with academic predominance. Oh, Kirkup! Bruyère's opinion of his species is exquisite; Swift's not half filthy enough; Byron's too liberal; and Timon's generous in the extreme. I see clearly his object. It is to keep me quiet, to keep me out of the public mind, and, when the time comes, to lament that I am not now followed by crowds, that I am old, that I am a veteran. I see it all! I see it all!

I would glory at this moment in going upon a public stage, with a bit of white chalk and a black-board, to meet Cornelius, and contest with him on the naked figure.

I will tell you something that will amuse you, as you are a Radical. A member of the Reform Club asked me if I would paint a panel in their Hall in fresco. I offered to do it for nothing, but if successful, I was to be employed on the whole Hall. I wrote out my plan, which was to illustrate the principles of Liberty, and to begin by a beautiful figure of Liberty. Meantime, a "job" was set afloat to introduce instead a series of Whig portraits. My offer was deferred. A head of Lord Holland was done by a man named Ponsford, and let in. It looks, I assure you, more like wood than the panel itself. And then they put in four infants to represent the arts of Design, in

bastard fresco-like *flamingo*. And this is how they illustrate their principles!

Oh, my dear friend, as to **** * of Rome—what a twaddle it is! She sent for him and, in a long conversation, said, “What we fear of fresco, Mr. ****, is that we shall lose our custom!” John from Rome told me this in his innocence. He promised to call, but was taken ill at the bare thought. I called yesterday; when I saw him, he was planning a head-dress for Lady Marian Alford, for the “Bal Costumé.” He twaddled away for two hours. The only thing he was ever fit for was a wet-nurse to Keats. It is to be regretted he did not advertise the continuance of his calling. He is just the man for the aristocracy—men and women. The women treat him as if he was harmless—as they did Lawrence—and the men as if the women had told them so.

You ask me about the ‘—— —.’ This monthly journal was started when my success in lecturing rendered a counterpoise necessary. It was started by print-sellers; and the editor, a poor devil of a hireling writer, one of those who begin life with pure aspirations and honourable principles, but whom poverty has compelled to lie for their bread—the English press is full of such—wrote to me to help him with the publication, which I declined, unless the Academy were opposed. He published part of my *private* letter, apologised; and subsequently attacked me, and said that I took “fees” for a pupil. It was not true. I met him in public, and I told him it was a “falsehood.” He said, “Don’t repeat it.” “Repeat it,” I said, “once is enough.” I expected a challenge, but none came. His valour oozed out in his Journal by calling me a “quack;” and now he always leaves me out, or always abuses me.

Make your mind easy about my writing; I am too much up to my neck in work. But difficulties now will begin to come, because all this time nothing is earning. It is cruel to try the spirit of a blood horse, because they know he will run while a drop of blood remains in his heart. I will not take an inferior station in the House, and the superior one they will never give me. So, perhaps, I shall end my days in Italy. It is curious that Keats should have said, “Our brazen tombs will lie together.” I have had this feeling always, and so had he. As soon as my boys can take care of themselves fifty pounds will bring me out, and out I will come; and I trust in

God to paint 'The Crucifixion' the full size, as big as the Tintoretto, and thus leave something in that classic land which will not be allowed to rot in a ware-room. The world—particularly the English world—have a demoniac delight in preventing a man accomplishing what they know he is fit for.

Though I know fresco will bring the English School right, and will counterpoise the evils of portrait manufacture, yet I agree with you as to its wretched deficiencies of colour. Already the poor devils here are racking their brains to prevent the lime drying under two or three days, and by artificial means lessening the causticity of lime; thus anticipating time. Already jobbing chemists, jobbing colourmen, jobbing members, and jobbing lords are teeming with propositions and schemes and plans to turn the stream of public money into their private channels. But was it not so in Egypt, in Greece, and in Italy? and will it not be so always? In all human affairs fraud will creep in; and if it has the same effect upon your temper as upon your convictions, it will have the same effect upon your interests. The art of winking is the art of rising in the world.

We have had the devil to pay at Manchester, but there are no asses like the masses. The English are the greatest cowards on earth *against the Law*; one round of grape settles it all. But they are the victims of rascals. You abuse the Tories. Listen to the following: I painted lately a public picture of the Abolitionists. I put a man in the foreground group—a good orator, with a good head. My employer, a noted Radical, made me take this man out from the foreground, because he had once stolen sixty pounds from his employers. This summer my patron puts up this very thief to contest a borough, *knowing his character!* What do you think of that? Perhaps you will say, "He is worthy of the House." That won't do. After the Reform Bill it is not clear corrupt sources do not produce clear streams, and *vice versa*. We were furious for the abolition of Old Sarum, and what have we got? Ten-pound freemen, who boast of being bribed to vote. You have got rid of a rotten borough which often sent forth honourable and talented men, and you have established sound boroughs, as you call them, but more rotten than the rottenest!

God bless you!

Ever thine, in water and wine,

B. R. HAYDON.

From KIRKUP.

MY DEAR HAYDON,

Florence, 22nd October, 1842

I have absolutely nothing new to tell you. All your questions about fresco are answered. Go on, and show them that your drawing has not left you. The cartoons *are the thing*. Do not write about them; it will only hurt you. Look at Severn. Depend upon it, my good old friend, the less a painter prints the better. Eastlake has produced some very useful books, and in capital style, but his one little picture of 'Christ' has done more for him than a magazine full of authorship. A painter's picture cannot always be smuggled out of sight. Your cartoons must be in the public eye for a certain time. Let not your powers in form and action be annulled by some *childish* neglect of proportion. I say childish, because often a child or a bumpkin has hit at once on a *fault* in works of great power and genius, and of the highest qualities, which they were wholly unable to distinguish, but a short leg or a long throat they detect at first sight, and then—"HE CAN'T DRAW!" How often have I seen this happen with the greatest works. Your countryman, Mr. Hart, seemed to me to be on that scent when he was here, and of course any enemy will.

What I think about fresco is its want of the crimson principle. A very little will do, no doubt, but some is indispensable to harmony. You would feel the want of it in an imperfect rainbow. Green, blue, violet, yellow, brick, make but a cold, lame whole. It is like painting on delf. Even ancient china is often defective; but modern chemists have found a mineral composition which becomes lake by burning, with all the varieties of madders, &c., and never changes after. I believe it is a preparation of gold. Have it inquired into; if expensive, remember that very little would serve, with help of the red earths and chemical combinations used in fresco. What has stood fire will stand lime.

As for finishing frescoes in distemper, it is not worth mentioning. You may as well paint in distemper at once. The cartoons have not stood so badly, considering how they have been used.

Are you aware that you may, in the fifth hour, glaze your fresco? The surface will be hard enough to take it safely if

done with a light hand, and not later, and the setting will still take hold of your glaze and fix it.

If you mean your picture to last, choose a subject in favour of LIBERTY and of human rights, and not of slavish degradation. God bless you, and keep you from those you admire—your mean, ignorant aristocracy—who with one drop out of their oceans of wealth, plunder, might have placed your name on a level with Buonarroti, for the honour of their country. Now they can't find a painter to cover decently a couple of rooms for them.

Ever, my dear Haydon,

SEYMOUR KIRKUP.

From HAYDON.

MY DEAREST OLD FRIEND,

London, 5th November, 1842.

Eastlake's Report is the Report of the Commission, with an introduction by our friend. He has little original power of thinking, and is never, probably, in his element unless he leans on somebody. As editor, notist, or translator he is invaluable, but when he starts a theory, and tries to prove it, he gets out of his depth. All his materials about fresco are exquisitely useful, but naturally he burkes me. . . . We have not quarrelled—we cannot do so, I esteem him too much—but he is not English enough, and is bitten too deep by German medievalism. I dare say you *have* heard a good deal of MacIise; he is a nice fellow, but vicious beyond bearing—German, copper, marble in flesh, Teutonic in expression, with no elevation in character, and, in the naked, ignorant. In his 'Hamlet,' Laertes, I think, showed a bit of a knee, in which I caught him. When the knee is square, the ankles turn obliquely out. This is the test in drawing, and this test he could not stand. He is a sort of puff in the Exhibition. But he has considerable ability. The knowledge of the naked in the Art is not at all advanced. It is not sought so much as in our time. Now it's all jack-boots, buff coats, cuirass, ruff and stuff—like an old costume shop in Wardour Street. When Eastlake came to see my fresco, he said, with an air, "The naked won't be much wanted." I will let them see a fresco with the naked, they may rely on it, or none at all.

I must tell you a good thing. Eastlake said to me, while sitting with him, "I am convinced you might play your game over again with the Academy; even Sir Martin might be got over!" This was a feeler. A few days after, Collins called and said, with a knowing look, "I really think you ought to join us; *your pen might be of use to the Academy!*" I made no reply, and he seemed touched, and said he called by "accident." Upon my life this is delicious! My "*pen*" of use to the very men it brought before a Parliamentary Committee! And they really think I will compromise my character by such a bait! As I have lived, my dear Kirkup, so will I die.

Ever yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

From KIRKUP.

MY DEAR HAYDON,

Florence, 9th February, 1843.

I have lately found out a wonderful bit of colour in a back room in the palace. It is a man's portrait painted on a tile in fresco, and finished in oil, at least, so it appears, for one can only judge from the look; as it is forbidden to touch, and impossible to have it down, I don't know how the *material* can be known, without an analysis of chemistry. And, even then, suppose a *tempera* picture finished with oil colours! It appears to me that the first painting must absorb so much of the oil of the glazing colours that it will be mixed with oil all through. Mr. Wilson, who was sent out by the Commission for the New Houses, was "pronouncing" upon all he saw, but I could get no reason or foundation for his assertions, except "the thinness of some colours proved they were distemper"; as if there was no thin painting in oil, or thick in *tempera*! But to return to this tile. It kills all the pictures around it for warmth, transparency, and harmony, and there is a 'Sebastian del Piombo' at the side which looks cold and black in comparison. The texture, too, is capital, and the thing something between Rembrandt and Titian, although I believe only a Giovanni di S. Giovanni (Florentine School), for there is no name to it. *Incog.*

I recommend you to try a *bit* in this way. It may strike the world as a new thing and captivate all parties. . . . I have

also just found out a clever picture in a frame about Kit-Cat size, which is in fresco by the Volterrano, and instead of being painted on a canvas, it is on a bit of matting on a very strong and stretching frame. It answers perfectly; and why not, when all the ceilings in Florence are of the same material? But I never saw it before used for a picture. The straining frame has behind many thick bars of wood.

As to the cartoon competition, I don't think there will be much from any quarter for *you* to fear. You alone ought to be enough to prevent all idea of German interference.

They never dare call in Germans to decorate the British Houses of Parliament? No, no! the people would not stand that. It would be better to paper the walls.

I think, too, that the cost of the decorating these rooms should not fall on the taxpayers. Why do not the noble and chosen masters of them subscribe 50*l.* a-piece among themselves? What would 50*l.* be to men who spend 5000*l.*, and up to 50,000*l.* for a seat in Parliament? Six hundred of them at 50*l.* a-piece would raise 30,000*l.*, and half the money would pay the cost handsomely. But no, they'll never do it. What can be expected of men who loaded us with our National Debt in order to crush liberty abroad, and raise first Napoleon and then the Holy Alliance? And what cards had not George III.! Think of it. America and a small debt, and what is it now? Eight hundred millions of debt, and a great commercial rival!

I never will believe that the Tories, as men of business, are one bit better than the Whigs. Look at them putting India under Lord Ellenborough! Look at his "Gates!" Look at the guns and baggage lost, after all, disgracefully on the retreat!

But I forget—I am speaking to a Tory; yet it is not your true nature. You have been bought by Sir Robert Peel, who, although you beg me not to repeat Wilkie's assertion that he "swindled" you out of your 'Napoleon,' nevertheless condescended to give you rather less than he knew was your price for the picture—owing to a mistake, poor man, which was not his fault, and which he could not *afford* to rectify, as he only had 40,000*l.* a-year of his own, so he was forced to adhere to the mistake—and as you were in want you were forced to take what you could get, although he had your word that you did

not intend to paint such a picture for such a low price. But what can you expect? The magnifici in this country were always in the habit of paying double when they were satisfied. Peel is highly satisfied, and pays you one-fifth of the picture's value, and that is the difference between the modern English and the old Italian patron. Though happily not always. There is a Mr. Beaumont in your country, who has given a sculptor 500*l.* a-year to help him on, and who allows a young painter 300*l.* a-year for six years to study fresco, and has promised him immense commissions at the end of that time. There is a noble patron of Art, if you please.

Ever yours,

SEYMOUR KIRKUP.

From HAYDON.

MY DEAR OLD BOY,

London, 26th May, 1843.

The Exhibition is as usual. Eastlake has a sweet picture; Severn, a bad one; Shee, a beauty; Turner, a "palette." "*Tournez par çà, tournez par là, c'est la même chose.*" If the hangers were to hang them upside down no one could discover it. There is a 'Plague,' dying of hot colour, and a 'Battle of Waterloo' which requires a volley of musketry to make it warm. They are grey landscapes and green ones; ghosts from Dante, as heavy as a horseguardsman's flesh can make them; a lady in white satin on one side of the flames of the Inferno and a lady in something else on the other. There are queens, and dukes, and baronets, and horses, and dogs, all full of talent, misdirected, misemployed, misapplied.

In the Exhibition I was presented to a great Lady. After the usual courtesies, she said, "Are you, indeed, the Mr. Haydon who painted the 'Lazarus'?" "Yes, madam." "Dear me! I thought you were an old decrepit man." "You do me honour, but I have not yet arrived at that distinguished stage." "Ah, ah! 'Lazarus' is a wonderful head. I always said so. I always told poor dear — so, and he would confirm what I say. I always said it was exactly like old Colonel Carnae, of the 17th Dragoons. I did, indeed!"

And for these critics we have taken Westminster Hall to show them cartoons! All that will be said will be, "How like

Clara about the mouth?" "Do you think so?" "And how like papa about the eyes, but not so like about the chin," &c. Yet, despair I not. To discover resemblances is the first step; the next to detect differences, and the last to discover beauties and thoughts.

Believe me, &c.,

B. R. HAYDON.

From KIRKUP.

MY DEAR HAYDON,

18th June, 1843.

Your two letters I have received since I last wrote, for which I am obliged, as they are curious hints of what is going on in England. I wish you success with all my heart, but I don't expect it, however superior your merits. The fact is, England is rotten; nothing but corruption, intrigue, and money getting. John Bull, in addition, seeks to become diplomatic, and it neither becomes him nor succeeds with him.

When the Commons of England went by appointment to congratulate Prince Albert on his marriage he sent them away with an excuse that he was engaged in receiving the "Corps Diplomatique," and they must come another day! *Which they did!* . . .

You say you cannot believe Eastlake "a traitor"—his face "is philosophy and amiableness personified." Can you read so clearly? I can only say look at his actions through life. Whom has he ever betrayed? His advice to me has always been the best, and I have often regretted not following it. That is the greatest proof of his not only being sincere but judicious.

* * * * *

I am glad to hear of your hopes and doubts, and shall expect in your next some result and decision, but, mark me, I have no confidence whatever in the taste or integrity of your judges. I wish you well out of it; but don't be cast down if you are out-canvassed by the courtiers, or black balled by your old enemies.

And do not expect friends to put themselves out of the way to defend you against impostors and quacks. *You are not rich nor powerful enough to expect fair play.* If you could only give dinners all round to the Royal Academicians! It is so agreeable a duty to enforce justice for a rich man—a thousand

champions in an instant. Human nature is mean enough in general, but in England it is desperately selfish and cowardly.

Adieu !

SEYMOUR KIRKUP,

From HAYDON.

MY DEAR KIRKUP,

London, 27th June, 1843.

How prophetic you are ! Last night, after a hard day's work on 'Alexander killing a Lion,' I was going to bed, when the following touching letter was put into my hands :—

MY DEAR HAYDON,

7 Fitzroy Square, 27th June, 1843.

I have delayed to reply to your note because I had no power to answer your questions at first, and now I can truly say I answer one question most reluctantly. The long and short is that your drawings are not included amongst those that have been rewarded. Whatever you may think of the decision, you will have reason to be gratified with the general merit of the works exhibited. The Exhibition opens on Monday next. There is an advertisement out to-day on the subject.

Yours truly,

C. L. EASTLAKE.

This I anticipated as well as you. Both Secretary and Minister, Commission and Academy, are resolved that B. R. Haydon shall not be encouraged to develop what he himself planned. That he can do nothing worth three hundred, two hundred, or one hundred guineas, so he must say "You are very kind," and make his bow. There exists a resolution to burke me. Not once in the Report is my name or are my efforts for forty years alluded to. A wretched Italian, who failed in a fresco at Moorfields, one of my own father's apprentices in Devon, is spoken of, and Cornelius is petted and nursed ; but, alas ! the rebel who dared to refute authority must not be known to be alive.

It is just the conduct of the Directors of the British Gallery, in 1812, over again, and must be met by the same uncompromising resistance.

As to the head prize given to Mr. Armytage, it is the luckiest and unluckiest decision that ever took place. A law was passed that drawing and proportion would be preferred to *chiaro-oscuro*, and that every figure should be the size of life. Well, close to a 'Comus' of exquisite drawing, worthy of Julio

Romano, hangs a 'Cæsar's Invasion of Britain,' with no drawing, no proportion—clever in *chiaro-oscuro*, its only merit—and with the figures *less* than life size. Yet it is to this work a three hundred guinea prize is awarded. How has this happened? I will tell you. Armytage is a pupil of De la Roche, and De la Roche is a great favourite of the Duke of Sutherland and Lord Francis Egerton. The Duchess of Sutherland is a great favourite with the Queen. The women, as usual, put up Prince Albert, and on going in he said at the Cæsar, "That cartoon is worth 2000*l*!" Sir Robert could not resist. Etty, Westmacott, and Cooke looked down; the Queen, when she came, did the amiable; and so all was made right, and all the *ateliers* of Paris are in the clouds!

But, my dear Kirkup, there is such magnificent drawing in the cartoons as will astonish Europe. I gave three cheers to myself, as I did when the Elgin Marbles got to the British Museum. It was gratifying to me to see the young men crowd round me, saying, "It is all owing to you." Pupils of Hess even came up and congratulated me. It is the repetition of what I tried in 1819, when I had a Cartoon Exhibition by my own pupils in St. James's Street. Crowds of people came there; but the Academy ridiculed it, the Government would not support me, and I had no capital or authority, and of course I was ruined.

A man of rank asked my opinion of Armytage's 'Cæsar,' the head prize. I said, "My Lord, there is not a foot, a hand, a toe, an ear, a knee, a leg, or an arm, in drawing." That was my reply. Do not despair of me. I am *personally hated*. I know it, and I am *not* to be sanctioned officially. But I will fight it out to the last gasp. I am as tough as ever.

B. R. HAYDON.

From HAYDON.

MY DEAR KIRKUP,

13th July, 1843.

I have got to work again, but how long I shall be out of a prison God only knows. I would come to Italy if my boys were only able to take care of themselves. This decision has of course been a serious blow to me. The loss of six months time at fifty-six years of age is no light matter. Yesterday on looking again at the cartoons, and comparing

carefully, I assure you it is my conscientious belief you would decide in favour of mine.

Already the nobility and patrons are beginning to talk their old cant. "What are we to do with so many young men of talent?" "We have no houses to put large pictures in," &c. All the old cant of 1812. The truth, I fear, is they hate grand Art—they have no taste for it, and they hate me for supporting it. I am just now in the same awful condition I was in 1812, when you remember me, with the addition of all the responsibilities of a family. An intimate friend of Peel's told me lately that Peel hated me. The Queen, I know, has never forgiven me for a most unintentional slight on my part, and never allowed me to explain. Royal people occasionally reward fidelity, but they never forgive (apparent) neglect. I declare to you I would rather keep a shop and sell herrings than lead such a hellish life as mine has been for ten years short of half a century.

Infirmities must come on me in a few years, though I do not know. I think I shall stand it out to the last. But how different should I have felt with a three hundred guinea prize in my pocket! Alas, poor human nature! Digestion and success makes us atheists or believers. "We have had enough of Adams and Eves," said some one, of my cartoons. "Yes," thought I, "you have had 5000 years of it at least, but it is not over yet. When will it end?"

However, I must get to work and get over it. How true have your predictions proved of Sir Robert Peel! Like an ass, I told him my income had fallen off 700*l.* at one blow this year. Good-bye! Write soon to me.

Ever yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

From KIRKUP.

MY DEAR HAYDON,

Florence, 25th July, 1843.

It is just as I expected. Have you had enough now of trying for cartoons? I dare say Sir Robert Peel's influence was against you if he knew your mark. His calculating mind is not above an old grudge, whilst his vanity is galled by not meeting with much self-esteem for the part he performed in

the 'Napoleon' transaction—trifling after all—but still enough to show him up. Some people never forgive the injuries they do to others. It is because they are ashamed of having betrayed their meanness or dishonesty.

How glad I am to be out of the turmoil and vortex of your Pandemonium. It would be exciting and interesting, although fatiguing, if there were probity and intellect. But you have ignorance, bad taste, presumption, lucre, bad faith, and every bad passion to contend against, and the certainty almost of seeing imposture succeed and carry away the reward, whilst everything good is trampled down in the scramble.

You have been too long knocked about to be discouraged by the men of chalk and paper. Fire away again, and do something better. Have you no friend to advise with but Eastlake? You always seemed to expect this decision, and you were wrong to try. They wanted only to bring out a young prodigy. It is popular; and they wanted all the credit of discovery, of invention, of novelty, and your ancient claims were against them. They owed you a grudge, too, for your long struggles. When they keep you out of sight they will have all the credit of being the FIRST MOVERS, and besides all this, they propitiated the Royal Academy. Refined games are often baffled. *Vedremo.*

Ever yours,

S. KIRKUP.

From HAYDON.

London, 17th December, 1843.

I have had harder work than during 'Solomon,' for I have had two boys to keep in position as well as myself. I had at the moment several executions hanging over me which they knew, at least Peel did, for I had told him I had lost 700*l.* at one blow, and no doubt he and they thought it a capital moment to finish Haydon. But I rebounded, as I always do, gave a public lecture at the Freemasons' Tavern, which was crowded, and I was cheered from the beginning to the end. Having recovered my energy, which resistance to oppression is sure to generate, I flew to my only comfort, a large canvas, 12 feet by 10; have kept myself standing, and my boys too.

The Queen went to Drayton Manor a short time since, and

was so delighted with my 'Napoleon' she could not eat her dinner! Three orders for small 'Napoleons' three-quarter size came in upon me directly. I painted them in sixteen hours and a half. Then a pupil has joined me, another has followed, and yesterday I painted a small 'Curtius' in seven hours, and begin a fourth 'Napoleon' to-morrow.

"B. R. Haydon begs leave to inform a discerning public that he executes 'Napoleons' of all sizes at a moment's notice at his patent manufactory, 14 Burwood Place.

"N.B.—The boots with Day and Martin's superior shine, as distinguished from the ordinary shine of Napoleon's usual blacking, will be the only extra, for which five guineas more will be charged. Vivat Regina!"

I am told Peel is so annoyed at the price he paid, that when he is asked he always tells the story *against* me. This is a pitiful fact. But the truth will be known some day. Next Monday is Christmas Day. How do you spend Christmas at Florence? Write soon.

Ever yours,

B. R. H.

From KIRKUP.

MY DEAR HAYDON,

Florence, 10th January, 1844.

I thought of Wilkie's anecdote about Sir Robert Peel and your 'Napoleon' picture, when I saw in the English paper the other day, that on the Queen's visit to Drayton, of all the things she was most struck with at Drayton Manor was your picture of 'Napoleon.' And how about the owner of it? He must have regretted more than once his loss of a perfect pleasure in looking at the picture, and of the opportunity of doing, to say nothing about a good action, but a deed of *éclat*.

Had I his fortune you should never have known distress, and I would have done something for England in keeping you in the field. You should have been champion of Design. I am glad you are reaping something; but the fools who employ you in copying (your own works) never reflect how much better employed you would be in making originals. But *pazienza*!

What a pity it is one cannot live with lions! I am obliged to be contented with dogs. But I am very happy, and have every reason to be contented with them. Very superior creatures, certainly.

You ask me how I spent Christmas Day. I had three invitations—two lords. I declined, and dined with a dog on each side as usual, each in his chair like a gentleman. We had haché, soup, a boiled capon, and roast beef. There was mince pie for them and the cook, but I never eat such things. I live very moderately for the sake of health, and I am better in health than when I used to dine at Lord Conyngham's or with the Duke of Hamilton.

From HAYDON.

MY DEAR KIRKUP,

London, 20th January, 1844.

Barry by entering the Academy has injured the very principle he had shaken by his success. He beat the monopoly, and then after beating them after establishing the power and independence of talent, *he goes in!* I told him, "This is the way," and this is ever the way. Napoleon if he had not been "anointed" would have been at the head of France at this moment. A man like myself, who will die as he has lived, is looked on as a fool for his pains, while he who violates the very principle which made him great is flattered as having made a sacrifice "to the established order of things," a "proper tribute to authority and law," and to the "feelings of society," &c. Great God! the humbug and hypocrisy of this England.

Barry is so delightful a creature that one can never be angry with him, but I regret his submission, because his resistance involved a great principle. If *he* had kept out he would have been a *successful* instance, and though I consider that I have kept my ground, I am so mixed up with embarrassment and necessity that on the whole the world thinks I am not a successful evidence of opposition. But I know I am.

I shall not compete in fresco. I have abundance of lime getting ready for myself, and shall bide my time, but as to entering the lists again, I have done. It is clear they will let me have nothing to do with it, and I will wait.

On the 26th December, 1843, the 'Times' repeated that calumny about Sir Joshua not writing his own lectures. I

wrote and refuted it. The 'Times' said, "We see no reason for publishing Mr. Haydon's letter." Now if there was reason to print the calumny there was reason to print the answer. This is the liberty of the press! Since then I have heard from Mrs. Gwatkin, sister to Lady Thomond, and niece to Sir Joshua, and she says he used to walk up and down the drawing-room and repeat his thoughts, then sit down and pen them in the rough copy. Mr. Palmer, his great-nephew, has promised me to see the rough copy. I have sent my reply to the 'Art Union' and the 'Engineer's Journal,' and I shall follow it with the remarks of his relations so as to clench the matter for ever.

Only fancy, not a single one of the "set" called or sympathised or inquired at the result last year! They left me "alone in my glory," and but for a premium with a pupil I should have been in a prison. The English nobility fear the responsibility of supporting High Art, the Academy hate it, and back the fears of the aristocracy; the people alone have a longing for it, and are too poor to gratify their desire.

All that I attacked the Academy for in 1812 is now acknowledged to be just, and the press itself is oozing out my former sentiments. But I shall be dead before it be accomplished. If I die before you, my dear friend, do take care that I may be known by your opinion in foreign journals, and something of my struggles known abroad. It is dreadful to have no great opportunity given me whilst in maturity and to feel bursting for it. They will give me none, because they dread the success which would ensue. Britons never reward genius unless their plum-pudding is in danger, then indeed nothing can exceed their love.

In the political squabbles in this country Art is a bore. The Queen thinks of little but fac-similes of Albert and herself and their babies, and though she was touched at my 'Napoleon,' nothing came of it. Hayter was knighted and turned off. They were tired of him. I wish I was at Florence and Rome. Adieu, my dear old friend! Shall we ever meet again? If you die first leave me enough to keep me out of a Whig union, and if I die before you I will leave all I shall have to leave, my blessing, which will cost you at least no legacy duty. Once more farewell!

Ever yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

To KIRKUP.

Liverpool, 5th April, 1844.

Your letter about the Buonarroti fête in the Palazzo where Michel Angelo lived and worked, touched me deeply. And was this house the Great One's, the great known's house? Did he live in it, and sleep in it, and draw in it? I regret the young Buonarroti is a painter. It won't do after the other. He will always be at a discount, do what he will.

You say they are poor. Is there any chance of the house going from them? Why not publish every scrap of that grand being? Why keep manuscripts and letters hoarded up? I would have everything he said, thought, wrote, or sketched, secured and printed.

It is the land of *Art*. The people have more imagination than reason. When a people have more common sense than imagination, Art struggles and gasps. Such people underrate everything that is not gross and evident. They do not believe painting or poetry can convey instruction, elevation of thought, or example. They would spend the money subscribed for public decoration in a parish dinner to the overseers, or a public dinner to their member, and think it better spent than in the most divine fresco for their church or town hall that human genius could conceive, or human hands execute.

I am here just now digging this into their iron and cotton skulls. I tell them they prefer a Habeas Corpus to a Michel Angelo; I tell them they spend more money on Art with less good result than any two countries in Europe; I tell them they are below all countries in education and taste; I tell them their decoration of the Houses of Parliament will be a "job," a wretched medley of buff coats and costume, like an ancient armour shop in Wardour Street; I tell them it will be the ridicule of Europe, and I laugh at them and abuse them for permitting it, and they thunder at me with applause till the roof echoes again. In fact my home truths seem to afford them a particular delight. The fact is my character is so established for telling all classes the truth, that all classes pay me well to tell it to them. I treat them like children; if they go too soon I say, "Sit still, there is something coming you should hear." I have made naked models wrestle before them. I have preached, talked, drawn for them, and done everything a

man can do. And upon my life they are the same tasteless, ignorant, money-getting beings as ever.

It is now four years since I was at Manchester, and they have retrograded. The school of design I founded (in 1834), with the artist and artisan beginning alike, working up to a certain point, when they diverged to separate studies, has been allowed to sink into a Government school, where this principle is reversed! And yet the Manchester men have a desire for public art, for they gave 4000*l.* to A—— to paint their hall in fresco, and it is “half distemper!” They like to be humbugged, and will be to the end of the chapter.

If I had gone to Italy and settled there after ‘Solomon,’ I would have secured an European fame. I am ashamed to say I begin to regret it. Here it is nothing but a rugged struggle; a monopoly* which hates any art but its own manufacture; an aristocracy who are infants in High Art, who detest the responsibility of nourishing it, and are ever on the watch to get in foreigners, because when done with they can be paid and got out; a people who would rather lose 40,000*l.* in a South American mine nobody ever heard of than devote 5000*l.* to decorations, design, taste, or refinement; and a “society,” who think “very like about the nose; but, ah, there’s a something about the mouth I can’t quite explain,” to be the *ne plus ultra* of refined discovery. Oh, Kirkup, my dear fellow, I am sick. That boy Watts,† I understand, is out, and went out as the great student of the day. Though he came out for Art, for High Art, the first thing the English do is to employ him on *Portrait!* Lord Holland, I understand, has made him paint Lady Holland!! Is this not exquisite? Wherever they go, racing, cricket, trial by jury, fox-hunting, and portraits are the staple commodities first planted or thought of.

Blessed be the name of John Bull!

Did you see Barry’s letter to the Royal Commission on the Decorations?—a perfect *mêlée*, without head or tail, no object, or end, or principle. Surely, my plan, viz., “The best government to regulate without cramping the energies of mankind, and all the subjects to be selected so as to illustrate this great moral and political end, is better and clearer.” And then the ridiculously small size for the frescoes. Westminster Hall is

* The Royal Academy.

† Mr. Watts, R.A.

90 feet high, and he proposes frescoes 15 feet by 10 feet, when Raphael's, in a small room, are 25 feet by 18 feet I should think by the prints, each fresco occupying a side. But here we shall have the fresco sacrificed to heraldic bearings, tessellated tiles, carved oak, and all the endless individuality of Gothic taste. The carvings required by the work have not tended to *advance* Art. Heraldic lions by hundreds, in all the beauty of heraldic nature.

But enough of us. You, in Florence, must be sick enough to hear of it. How I envy you your treasures! A mask of Dante, what a head! Have they no mask of Michel Angelo? Tell me everything about him in your next. What did he eat? how sleep? did he rise early? are there any private note-books, or sketch-books, or studies extant in the family? Ask the Signora Faustina if she remembers my aunt, Mrs. Partridge, at Ardenza, Livorno, who begged of me, years ago, to come out and fall in love with Faustina, who was then a lovely young girl, and make her an offer? What a race the young Haydons would have been with the blood of Michel Angelo mingled with mine! We should all have been shut up, in England, as lunatics. Adieu!

B. R. HAYDON.

From HAYDON.

MY DEAR KIRKUP,

London, 26th June, 1844.

I keep so entirely clear of the modern German insanity going on, I really am losing curiosity. Barry had squared off his spaces for fresco. I have prevailed on him to make nothing *square*, but let the boundaries of the architecture be the frame. I hope he will keep to this. Fresco should grow out of the stone as it were, and be a part of the architecture. I expect nothing but some opportunity to insult me, hoping I may refuse. Eastlake has done his fresco at the summer house, and Etty's has been cut out. He is utterly unfit for fresco. Wilson is getting on with the London School of Design. A figure-master is now added, Herbert. It is better, but still on a wrong principle. I see a mean desire of not raising skilful designers, so that the established artist may not be interfered with. My object was to make "DESIGN" as

cheap as A B C, that the merest door-painter might be able to paint a human figure. The "authorities" (?) in art have thwarted me, and thus a great public benefit is trampled under foot by the pompous pretension of the constituted authorities. In fact, owing to the unreformed condition of that mass of pompous pretension, the Royal Academy, everything for the English people in Grand Art has to be fought inch by inch. Had power been given to me, or capital which is power, I would have swept all opposition aside. I declare to you, if they had given me power *three* years ago, after my fresco on my painting-room wall, I could, by this time, have raised a school that would have done honour to the country. But no. Their object was not to reward matured talent and develop its experience and its spirit; it was how to annoy and mortify the masters in English art by pitting young lads against them.

* * * * *

Horace Vernet called the other day: he is a nice fellow, as active as a grasshopper. He was surprised to find me painting so great a work as 'Uriel,' *not on commission*. I laughed at his simplicity. He stared at my condition. You will hardly believe me when I tell you that now for *seven or eight years* I have not had one single commission from the nobility, large or small.

The people are a fine people, but the aristocracy are not equal to them; and in matters of art the Royal Academy play upon the ignorance of the aristocracy to keep the people without opportunity or sound instruction. But it cannot last long. Adieu. Write soon!

Ever yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

From HAYDON.

MIO CARISSIMO KIRKUPPIO,

London, 6th August, 1844.

The Exhibition of Frescoes is open to us, and this is the style we are to be afflicted with! First, there is the 'povero Italiano,' with a view of Naples, exceeded by any café in Paris. This same man has painted two frescoes already, both of which have crumbled into atoms; and as, in England, a man is generally patronised in proportion as his ignorance

is evident, into this man's hands was put the Palace Summer House and the management of the lime, because all his previous lime and all his frescoes had crumbled to pieces. Luckily, he is not one of the six selected, though it was said "he ought to have been."

With regard to the selected and others, in all the flesh there is not a single cool tint; they look as if they had all been dipped in a tan pit. In Arabia there are two leprosy, the white and the brown—these people have got the brown, you smell it. MacLise (who has literally been the ruin of the art) has a large one; it looks like the shine of a magic lantern, all dark, and glittering in the middle. He will be sure to make a splash, but it will be fatal. Armytage is dreadful. Cope good, but tawdry; the rest, except Dyce, beneath notice. A distinguished German and I met. "How d'ye like the frescoes?" We both looked into each other's eyes to find out each other's thoughts, and then we roared out laughing together.

What the Commission expect from this frightful display I cannot tell. What I expect is clear: utter and disgusting failure; dry, husky, hot flesh, stained to the bone, tremendous blues, faint browns and brick reds, will make up such a nose-gay as old England has never smelt before.

Do not, my dear old friend, suppose that this is disappointed prejudice. It is not—it is my real and decided conviction, founded upon what I see going on before me.

The long peace, the eternal importation of cheap French prints, the continual visits to France and Germany, the folly of young England, and, above all, the lamentable ignorance of the upper classes placed in authority, the apathy of the Royal Academy as to the public good, and the wrong direction wilfully given to our schools of design, will bring English art into such a tattooed state that I dread to think of it. I foresee a condition of art in England utterly without taste, truth, or power.

Ever sincerely yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

From HAYDON.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,

London, 29th August, 1844.

You cannot hear accounts of British art bad enough. It is getting, it *must* get, it has got into inextricable absurdity.

The great principles of light and shadow, colour, management, a whole equally applicable to monumental altar-work, or easel, are going entirely out. A picture of Reynolds's colour and breadth, of Rembrandt's, Titian's, startling everybody, and so utterly is the feeling for tone gone out that under Eastlake's eyes, raw from fresco, they have in the vacation rubbed off the tone of the Genoese Rubens, the finest toned Rubens on earth, the picture he painted in Italy warm from the Venetians. Eastlake is getting on creatures of his own namby-pamby bastard German-English, and as to Maclise, don't believe one word of what you hear. He has considerable copper power of brazen touch, but little knowledge of the figure and no knowledge of form. He is a talented mannerist, who has a sort of brazen splash, the exact thing to impose on the vulgar. A suit of armour with a bit of a face, hands in gauntlets, head hid in feathers and glitter, one knee of an attendant, and that knee wrong, and this is considered the "kn e" plus ultra of art! He, Herbert, Dyce, and Eastlake are contriving to destroy the fabric Reynolds reared, and which Wilkie, Jackson, Mulready, and myself tried hard to reform and keep.

* * * * *

Landseer has painted a small picture of the Queen and her babies. The Queen sent him 120*l.* for it. The publishers immediately gave him 500*l.* for the copyright. Prince Albert says, "Artists in England are paid too much." He makes a mistake, I think. It is not the English artists who are paid too highly.

Calcott is dying. I did not know his once handsome face. It is to be hoped for his own sake he will *not* meet his wife. Sydney Smith said she ought to have been indicted for a criminal offence when she married him.

The King of Prussia begged Sir Robert Peel to present the "eminent" men to him, and the first Sir Robert presented was?—guess,—Sir Martin Shee, the President of the Royal Academy! How Humboldt would have enjoyed this!

Marshall, a young sculptor of talent, and Dyce, a clever but corrupt German painter, are elected to the Royal Academy. Your friend Davis is as friendly as ever. He was angry with me at not praising his cartoon. How could I, when his Lord Mayor's horse had no forelegs?

God bless you! Ever yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

From HAYDON.

London, 9th November, 1844.

Well, my dear old friend, I have no mind to pour into but yours, for I find in England no mind like yours, so honest. I have seen the Summer House in Buckingham Palace Gardens. Eastlake refused me admission at present, so, like the devil in Paradise, I resolved to get in my own way. To the astonishment of all I made my appearance one morning without leave. They were dabbing away all round the sides miserable arabesques to decorate more miserable frescoes. Ah! my dear friend, you have only got to come to England now to lose all relish for art. Etty's, so help me Heaven! Etty's second attempt is unworthy a café chantant at Paris. Unwin's is a poultice; Leslie's dark; Stansfield, a diminished scene from the Lyceum; Ross is not so bad as Etty's, but like a drawing of Varley's; Landseer is doing his at home; and at last there is something, Eastlake's, is worthy of the very best school to be named. It is powerful, clear, beautiful, well drawn, sweet in expression. He knows his material, has made full use of lime as a white, and contrasted the flesh like a master. Prince Albert should cut out all the rest, pitch them into the pond, and let Eastlake finish the whole. As it will be, and is, it must be wretched patch-work. A poor devil, one A——, painted the ceiling, which has been cut entirely out. Of course there is no unity, and will be no satisfaction. The Queen and the Prince will be disappointed, and then throw the blame upon the artists they have employed, instead of upon their own folly in employing so many instead of placing the whole decoration in the hands of one competent man.

Never was the art in such a state as it is becoming in England. Thousands squandering by the Art Unions without the least discrimination, and thousands by the State without the least perception will swell the herd of fifth-rate painters like flies in summer twilight, till the art will sink into a vulgarity, and all refinement be lost.*

For forty years, the English aristocracy, from conviction of

* How prophetic these words are the present state of the Art, and the swarming crowd of hack painters sufficiently proves. I can remember my father saying to me in 1845: "In another generation you will see there will scarcely be a painter who will draw, and not a pattern designer competent to design a pattern worth looking at. The country will be overrun with a mass of fifth-rate 'Artists' (?) whose sole object in life will be recognition by the Royal Academy,

their own want of knowledge, have never come to a conclusion in matters of art. They have never had courage to give commissions but once, and both proved, as might have been expected, ridiculous failures — viz., to Ward and to Jones. Ward had one thousand guineas to paint allegorical angels in honour of Waterloo, because he had all his life been painting pigs! And Jones to paint the ‘Battle of Waterloo,’ on condition that he kept the dead and wounded out of sight for fear of shocking the officers’ ladies.

In the crush of selfishness what chance have I? Peel hates me, and will never be reconciled to me until I am down, because I held the glass to his conscience and made him see an ungenerous soul. Eastlake fears me because he finds me hated by Peel, and unpopular at Court. To the Academy I am a perpetual indigestion, because I shook them in public estimation and loosened their roots for ever, like tea after a blow. What chance can I have? I have ceased to think of it. A city cotton printer has given me a commission for ‘Uriel,’ and by pupils, and raffles, I pick up a living. But mark my words, Kirkup, I may not, but my children will live to see the whole affair of the fresco decoration of the Houses a ridicule in Europe. I assure you there is not a *genuine* fresco in all Westminster Hall. Eastlake’s and my own are the only two done, without subsequent aid from retouching.

If I had only been ordered to make cartoons of the series of pictures I have planned, I would have had a school of designers around me by this time; but this they knew, and were resolved I should do no such thing. Had I but capital, or any one to back me, it should be done, and done quickly. But, as I have often said before to you, the aristocracy of England care nothing for a high and elevated art, nor for the means by which superiority of design could be established amongst us.

It is shocking to me to see Hallam, of all men, in the report, proposing in the decoration scheme a law be laid down that, the artists should *not* choose their own subjects, but the choice be made by the permanent authority, viz., the Treasury! Think, my dear friend, of Raphael and Michel Angelo having

and the money they can make by painting pictures.” If I remember rightly he attributed this probability to the wrong direction given by the authorities to his Schools of Design, which was likely to turn good pattern designers into bad painters, and not to raise a race of draughtsmen after all.—ED.

their genius controlled by Lords of the Treasury! Now, the real position of the British painter in the estimation of these men is coming out. He is a cipher, a suitor, a beggar, a serf. The aristocratic principle means to assert its superiority. They pay, therefore they must select. The painter is a mere mechanic, and has only to execute the orders he receives. No, my dear friend, England is not worthy the naked majesty of genius. Next to the curse of being born, is the disgrace and greater horror of belonging to a class in a country where you are looked upon as the slave of a set of men, who in one year waste more money in vice, in folly, and extravagance than would suffice to develop the struggling talent of a nation.

Independence of mind is a fiction amongst us. It exists not. Obedience to law, custom, and precedent (though in itself a virtue), has debauched and debased the minds of all to such an excess, that all classes unite in permitting any injustice, any iniquity, any despotism, under pretence of security to property, or respect for the dignity of authority.

It is shocking to have one's best feelings of love for old England brought to such an acknowledgment; but so it is. I declare to God there is actually more suffering, more ruin, more agony, more want, more injustice, more corruption, more hypocrisy in this England than in any two countries in Europe. Why is this? All that have made their fortunes, all that have fortune, and all that have to make their fortunes are the same serfs to hypocrisy and imposture. The best feelings of our nature are sneered at as impulses worthy only of an Eton boy. Natural affection, filial devotion, tears, hearts, attachments, beget scenes unworthy of "high breeding." Be what you like, but seem what you ought to be, is the rule of England's virtue. But to be what you are, and not to seem what you are not, is ruin.

* * * * *

I am heartily sick, my soul indeed is heavy, but I will stick to it and die with "harness on my back." My attack on the Academy in 1812 shall be milk and water to what I will give the Royal Commissioners at parting. Adieu! I hope they will open this letter, and send a copy of it to Graham.

Yours always,

B. R. HAYDON

EXTRACTS

FROM

OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

*From Mr. ROBERT GILLAM, Secretary to the British Institution
for Promoting the Fine Arts in the United Kingdom.*

SIR,

Pall Mall, 17th May, 1810.

I have the honour of being desired by a meeting of the directors of this institution, held this day, to inform you that your picture of 'The Assassination of Dentatus'* has been declared entitled to the premium of one hundred guineas.

I am further desired to inform you that notice will be sent you when the order for the payment of the money is made, and am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

ROBERT GILLAM.

MEMORANDUM (13th January, 1811), addressed to Lord Mulgrave for submission to the Directors of the British Gallery, on the subject of the formation of a "National Gallery," pointing out the vast importance to Art of such an Institution open to the public, and urging the Directors to press the Government to reflect that no Gallery can be considered national that does not contain the works of British artists as well as foreign specimens.

MEMORANDUM (7th November, 1811), addressed to the Prime Minister, Mr. Perceval, on the subject of public encourage-

* 'Dentatus' had been sent to the British Gallery (1810) to compete for the Historical Prize of one hundred guineas.—ED.

ment to Historical Painting and the foundation of Schools of Design, pointing out that private patronage is unequal to the support of Historic Art in life size, which is only suitable for public buildings, and begging Mr. Perceval to set aside 4000*l.* a year for the decoration of our public offices by historical paintings; and further calling attention to the fact that there are no schools of design in England; that the Emperor of the French has sanctioned, or is about to sanction, their establishment in France on an extended basis, in which the designer is made to acquire a certain knowledge of form and colour; and earnestly entreating the attention of the Prime Minister to the subject, for the improvement of English manufactures and the general advantage of art and design in England.

Three LETTERS addressed to Mr. Payne Knight (January and February, 1812), on the Practice of the Royal Academy, on the absence of encouragement to Historical Painting in England, and on the want of Schools of Design.

May 1813, MEMORANDUM addressed to Lord Mulgrave proposing the decoration of the House of Lords by a series of Historical Pictures, illustrating the principles which the building may be said to represent, and their opposites, by events taken from the history of Europe or the world.

LETTER to Lord Castlereagh (no date, 1815), on the subject of the withdrawal of the proposed Waterloo Monument, praying Lord Castlereagh not to abandon the subject of the Fine Arts, but to take them into his best consideration, and especially to give public encouragement to Historical Painting; suggesting the decoration of the House of Lords by a series of historical pictures; also urging the establishment of a system of Public Schools of Design for the benefit of the art and the manufactures of the country, the latter being notoriously inferior to the manufactures of France in consequence of the admirable system of art instruction to the French designers established by the late Emperor Napoleon I., particularly at Lyons; and suggesting that Parliamentary inquiry be made into the question with the view to extend the knowledge of Art and Design

among the people of England, to increase the commercial prosperity of our country so as to enable her to compete successfully with the foreigners in arts and manufactures as in science and war.

LETTER to the Elgin Marbles' Committee (1816) on "The judgment of connoisseurs being preferred to that of professional men."

ESSAYS on the Ilissus and Horses' Heads of the Elgin Marbles (1817-21).

PLAN submitted to the Directors of the British Gallery to encourage High Art, by a system of annual premiums for the best picture in every department of art (1816).

LETTER to Mr. CANNING (5th March, 1818), requesting his influence with Parliament to obtain an order for the architects of the New Churches, so to arrange the altars that they might be fit for the reception of such pictures as the Government might in future think worthy to be placed there.

PLAN submitted to the Government for encouragement of Historical Painting (May, 1818), by setting aside 10,000*l.* out of the 1,000,000*l.* voted for the new churches, for the painting of altar-pieces.

Pamphlet upon the same subject (1818).

PETITION to PARLIAMENT (1823), presented by Lord Brougham, praying the House to give public employment to English historical painters; pointing out that improvement to manufactures will follow, and suggesting the purchase and presentation of pictures to adorn the altars of our churches and the sides of our public halls, and humbly praying the House to appoint a Committee to investigate the subject.

PLAN (August, 1823) submitted by request to Sir Charles Long, M.P., to adorn the great room of the Admiralty with four historical pictures of four leading events, illustrating our naval

history, with four busts and four portraits of the commanders who distinguished themselves on the occasions represented.

PETITION to PARLIAMENT (14th June, 1824), presented by Mr. Lambton, M.P., entreating the House to consider the advantages that will accrue to the nation by a generous support of High Art and Design.

PETITION TO PARLIAMENT (23rd February, 1826), presented by Mr. Ridley Colborne, M.P., praying the House to take into its consideration the encouragement of Native Art, and to set aside a sum not exceeding 4000*l.* a year, but not exclusively for the encouragement of historical painting. Also pointing out that the Fine Arts have always advanced the commercial and political greatness of a nation.

PLAN submitted by desire of the Duke of Wellington (December, 1828) for adorning the Admiralty, Chelsea Hospital, and the House of Lords with paintings to represent the leading points of our naval and military history, and in the House of Lords four subjects illustrating the best form of government. Between the pictures, portraits of our great men, Alfred, Bacon, Blake, Marlborough, Nelson, &c. &c.*

PAMPHLET upon Public encouragement to Historical Painting (January, 1829).

MEMORANDUM submitted to the Duke of Wellington (February, 1829), for putting aside an annual grant of public money, viz. 4000*l.* every two years, for six years, then to be renewed every ten years, according to the success or failure of the plan, for the encouragement of Historical Painting in England, and predicting that without such support Historical Painting in England "will decay and become extinct." Suggesting that four commissions be given to four of our leading painters for four subjects, civil, naval, military, and sacred, as a trial.

* It is curious that in this list of great men he does not name Cromwell; and of scientific men, only Bacon, though perhaps he includes both in the words, "and all those who established our greatness."—ED.

PETITION to PARLIAMENT, presented by Mr. Agar Ellis, M.P. (June, 1830), showing that Historical Painting is not encouraged in England by the Royal Academy, the British Gallery, or by private patronage, which is unequal to the effort, and praying the House to take this beautiful department of the Art under its protection, or the poverty and degradation and imprisonment that surrounds its professors will surely lead to the extinction of the Art.

MEMORANDUM to LORD GREY (October, 1832), on the suitable construction of a National Gallery, and urging that ample space be left for future bequests and for the works of native artists, without which no gallery can be considered national.

PROTEST addressed to Lord Grey against the admission of the Royal Academy into any portion of the National Gallery as injurious to Art and a fraud upon the Public. (No date.) 1832.

LETTER to LORD GREY (December, 1832), on the subject of Schools of Design, pointing out the reasons of our inferiority in design in manufactures, referring Lord Grey to previous letters to former Ministers, and urging Lord Grey to take up the question in a large and comprehensive spirit, and establish Schools of Design in all the principal towns, with a system of instruction similar to that at Lyons, where every designer in manufacture is compelled to acquire certain proficiency in form, colour, light, and shadow, before going into ornamental design.

PETITION to the BUILDING COMMITTEE of the new Houses of Parliament (6th March, 1835), presented by Lord Morpeth, praying that spaces be left in the new building for the decoration of the Houses by painting, and urging the Committee to consider the vast benefits that may accrue to the arts and manufactures of this country if the opportunity be seized for the public encouragement of historical painting.

PLAN for erecting a national monument to the memory of Nelson (May, 1838). A temple, adorned by paintings of his

great victories, with portraits between of his most distinguished officers. In the centre of the room a statue of Nelson, inscribed:—

“NELSON,
A little body with a mighty heart.”

*The Presentation of the Freedom of his Native Town,
26th September, 1814.*

At a meeting of the Mayor and Commonalty at the Guild-hall, Plymouth, on the 26th September, 1814, the following resolutions were proposed by Mr. Eastlake:—

“That Mr. Benjamin Robert Haydon, a native of Plymouth, be nominated and elected a Burgess or Freeman of this borough as a testimony of respect for his extraordinary merit as a historical painter, and particularly for the production of his recent picture, ‘The Judgment of Solomon,’ a work of such superior excellence as to reflect honour on his birthplace, distinction on his name, lustre on the art, and reputation on the country.

“That while the Mayor and Commonalty, animated with these sentiments, are anxious to record this public tribute to the industry and genius which this young artist has displayed in his early performance, they anticipate with confidence that the same ardour and enthusiasm which have hitherto inspired his pencil will stimulate him to bolder exertions for the production of still higher excellence.

“That the Worshipful the Mayor do communicate this honorary election to Mr. Haydon.”

The motion was seconded by Mr. Tingcombe, and immediately put and carried.

HAYDON to the Mayor of PLYMOUTH.

SIR,

Hastings, 30th September, 1814.

I beg to express my deep sense of the honour conferred on me by you and the Commonalty assembled in voting me the freedom of my native borough. It would, perhaps, be

indelicate in me to allude to the high terms by which you have thought to distinguish me in the record of my success, and which I am doubtful of deserving at this moment, but I can assure you that I will endeavour to render myself worthy of them by my future exertions.

It argues an advance in the state of public feeling for art when artists are thus mingled in honour with the great public characters of the country, when the highest compliment an ancient boro' can bestow on those who are not residents is considered as fit a reward for one who endeavours to dignify the nation by peaceful arts as for him who elevates her by warlike actions.

The greatness of Italy, of Greece, of Egypt in Art was at a time when their liberties were lost and their manners depraved. It is for England to show that a period of refinement is not necessarily accompanied by moral degradation, that the principle is first to settle your Government and to secure your rights, and then to turn your attention to the genius of the country as it exhibits itself in its various callings. The freedom of an English town on such principles is, indeed, a proud distinction, and I shall ever remember the pride of my heart when I was thought worthy to be so distinguished. Great works to ornament the halls of the ancient boroughs and Public Buildings of this Kingdom are the only means to raise the nation, and effectually to rescue it from the calumnies of foreigners, and it gives me inexpressible delight to find my birthplace the first to give example to such a system.

The hope expressed by you and the Commonalty, Sir, that the enthusiasm which has hitherto propelled me forward, will not relax, is fatherly and kind. It is natural you should think that, at my age, the honour conferred might inflate and weaken, but, from my heart, I declare that it has always been my principle to think nothing done whilst anything remains to be done, and something must always remain while nature continues to shine with her accustomed beauty.

I must now take my leave with every sentiment of respect, and hope, at the conclusion of another picture, to have the pleasure of personally convincing you all how highly I estimate your public spirit, and how deeply I feel your private kindness, and to assure you that whatever happens to me hereafter, I shall ever recall, with pride and gratitude, that

period of my life when I was remembered by the Mayor and Commonalty of Plymouth.

I am, Sir, with every expression of respect,
Your most grateful and obedient servant,

B. R. HAYDON.

To H. BROUGHAM, Esq., M.P.

DEAR SIR,

16th February, 1826.

Sir Charles Long has promised to present the Petition, a copy of which I enclose. I hope you may be present when he presents it, and that you will say something on the subject, if only two words.

I have had a long conversation with him. He does not seem to object to the vote of money, but to the revision which would afterwards take place as to its expenditure. This is all the objection I could discover that he entertained.

My own private opinion is that both the Royal Academy and the British Institution would rather let things remain as they are, than see the intervention of a higher power, which will immediately take place should the House ever vote money for the Arts. No particular "revision" ever takes place as to the expenditure of public money in Sculpture; and why should it be more necessary in Painting? And why should any gentleman ever object to any revision if he voted it away to the best of his taste and conscience? Really it takes one man's life to get a principle acknowledged, and another to get it acted on. By occasional petitions I hope to see the principle acknowledged by the House, and in hoping earnestly to see it acted on, most sincerely, my dear Sir, do I utterly disclaim all selfish or personal feelings.

I am, my dear Sir, very gratefully yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

From Mr. RIDLEY COLBORNE, M.P.

19, Hill Street, 27th February, 1826

You will see by the enclosed that the Petition is on the Votes of the House of Commons. I presented it last week, as I thought there was a good opportunity for so doing.

I fear there may be many difficulties in ever attaining the object of it, but, at any rate, the Petition can have done no harm, and may, possibly, draw attention to a question that all admirers of the Art of Painting would feel a strong interest in.

Yours, &c.,

RIDLEY COLBORNE.

To HENRY BROUGHAM, Esq., M.P.

MY DEAR SIR,

London, 10th February, 1828

The power you desire in politics, viz., that of advancing the knowledge of your species, entrammelled by no responsibility of place or title, "parvis componere," &c., is what I, in a more limited Art, have been ever ambitious of from my youth. Why, my dear Sir, will you not give positive and essential, and by some definite motion, in favour of the public support of historical painting?

I ask nothing for myself. I can support myself now I am freed from law; but after having been the first to break the silence of the House, do not, I entreat you, let the subject drop back into the gulf of forgetfulness.

You promised early this Session to present my petition, when may I hope it will be convenient to do so? You told me many members of the House thought as you did on the subject. All I ask is, bring their sincerity to the test.

Is taste in Art not essential to the intellectual condition and moral and material improvement of a great country? If it be, how can it be more effectually generated than by an annual vote of the Legislature? *The highest departments of Art cannot be adequately fostered by the liberality of individuals alone.* You asked me once if I thought the people of England would ever have "any taste?" I tell you they have it now; they only want more examples before their eyes. A love of High Art neither in Greece nor in Italy *preceded* the genius of the artists or the patronage of the Government, but was the consequence of the development of both. Success cannot be obtained at once; only, my dear Sir, break the ice. Never mention me. If money be granted, leave me out. I want the principle esta-

blished, let others share the emoluments now and hereafter. Honour me by a reply, however short.

Your ardent admirer,

B. R. HAYDON.

From Mr. AGAR ELLIS, M.P.

SIR,

Rochampton, 23rd January, 1829.

I am much obliged to you for your pamphlet, which I have read with attention. I quite agree with you that historical painting cannot flourish in England except it be encouraged by grants of public money, and the power of this kind of patronage is evident in the instance of France, wherein a large School of Historical Painting has been instituted and fostered by these means. But, alas! I fear it is impossible at present to expect aid of this nature for the Arts in this country, the state of our finances, and the economical dispositions of his Majesty's Government precluding, in my opinion, all hope.

I remain,

G. AGAR ELLIS.

To His Grace the Duke of WELLINGTON, Prime Minister.

London, 6th October, 1830.

May it please your Grace to permit me to call your attention to a report of M. Guizot to the King of the French recommending that, in order to commemorate the events of July, two grand historical pictures be painted for the Senate House, which recommendation has been approved by the King. Alas! your Grace, how long will you permit—teeming with talent as this country is—the historical painters of England to languish for want of the same opportunities? How long must England lag behind France, and British Art remain in its present inverted position? The simple will of your Grace might extricate us for ever, and thus add another claim to the gratitude of England, unobtained to this moment by any of your predecessors in office.

I remain, with every apology,

Your Grace's most obedient servant,

B. R. HAYDON.

From the Duke of WELLINGTON.

SIR,

London, 12th October, 1830.

I have received your letter. It is certainly true that the British Public give but little encouragement to the Art of historical painting. The reason is obvious: there are no funds at the disposal of the Crown or its Ministers that are not voted by Parliament upon estimate and applied strictly to the purposes for which such funds are voted. No minister could go to Parliament with a proposition for a vote for a picture to be painted, and there can therefore be no such encouragement here as there is in other countries for this Art.

I am much concerned that I cannot point out the mode in which this want of encouragement can be remedied.

I have the honour to be

Your most obedient humble servant,

WELLINGTON.

To His Grace the Duke of WELLINGTON, &c. &c.

4, Burwood Place, 14th October, 1830.

May it please your Grace to permit me to express my deep sense of the honour conferred on the Art by your consideration of the causes which have hitherto obstructed its advance. Will your Grace permit me to ask, with all the respect due to your elevated station, whether, although no funds are at the disposal of the Crown or Ministers for their public encouragement of historical painting, it is not in the minister's power to arrange the provisions of such funds for such purposes in the same way as the funds were arranged and provided for the purchase of the Elgin Marbles and for the National Gallery? And whether it would be illegal or unparliamentary for a moderate provision to be made systematically in the financial estimates under the head of Encouragement of Historical Painting, leaving it open to the House to support or object to such a vote according to the success or failure of the measure?

Burke said that to a great minister alone would Art in England owe all its ultimate elevation. The public establishment and encouragement of High Art is essentially requisite

to a manufacturing country. Taste in design can only be generated by excellence in elevated Art. Our Manchester cottons were refused in Italy at the conclusion of the war in 1816, because their design was tasteless. The leading manufacturers were therefore obliged to employ the most eminent artists to make designs, and then the Italians greedily purchased what they had before refused. This is a fact, I can assure your Grace, and I submit that it goes far to prove the importance of design to a nation so far advanced as we are.

But if High Art be permitted to decay, taste in design will decay with it, and we shall ultimately and inevitably sink beneath the nations of the Continent, not because we are by nature and disposition their inferiors, but because, after having proved ourselves capable, we alone continue to be deprived of the encouragement and public support which Continental nations so liberally afford their professors.

If your Grace could only be induced to try the experiment to set apart one or two thousands a year for the encouragement of High Art, you would do all that every minister had been entreated to do for the last sixty years, and by putting the genius of the country to the test soon set the question at rest for ever.

I have the honour to remain, &c.

B. R. HAYDON.

From the Duke of WELLINGTON.

London, 15th October, 1830.

The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. Haydon and has received his letter of the 14th.

The Duke is convinced that Mr. Haydon's own good sense will point out to him the impossibility of doing what he suggests.

From Sir HERBERT TAYLOR.

SIR,

Windsor Castle, 27th October, 1831.

I have not delayed to submit your letter of the 25th to the King, and I have the pleasure to convey to you his Majesty's acquiescence in your wish to be allowed to place his Majesty's name at the head of the list of those who have taken

shares in the proposed raffle for your picture of 'Xenophon,' and the 'Ten Thousand first catching sight of the Sea on their Retreat.'

I remain, Sir, your very obedient servant,

H. TAYLOR.

From W. EWART, Esq., M.P.

SIR,

16, Eaton Place, 30th April, 1834.

I beg to return my especial thanks to you for the letter and treatises I have had the honour to receive.

The subject* is one too *nationally* important to be lost sight of. More than one member of the House of Commons besides myself are interesting themselves in it.

Mr. Lytton Bulwer (as you probably are aware) has a petition to present on the subject of the Royal Academy. I shall endeavour to be in the House when it is presented, and if necessary shall support it.

I remain your most obedient servant,

W. EWART.

From T. COATES.

SIR,

University of London, 9th June, 1834.

I am directed by the Council to inform you that it is not their intention to elect you the Professor of the Arts of Design in this Institution.

They beg you to accept their thanks for the trouble you have taken in laying your application before them.

I have the honour, &c.,

THOS. COATES.

To T. COATES.

SIR,

London, 11th June, 1834.

Will you have the goodness to inform the Council I anticipated no other decision.

* The grant of public money by Parliament for the encouragement of High Art and Design.

As this Professorship will be the first ever appointed for design at any English university, and will probably be followed in example by other universities, let me intrude my earnest desire that it may be filled by a competent man. The only man I know is Mr. Charles Eastlake, my first pupil. He is thoroughly grounded in anatomy, with vast classical knowledge. With every wish for the success of the University,

I remain your obedient servant,

B. R. HAYDON.

P.S.—May I request you to withdraw my name as a candidate.

From T. COATES.

University of London, 14th June, 1834.

Mr. Coates presents his compliments to Mr. Haydon, and he has complied with Mr. Haydon's request.*

*In reply to Lord BROUGHAM (on his leaving office,
November, 1834).*

MY LORD,

I was honoured by your letter, which of course shall be kept strictly private. I did not imagine you, as Lord Chancellor, could independently obtain a grant of public money for the encouragement of High Art, but I did hope amidst your thirst and enthusiasm for human knowledge, you would not have forgotten your acknowledged conviction to me in 1823, when you took up the cause and told me that yourself, as well as many other members, were of opinion "something should be done." My Lord, I know your incessant industry, I know your varied and vast occupations; I know amidst such a multiplicity of passions to be assuaged, of wrongs to be redressed, and reforms to be accomplished, it was scarcely to be expected that Art could be remembered till more leisure had been obtained. But still, with your remembrance of it, your allusion to it, or your influence in its favour, might have been

* Haydon had put his name down for the Professorship of Arts at the London University, but in consequence of intrigues being set on foot to prevent him gaining an official position (and of which he had satisfactory evidence), he was refused the appointment.—ED.

occasionally exerted without interrupting your inherent duties.

In 1823, when you honoured me by calling upon me, I showed you a series of designs to illustrate Government to regulate without cramping the liberty of men. You applauded them, but turned round and said, "Do you think the people of England will ever have any taste?" Suppose, in answer to your noble eagerness for instructing the people, I had said, "Do you think the people of England will ever have any knowledge?" what would have been your reply? "Certainly not, if they are deprived of the means of instruction. So I say of Art. "Certainly not, if the Government of England does not do what other States have done and are now doing to foster Art and Design, and improve the public taste."

The misery of England is that Art is considered a mere ornament for dining-rooms and drawing-rooms, and is not believed capable of moral elevation. The people see no grand series of great works to elevate their minds. The nobility, and all who are educated to direct the State machine, are educated by men brought up at colleges, where there are no professors of painting or sculpture, and consequently cannot, and do not, impress on the minds of their pupils the importance to a country of correct design, of great examples of virtue and heroism, conveyed through the medium of form and colour, which, when done, have improved the manufactures, increased the wealth, and refined the minds of a nation.

Aristotle, as your Lordship knows, recommends the practice of painting as inducing a love of order and a knowledge of the beautiful. Ten years ago, you admitted the truth of all this to me in conversation; you brought the subject into the House, and, after the most ardent expressions of enthusiasm in its favour, you dropped it! Have I not then reason to complain, when, after being four years in power, you have neither restored, alluded to, nor in any way attempted to advance that cause which you acknowledged to me, when you were out of office, to be so essential to the moral eminence and manufacturing superiority of our nation?

I remain, my Lord,

Your Lordship's obedient, humble servant,

B. R. HAYDON.

To the Duke of WELLINGTON.

MY LORD DUKE,

London, 2nd March, 1835.

For seventy years when complaints have been made of the want of encouragement for historical painting, the answer has been there is no space and no object fit for the State to interfere and develope the national talent.

By the burning down of the Houses of Parliament, there is now both space and object afforded in the rebuilding of the Houses of Lords and Commons.

Permit me to say, if the Houses of Parliament be rebuilt without provision being made for a grand series of pictures to illustrate some national or philosophic subject, with reference to our Constitution and Government, an opportunity will be lost which cannot be expected to occur again, and which will evidently demonstrate, not the absence of genius in English artists, but the want of desire of those who have the power to give it an opportunity to come forth.

I have the honour, with every expression of my respect, to enclose your Grace a copy of a petition which I am desirous of presenting to the Building Committee on this important subject, and earnestly to entreat your Grace to give it your powerful support.

I have the honour, &c.,

B. R. HAYDON.

From the Duke of WELLINGTON.

London, 9th March, 1835.

The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. Haydon, and has received his note, and returns the petition.

The Duke recommends to Mr. Haydon to send his petition to the Lord President, who will probably be in the chair, or to the clerk in attendance upon the Committee.

From Earl ROSSLYN.

SIR,

Council Office, 12th March, 1835.

I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst., enclosing a petition relating to the

building of the Houses of Parliament, which I will lay before the Committee of the Lords appointed for that purpose.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

ROSSLYN.

To Earl ROSSLYN.

MY LORD,

London, 13th March, 1835.

I feel honoured by your attention. I pray you to consider it as the last (step) I take for the historical art of this country. If the Lords decide on not having their noble room adorned by painting, the expense being comparatively such a mite, in ten years' time there will be no historical painter in England.

If their lordships decide they will have their room adorned by painting, then a school will formed which should rival the school ——— [illegible].

I beg to assure your Lordship that in this matter I have no personal or paltry object. I am ready, as leader or subaltern, to do my best for the love I bear my country.

I have the honour, &c., &c.,

B. R. HAYDON.

From W. W. EWART, M.P.

MY DEAR SIR,

Brighton, 28th September, 1836.

You may rely on receiving a copy of the Report.* I hope it will satisfy you, though I was somewhat restricted by the Committee: all that is said, however, is my own.

It is expected to be out in a few days.

I am, my dear Sir, &c.,

W. EWART.

From W. W. EWART, M.P.

MY DEAR SIR,

Brighton, 2nd October.

I hope that in the Report you will *not* be disappointed.

* * * * *

* Mr. Ewart's Committee on Arts of Design (1836).

The Report *is as liberal a one as it was possible for me to draw* under the control of the Committee.

I hope to send you a copy by the end of this week or the beginning of next.

Your most faithful servant,

W. EWART.

HAYDON to Viscount MELBOURNE, *Prime Minister*.

MY DEAR LORD,

London, 11th January, 1837.

Mr. Poulett Thompson has put *four* Royal Academicians upon the Council of the School of Design! Chantrey and Calcott are doing everything they can to quash and ridicule the plan. Eastlake and Cockerell are good men, but *timid*.

If Martin and Rennie are not placed on the Council as a balance, the whole thing from which the country expects so much will go to the ground. As to myself, I withdraw all claims. But it is quite in opposition to the principles of your Government to throw a School of Design, meant to be independent for the good of Art, into the hands of men notoriously so inimical to High Art as they have been proved.

Ewart has declined to belong to the Council, and what do you think of Poulett Thompson allowing Chantrey to *stipulate* that no other sculptor shall belong to it!

Of all men he is the most unfit. He has not one principle of Art. Stothard used to design his best things; and he has totally obstructed the Council at two meetings from doing anything.

Nothing is yet settled, nothing decided on. Chantrey and Calcott meet only to ridicule and obstruct.

Do use your influence to prevent the School from getting into such hands, by getting Martin and Rennie placed upon the Council, or you may rely on it, the whole thing will be a discredit and a disgrace.

If I were to write a public letter on the subject, I should greatly rouse the public, but I *prefer* to write to you, because, however humble I may be in the scale, every feather weighs, and it is not the time now to say a word in opposition on any score. Rather your friends should rally round you. But Poulett Thompson has been made a complete tool of. I cautioned him long ago, but to no purpose.

Will you believe it possible that they came to such resolutions as these?

1. That the *Figure* is not necessary as a basis.

2. That every one admitted must sign a declaration not to practise as history painter, portrait painter, or landscape painter.

Now, my dear Lord, need I say more? As a proof that the public are feeling the thing, Hansard has sold more of the "Report," than on any other subject, however political.

Praying you to obtain the admission of true artists, not Academicians, on the Council,

I remain, &c.

B. R. HAYDON.

From the Right Honourable POULETT THOMPSON.

13, South Audley Street, 12th January, 1837.

Mr. Poulett Thompson presents his compliments to Mr. Haydon, and begs to say he shall be happy to see him on Saturday next here.

To the Right Honourable POULETT THOMPSON.

MY DEAR SIR,

London, 28th January, 1837.

I yesterday visited your Government School of Design. Oh! Mr. Thompson, what an exhibition! *Nine* poor boys drawing paltry patterns—no figures—no beautiful forms! And this is the School of Design the Government of Great Britain has founded in its capital! I felt my cheeks crimson. However, persevere till your eyes are opened and the public voice compel you to attend to the truth. You were kind enough to say to me at our last interview: "Your talents are acknowledged;" but was Art understood by you all as well as politics and commerce, *I* should have been understood by you, and you would have felt convinced that my principle for a School of Design for the Mechanic was the true one. But you are all at the mercy of the Royal Academy, and ever will be, till *you* have Schools of Art and Design at the Universities, and if God spares my life twenty years; you shall have them, as you will soon have them in all the great towns.

I remain, yours truly,

B. R. HAYDON.

From JAMES HEYWOOD.

SIR,

Manchester, 15th February, 1838.

You are particularly requested to attend a meeting of the gentlemen favourable to the establishment of a SCHOOL of DESIGN, in Manchester, to be held in the theatre of the Royal Manchester Institution, on Monday, the 19th February instant, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon precisely, when a report from the provisional committee will be laid before the meeting, and an outline of the objects and plan of the society proposed for consideration and adoption.

I am, &c.,

J. HEYWOOD,

Chairman.

From WILLIAM EWART, M.P.

MY DEAR SIR,

Eaton Place, 15th March, 1838.

I will take care that your indisputable views on the importance of the figure are attended to; indeed, I have already written to the secretary thereupon.

I have also mentioned your liberal offer of a lecture on form as connected with design; I have no doubt that it will be eagerly accepted.*

I am, my dear Sir,

WM. EWART.

To the EDITOR, 'York Gazette.'

SIR,

(No date), 1838.

Without wishing in the most remote degree to interfere with the high honour due to Mr. Etty for impressing on the inhabitants of York the necessity of an establishment to cultivate Design and exhibit the results, permit me to say that the *School of Design* should be the primary object of the subscribers, and the room for exhibition the appendage.

If the reverse be the fact, the York School of Art will become a receptacle only for pictures unsold in the London market; the object of DESIGN will be forgotten in the annual

* This is in reference to the Opposition School of Design.—ED.

struggle, and after twenty-five years of experience, York and its talented youths will be in the same condition as when it was founded.

Let this eminent city be warned by the example of other cities, where such has been the result of persevering to make Exhibition instead of Instruction the leading object.

I am, &c.,

B. R. HAYDON.

From JOSEPH HUME, M.P.

31st July, 1839.

Mr. Hume will be happy to receive from Mr. Haydon any information previous to the next Session, when it is his intention to move for a Select Committee to enquire whether it is not necessary that the Royal Academy should either be abolished or enlarged.

Mr. Hume will give notice of such his intention.

To SIR ROBERT PEEL, *on adorning the Houses of Parliament.*

SIR,

London, 10th August, 1841.

By this time you will have seen the Report of the Committee on adorning the Houses of Parliament. It is an honour to all parties, and no man has given his evidence with more spirit, sense, and manliness than Sir Martin Shee.

The Committee recommended a series of great works, to illustrate a principle by State support. All seem agreed on that. The question is, "How are these great works to be executed, in oil or fresco? and what are the subjects to be? Whether there is talent enough in the country; whether drawing correctly exists amongst us; or, whether a foreigner ought to be called in?"

Fresco is painting on the last coat of lime with colour ground in water, which incorporates with the mortar and becomes a part of the outer coat of the wall itself. A picture so painted must be done part by part each day. Cartoons are prepared and traced and finished at once. Any man who can draw is fit for fresco, and the process can be learned in a day.

One witness says its preservation is uncertain, as in one

room one side may stand and the other decay. That Julio Romano's fresco decayed at Manchester because the neighbourhood was marshy. Hence, it may be feared, as Westminster is marshy, fresco may fail there. Another witness recommends oil, because at Venice (near the sea) fresco does not stand. The Farnesina frescoes at Rome have failed because so near the Tiber. Hence, if the Tiber endangers fresco the Thames may!

Again, the fresco at Moorfields has decayed, but I fear the preparation of the lime in that case was not the best or even legitimate.

Thus, Sir, the neighbourhood of a river, of the sea, of wet lands, and the nature of the lime preparation may, does, and has decayed fresco. So of oil—the imperfection of the ground of a canvas, the nature of the oil, too much glazing, any sort of damp may and does ruin oil paintings. Fresco “*ex incendiis rap: non possunt*,” says Pliny; movable pictures may. Pictures let in like your ‘Napoleon’ (at Drayton Manor) could be secured from damp, but on a large space, unless very lightly painted to resemble fresco, the effect would be heavy.

The necessity of drawing at once in fresco would infuse “correctness” into British Art, and do enormous good.

Mr. Barker, at Bath, at Lord Ribblesdale's desire, painted one side of his room in fresco, and it has stood for seven years. He should be examined, and I hope you will again appoint the Committee, for their work is not half over.

Between the two—Oil and Fresco—I am for fresco, if with security. But I am altogether against calling in foreign artists to show the way. The way is known to us, and British artists alone ought to adorn a British House of Parliament. Sir Martin Shee is decidedly of this opinion, and I honour him for it.

Now, Sir, with respect to the nature of the principle of decoration. Should a given number of artists be let in without a plan? without due subordination? each to paint as he likes without reference to one guiding principle; or, should it not be like an army with its chief? However many should be employed, the invention should be from one mind, and each artist should compose the subject given to him.

We are a great political nation, let the subject be the best

government to regulate the energies of a people without cramping them. Let each room explain by subject each separate principle given to illustrate the object. One room to show the "Horrors of Anarchy, in Religion, Law, Domestic Happiness, and Government."

The next room, "The Injustice of Democracy."

The next, "The Cruelty of Despotism."

The next, "The Curse of Revolution."

The last, "The Blessings of Law, Religion, and Constitutional Good."

Thus all would be regulated and subdued. Twenty artists might be employed to complete the work, but one mind, and one mind only, ought to be commander-in-chief.

If a better plan can be suggested I will work under any one. I would grind the colours of my own pupils if it could not be done without.

I submit this rough plan in confidence, Sir, till I have more fully matured it.

Mr. Banks has given useful but unpatriotic evidence, and I will refute it.

But it is most delightful to see State support recommended at last, after all my petitions to Parliament, and my labours and sufferings to obtain this great concession; as I have no wish to deprive any one of his share, I hope, Sir Robert Peel, you will not allow me to be deprived of mine.

British Art is in a dangerous condition, and a set of young men, bitten by German hardness, are introducing *that*, and calling Reynolds, Gainsborough, Rubens, Vandyke, "sketchers."

This is very modest. But if Sir Martin Shee and the Royal Academy do their duty, and the Government keep firm, the Art will be saved and not lost.

If Cornelius and Schnorr be called over, they will raise up not a School of English Draughtsmen, but a bastard school of German students, so entirely opposed to English tastes and habits as will bring the whole thing into disrepute.

Thus I have the liberty to state to you my humble views. I hope they will fall in with your own, and I trust when you come to office and power you will effectually carry out the Schools of Design now existing, and about to exist, and that you will not fail to resist to the last the introduction of German

artists and German taste;* for there is talent now in Great Britain fully adequate to all her demands.

I beg to remain, Sir, your most obedient servant,

B. R. HAYDON.

From Sir ROBERT PEELE.

SIR,

Drayton Manor, 14th August, 1841.

I have not yet had an opportunity of reading with sufficient attention the Report and Evidence to which your letter of the 10th refers. I shall consider that letter a confidential one, so far as it discloses your own conceptions of the mode in which the suggestions of the Committee might be carried into effect.

I am, &c.,

ROBERT PEELE.

To C. L. EASTLAKE, Esq., Secretary to H.M. Commission.

SIR,

London, 28th February, 1842.

I beg to express to you, as Secretary to her Majesty's Commission, my hope that fresco will be adopted in the mode of decoration in the New Houses of Parliament, being fitter than oil for a mighty space, and from the luminous nature of its light, calculated to give splendour wherever it is practised.

I have come to this conclusion from various experiments, and can confidently assert the power of drawing required is so decided that, the greatest benefit must accrue to the British School.

I am, Sir, &c.,

B. R. HAYDON.

From C. L. EASTLAKE.

SIR,

1st March, 1842.

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 28th February on the subject of fresco-painting, and shall not

* Sir Robert Peel met this direct appeal by giving the whole weight of his support to the proposition by Prince Albert that, the Germans be called in.—ED.

fail to submit it to the consideration of her Majesty's Commissioners on the Fine Arts in due time.

I am, Sir, &c.,

C. L. EASTLAKE.

To H. HOWARD, Esq., Keeper of the Royal Academy.

SIR,

London, 8th May, 1842.

I beg you will be so good as to express to the President and Council of the Royal Academy my great gratification at the manner in which they have received my desire to exhibit, by the very handsome way in which they have hung my picture.

It is to be regretted that in early life, when I had given every proof of diligence and obedience as a student, kindness of this nature was not thought the fairest way to reward me.

I am, your obedient servant,

B. R. HAYDON.

To Sir ROBERT PEEL.

SIR,

London, 3rd October, 1842.

I take the liberty of informing you that I have got through one cartoon, and that I have derived the greatest benefit from doing so, but that I am now satisfied of the cause why no great handler of the brush has appeared on the Continent since the days of Murillo, Velasquez, Rubens, and Rembrandt.

What Raphael and Michel Angelo made a *means* for an end, all the later Italians, Germans, and Frenchmen have made an *end* entirely. Hence the cartoons by the great masters were but correct, decided sketches, so that something was left for the hand and the imagination to add when they came to the wall. But the latter and inferior men have made cartoon pictures, have occupied years instead of months at these preliminary sketches, have worked them up to a toilsome pitch of polish, and when they took up the brush were helpless as infants.

Hence the absolute truth of Sir Thomas Lawrence's remark,

after he had inspected Cammucini's cartoon, "And after all this comes a —— bad picture!"

Raphael occupied the Vatican for twelve years. Had five years been passed upon a cartoon, how much wall-work could he have covered?

Then, fresco was a free and original adaptation of the correct hints of a cartoon, so that the great artist was left almost free for his mind and hand, though guided by the cartoon. *Now*, fresco is a tame copy of a tame cartoon.

There can be no doubt that the proposition of the Royal Commission is the greatest move ever made in English Art. I only venture to hint to you that, great prudence must guide its continuance, except for express application. We must keep our characteristics in, adding what we want, and not lose them. If we lose what we have of simplicity, and nature, and reality, and effect, and handling, and light and shadow, we shall get into a condition of serious confusion, out of which you will not easily extricate the British School.

I wrote these sentiments to one of the most distinguished German critics, Rumöhr, and he agrees with me to the letter; and I beg to assure you, Sir Robert Peel, that, if the principle, or the style of the designs for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament be regulated by the style of the building, and the Gothic be preferred in Art, an irreparable injury will be inflicted.

This is the point I venture to hint, confidentially, to your mind, and here I think your talented Secretary must be reined a little.

Though his Report is most valuable, I am disappointed in the intellectual deductions of the introduction. He does not show the originality and power I expected, though we owe him and the Commission a vast debt for the facts connected with fresco.

In respectfully submitting my opinions to you on the conclusion of my cartoon, you will, I feel sure, do me the kindness to believe that I have no other object than the elevation of our School and the good of our students.

I am, &c.,

B. R. HAYDON.

From SIR ROBERT PEELE.

Whitehall, 5th October. 1842.

Sir Robert Peel presents his compliments to Mr. Haydon, and begs to thank him for his communication of the 3rd instant.

To SIR ROBERT PEELE.

SIR,

London, 20th April, 1843.

The London School of Design is not advancing as it ought. It is the victim of antagonistic principles.

It was founded by the Board of Trade, who imagined that designs for manufactures could be as easily obtained as in other matters to which apprenticeship alone was enough.

The Board of Trade did not know that designers for manufactures, unless they pass through a portion of a great artist's principles, can never acquire the requisite power.

Dr. Bowring was sent to Lyons to ascertain the cause of French excellence. He reported that every designer drew and painted the figure for a period like the great artist, and then when he had acquired a knowledge of colour, of light and shadow, and of form in a certain degree, he carried these excellencies to ornamental design, and thus added grace to it.

On the other hand, Mr. Dyce was sent out to Germany, and he reported that the Germans began with ornament and concluded with the figure.

Though the Germans as designers for manufactures are inferior to the French, nevertheless from some occult and unaccountable reason, the German system was approved by our Board of Trade and adopted at the School of Design.

I wrote to Lord Sydenham on the subject, and he sent for me, and after a long conversation I convinced him the figure ought to form a portion of the mechanic's education, but I did not convince him it ought to be the commencement. The figure, therefore, was added to the course of instruction prescribed, but not with that steady good-will which made it beneficial.

In the Council, I regret to say, there is still more than enough of the mistaken principle upon which the school began. Nevertheless there does exist a desire for the system of in-

struction to begin with the figure; but the parties are nearly balanced, and with Mr. Dyce on one side, and Mr. Herbert on the other, a perpetual struggle is going on, to the manifest injury of the national interest. I wish to do no man an injury. I have no friend I wish provided for, and I certainly have no desire for the appointment myself. All that I seek is the public good; and in my search I feel compelled to say that Mr. Dyce appears to me unfitted for any post of influence in the School of Design. He is by nature an experimentalist. His delight is in the excitement of an experiment, not in the wholesome pleasure of bringing experiment to result. A conclusion is to him a nuisance, because it puts an end to experiment. He perseveres in nothing. He has thrown the school off its balance more than once, and I understand when Lord Lansdowne's chief decorator lately applied for designers there were none fit, and Lord Lansdowne had to send to Munich for six to decorate Bowood.

Considering that the School of Design has been established six or seven years, and much public money expended on it, I think I am entitled to ask, 'Is such a result as this creditable or even satisfactory?'

There are at present two parties in the school—the Figure Party and the Ornamental Party—when, in point of fact, neither principle ought to predominate, one being the basis of the other.

The figure should be made the basis, as at Lyons and Edinburgh, by law of Council, and for a certain period. The beginner should be kept distinct from the more advanced; and unless these doctrines be definitely laid down by authority, I predict the ruin of the school, and great injury to the Art.

I am, Sir, &c.,

B. R. HAYDON.

From SIR ROBERT PEEL.

Whitehall, 21st April, 1843.

Sir Robert Peel presents his compliments to Mr. Haydon, and begs leave to acknowledge the receipt of Mr. Haydon's letter of the 2th instant, which Sir Robert Peel has transmitted to Mr. Gladstone, the Vice-President of the Board of Trade.

From Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.

SIR,

Whitehall, 3rd May, 1843.

I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and I beg to assure you in reply that any suggestions emanating from you upon the subject of the methods pursued in the School of Design can require no apology, and that they will not fail to receive the serious consideration due to your interest in the subject, and to the distinguished place you hold among those who are entitled to be regarded as authorities upon questions of Art.*

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

To His Grace the Duke of SUTHERLAND, *Royal Commissioner,*
on the result of the *Cartoon Contest*, 1843.

London, 2nd October, 1843.

If anything could console the pain of disappointment it would be so friendly and kind a letter as I have just received from your Grace.

I declare to you I wish cordially to believe in the integrity of my judges, but I do not confide in their judgment. To advertise by command for precision of drawing founded on knowledge of the construction of the figures and composition, independent of *chiaro oscuro* (see April 1842, proposition from the Royal Commission), and then to bestow the highest reward on a cartoon which can be proved has no knowledge of construction, and has no precision of drawing, and when *chiaro oscuro* was its only merit, is so utterly inconsistent with their own previous resolutions, as to make me shrewdly suspect they were not aware of their vast importance.

What was the object of the cartoon demand? It was first to ascertain if the British School could draw; and that there might be no mistake, precision of drawing and knowledge of construction were laid down as the indispensable requirements.

* Mr. Dyce was shortly after superseded by Mr. Wilson as Director of the School in London.—ED.

For a century foreigners have denied that we could or should ever draw; and every man of patriotism, and of any sense, hailed this definition of what the Royal Commission required as the one thing calculated to produce in all competitors the very effects which, if successful, must for ever eradicate the unjust suspicion, and lower the pretensions of foreigners. But what happens? There was in Paris a young Englishman,* a pupil of De la Roche, whose genius I know and admire; but this young man executes a cartoon on the principles of his French master, and sends it over to England. It has certain merit in its spirit and *chiaro oscuro*, but it is grossly deficient in correctness of drawing, and vastly inferior to the works of the English School. Nevertheless to this cartoon, and the work of a pupil from the French School, is awarded one of the highest prizes!

If a pupil from a French School had displayed equal power of drawing to a pupil of the English School, still, considering the calumny to be effaced, preference on patriotic principles ought to have been given to the purely English pupil.

If the French pupil displayed superior drawing to that of any English competitor, no feeling of national love ought then to have interfered with voting him the highest prize. But when the French pupil can be proved, and with as much truth as a mathematical demonstration, to be decidedly inferior in those excellencies which were the great desiderata of the nation to elicit, *then*, I maintain, ignorance of what the Commission required must be the excuse, or a tendency to foreign Schools inconsistent with the duty of a Royal English Commission, and in either case "prejudice or incompetence" must be applied to the decision.

A fatal blow has been given to the national honour in Art, and when there were the most justifiable reasons for bestowing on the British competitors the reward they had fairly won, and which would have removed for ever the stigma cast by foreigners on British Art.

But what has been the result? Why, your Grace, the *ateliers* of Paris have rung with acclamations that the pupil of De la Roche has beaten the congregated talent of Great Britain; and De la Roche himself, immediately on the decision being

* Mr. Armytage, R.A.—Ed.

made known, wrote to Eastlake, congratulating himself that his pupil had won the first prize! *

I declare since the 'Guerrière' struck her flag I have never felt so mortified. Is it nothing to see the genius of Great Britain so degraded and insulted, as if the moral greatness of a country in Art was a bagatelle like a melo-drama, which may be hissed or applauded as the whim may be?

I care nothing for my own personal disappointment at being wholly set aside; but I feel deeply that after having devoted forty years to rouse up the State and the Nation to regard Art as a matter of national concern, and when the very thing I have laboured and suffered for so long is realised, viz., "State employment," the whole thing is rendered nugatory by such a thoughtless act as this, the effect of which no one can foresee in Art or Essence.

It is absurd to deny the truth of my statement that *I* have done this thing. My enemies affirm it is my "egotism." My egotism! It was my perception.

I was the first who brought the neglected condition of High Art before the notice of Parliament in 1840. Lord Prougham, Lord Dover, Lord Colborne, Lord Morpeth, all laid repeated petitions from me before the House.

I laid before successive Ministers, from 1812 downwards, and all over the country *I* laid before the people plans for decorating the old Houses of Parliament. When the old Houses were burned down, *I* sent a petition to the Building Committee by vote of the House, to which I had no reply, although the suggestions it contained were subsequently acted on.

When at length the committee was appointed to consider the question of decorating the new Houses, and evidence was taken before the Committee, *I*, the original inventor, was never examined.

Sir Robert Peel says that my pupil Eastlake, the secretary to the Commission, never "puts himself forward," to which I reply, he has never been "knocked backwards," and that makes all the difference.

In fact, your Grace, it appears to me that certain persons, instead of feeling pleased with me for having sacrificed my

* Mr. Armytage did not win the First Prize, but simply headed the list of First Prizemen, whose names were given in alphabetical order.—ED.

personal interests in Art to attain a national object, are nettled and annoyed at my having done so with success.

My great crime seems to be that, I had sagacity to foresee what was wanted, and to establish the principle without their assistance.

Your Grace speaks of my having obtained an "isolated reputation." True, but to whom is it owing? To those who in early life struck me down without cause of offence, and, while I was stunned, flung my body

"In alto mar
Senza governo"

in hopes I should sink and be heard of no more! But I had a principle of vitality that one blow did not extinguish. I revived and floated, and was cheered for my energy, and now what ought to have been a matter of praise is made a matter of reproach.

I refuted Payne Knight on the Elgin Marble question, and that brought the connoisseurs on my back.

I brought the Royal Academy before a Committee of the House of Commons, after years of struggling, and for so doing the members of the Academy have been and will be my enemies for life.

And your Grace will pardon me for saying that I do not think the nobility were quite pleased with me for stating, at Oxford, that Professors of Art ought to be established so that the common principles of Art might be explained to our future statesmen. The Vice-Chancellor and the Heads of Colleges cheered me, but I am not sure that, I was not considered by the aristocracy as disrespectful.

Into the hands of these three classes I placed myself this season. Does your Grace think these things were not remembered? Be assured there is no mortal being more exquisitely alive to the very moment to punish an offender than Sir Robert Peel.

Years may pass and not obliterate, but add to the keenness of a pride which has been once touched. No position, however helpless, will stand in the way of his judicious calculation that, "now" is the time to push home the "t rust," and push it he will, politically, artistically, and morally.*

* See Lord Palmerston's opinion, *ante*, Vol. I., page 160. Ed.

I trust, however, to retain your estimation, and that of the Duchess, all my life.

Be assured I have broken a hard shell, and found more ashes than fruit.

Different treatment when I was a diligent and obedient student would have made me a different man.

My training was imperfect. I was never taught the propriety of self-command, and flung myself from my home ready to revenge insult, and keenly alive to oppression; and oppression is always more likely to elicit the vices, rather than the virtues of the most gentle.

I am now hard at work on 'Alexander killing a Lion,' as the only subject likely to make me bear up under a cloud of mental tortures which make me wonder my faculties remain clear.

I believe I am meant, as a human being, to try the experiment how much a human brain can bear without insanity, or a human constitution without death.

I am ever your Grace's most grateful servant,

B. R. HAYDON.

TABLE TALK.

I REMEMBER dining the first time with Canning at Lord Mulgrave's in 1808. There were present Lord Dartmouth, Sir Charles and Lady Long, General and Mrs. Phipps, Angerstein, Lady Harrington, and Charles Bagot, Canning's private secretary. Canning said nothing important. He appeared to me a little overbearing. He quizzed Dr. Parr for believing in Ireland's play; and the conversation turning upon geometrical staircases, "What is the principle?" said Lord Mulgrave to Canning. After thinking a moment, he blushed deeply, and said, "I really do not know." They then began on politics, in which of course they were all *au fait*. Napoleon was spoken of with a sort of conviction of his power. Lord Mulgrave had been sent out to Austrian head-quarters on a mission by Mr. Pitt, when Buonaparte was in the Tyrol, and he urged the Archduke Charles to attack Buonaparte. Lord Mulgrave used to say that, had the Archduke attacked, Buonaparte's destruction was certain. Mrs. Hun, Canning's mother, I knew well. She was a great friend of my father's, a woman of masculine habits of mind, very clever, and a great talker. Canning's father was disinherited by *his* father for marrying her.

It is the refinement of things imperceptible to unscientific inexperience that distinguishes great men from other human beings. It was by delicate beauty the Greeks reached their excellence, and the moderns will not equal or outstrip them but by similar exhibitions of attentive investigation and scientific research.

Painting conveys ideas of form, colour, light, and shadow, but colour, light, and shadow without form can do little. An

exact knowledge of the forms of things is therefore necessary to express ideas clearly, and the power of representing things exactly as they are, or ought to be, constitutes the painter.

To execute some great work ought to be the object of every man, and everything which will tend to interrupt his rendering himself adequate to its execution should instantly be dismissed. If I can but improve the moral art of my country, and do that which will tend to abstract the mind from sensual gratification, if I can but add to the stock of human knowledge, I shall die happy.

I like a spirit of determined enterprise. When once a man believes himself incapable of attaining a thing, such a supposition will paralyse every effort he would otherwise make to attain it. There might be a situation in which you could successfully carry your point; but if you set it down as a principle that for a man in your position to attempt such an object is absurd, you will never be quick to seize the opportunity—a man should dare everything and determine to do everything. If this man, without certain means does that which another would hardly venture with those means, this man is a hero.

Never was a mind more adapted for its purpose in art than Wilkie's. Among a thousand instances I select the following. When with me at Cheddar (1803), we visited the tremendous rocks and cavern. There was something terrific in their appearance; a wild, ferocious, sullen tone, with a burst of light in the sky behind, which showed their proportions sharply. Wilkie felt nothing of this. He was much more interested in studying John Cobley, my uncle, the very essence of simplicity and good faith. We then went into the cavern, through which runs a silent stream of water that vanishes imperceptibly among distant rocks. We fixed two bits of lighted candle on something buoyant, and hiding our own candles, sent our little light-ships floating down the stream. Nothing could be more exquisitely poetical than their silent floating away, now illumining the vast cavern, now lost behind some rugged projection,

now re-appearing, suspended as it were in the air, for the surface of the water could no longer be seen, then glimmering in the far distance, clinging to the rocky roof like a fond memory to our minds, yet irresistibly swept along further and fainter, till they faded away into silent obscurity. They were like helpless spirits borne along the Styx.

We tried another, and it upset and sputtered. Wilkie, who had been apparently unconcerned before, now burst forth in an ecstasy of delight, and cried out, "What a capital subject for a picture; a number of persons and children setting off these things, and some fizzling and sputtering in the water!"

I recollect once at Lord Elgin's, when I thought he was lost in admiration at the Marbles, he said, on coming out: "I have been thinking of a capital subject—a parcel of boys, with one of those things they water the gardens with, spouting water over one another!" Nothing refined or grand, or even solemn, ever drew his attention for one moment from his own ludicrous conceptions. When he went to West's funeral, and was standing by the side of the grave, at the most beautiful moment in our Service for the Dead, the costume of one of the officials caught Wilkie's eye; he nudged the man next to him, "Just look at that cocked hat. Isn't it grand!"

Never ridicule personal defects, when telling a story, until you have first thrown your eye round the company.

When I hear of a great or noble action, I always thank God for giving me the blessings of existence. It consoles me for the meanness and malignity of the rest of mankind.

Some persons are so devotional they have not one bit of true religion in them.

Marshal Lannes, Duke of Montebello, is dead. (June 16, 1809.) The Bulletin says that Buonaparte passed an hour with him. What a fine scene this would make! Supposing Buonaparte's fortunes to be on the decline, as I suppose, I think this must give his mind a shock. This is the first of his early friends he has lost and the first serious defeat he has met with. I should like to have been invisible at their meeting. Lannes dying,

weak and nervous, advising Buonaparte, must have made him think more seriously of his mortality than anything that ever happened to him before. I see the ghosts of D'Enghien, Palm, Toussaint, Palafox's friend shot at Saragossa, hovering round their heads, and smiling as if the age of power, murder, and destruction was coming to its end. . . . I feel convinced when I survey the state of Europe at this period, and compare it with the state two years ago, that Buonaparte has lost ground, and the historian hereafter may with propriety date his downfall from his invasion of Spain. Could anything on earth be more impolitic? He has not only lost the use of the Spanish armies and fleets, but he has divided his own forces. He has given a shock to his power he will never recover.*

One day (1809), driving in the coach from Exeter to Wells, I was excessively amused by a sailor who had belonged to the 'Victory,' and was at Trafalgar. What he told me had all the simplicity of truth. He said as they were going into action, Lord Nelson came round to them, and told them not to fire until they were sure of their object. "When he came down," said he, "we were skylarking, as everything was ready, and guns double-shotted." "What do ye mean by skylarking?" said I. "Jumping over each other's heads," he answered, "to amuse ourselves till we were near enough to fire." He was a robust, fine weather-beaten fellow. At some inn we changed at, there was a well-pipeclayed, and clean, but spindle-legged local militia-man, smoking his pipe. Jack and he soon came to a misunderstanding of course. "If I was thee," said the militia-man, "I would have put on a cleaner handkercher about my neck." "—— your eyes, what d'ye ask for your legs?" said

* This is a proof of Haydon's political foresight. In 1809 such a view was ridiculed. No one believed in it. The year following when Napoleon held his famous Court at Erfurt, his power seemed more firmly established than at any period in his history. The splendour and magnificence he displayed on that occasion surpassed anything that had ever been seen in Europe. "Come to Erfurt," he wrote to his favourite actor, Talma, "Come to Erfurt, and you shall play before a pit full of kings!" Yet amidst all this display of grandeur and authority, Haydon never swerved from his opinion, and declared him a lost man unless he abandoned Spain. Subsequent events fully justified this view, and modern writers have adopted it. In 1812 Lord Wellesley, referring in a speech to the state of Europe, said of Napoleon, "He is one of an order of minds that by nature make for themselves great reverses." But that was three years later, after some successes of Wellington in Spain, and when war between Russia and France was certain. In 1809 it required no ordinary sagacity to detect the character and bearing of the "Spanish ulcer," which really destroyed Napoleon.—Ed.

the sailor. No human being could help roaring with laughter, and Jack enjoyed a complete triumph, as he deserved, after being four years at sea.

Rigo, a French artist who accompanied Denon to the cataracts of the Nile in Napoleon's Egyptian expedition (1799), spent last evening with me (May 6, 1811). I was curious to get out every anecdote about Napoleon from one who had seen him repeatedly, and indeed had always been with him during the Egyptian expedition. Rigo said, the night before the battle of Aboukir, he lay on the ground in the same tent with Buonaparte. About midnight, Buonaparte told Berthier and the rest to go to sleep in their cloaks till daybreak. Rigo said he was never near Buonaparte, but he was attracted by his physiognomy; there was something in his face so acute, so thoughtful, so terrible, that it always impressed him, and that this night when all the rest were buried in sleep, he could not help watching him. In a little time he observed Napoleon take the compasses and a chart of Aboukir and the Mediterranean, and measure; and then take a ruler and draw lines. He then arose, went to the door of his tent, and looked towards the horizon; then returned and looked at his watch. After a moment he took a knife and cut the table in all ways like a boy. He then rested, with his head on his hand, looked at his watch for some time, went again to the door of his tent, and again returned to his seat. There was something peculiarly awful in the circumstances, the dead silence of the night, the solitary lamp, lighting up Napoleon's features, the generals sleeping, the feeling that the Turks were encamped near, and that before long a dreadful battle would be fought. Rigo said he could not have slept. Presently Napoleon looked around to see if all slept. Rigo shut his eyes. In a short time Napoleon called them all up, ordered his horse, and asked how long to daybreak. They told him an hour. The army was then got under arms. Napoleon rode round, spoke to the colonels and soldiers, told them in his energetic manner that at a mile from them lay a Turkish army which he expected by ten o'clock that morning should exist no longer. Before ten they were annihilated.

Kleber, who commanded the reserve, did not join till after the battle. Napoleon was surrounded by trophies: cannon,

standards, arms: and when Kleber suddenly appeared—"Eh bien, Kleber, qu'avez-vous vu?" said Napoleon. "Général," replied Kleber, "c'est la plus grande bataille du monde." "Il faut déjeuner avec nous," said Napoleon. Rigo said that after his return from Egypt he had dined with Buonaparte, who was then First Consul. Buonaparte was never more than ten minutes at dinner. Two footmen, the moment he had eaten of one dish, put down a second. He ate of that, drank a few glasses of wine, and retired. The company all rose when he got up, and then staid two or three hours. Rigo said Napoleon in the field was as cool and collected as in his cabinet.

No man feels more acutely than myself the poetical beauties of the Pagan mythology. But what consolation to the poor and weary, what relief to the sick and oppressed did it offer? Could the minds of suffering men turn for assistance and support to a thoughtless, beautiful youth like Apollo, warm with love and wine, rising like a gossamer from out a laurel grove? Tell me anything in heathen morality equal to the advice before you approach God in the Christian? To examine yourself truly whether you repent you of your sins, to eagerly resolve to lead a new life, to love your neighbour, to forgive your enemy, to root out lust, envy, and hatred, to purify your soul and to make your body a temple fit for the habitation of the Deity.*

There is an abstract idea of perfection floating about in the world of poetry, painting, and virtue, which every man ought

* But although the development of the conviction of something divine into One Great Being was missed by the pagans, and never established into a pure belief without the aid of Revelation, yet, that conviction was there, and it consoled them for the time—

"Præterea, celi rationes ordine certo,
Et varia anarum cernebant tempora verti;
Nec poterant quibus id fieret cognoscere causas.
Ergo perfugium sibi habebant omnia divis
Tradere, et illorum nutu facere omnia flecti."—*Lucan.*, v. 1182.

"They saw the skies in constant order run,
The varied seasons and the circling sun,
Apparent rule with unapparent cause,
And thus they sought the gods in source of laws."

When the belief in their divinities was expelled, and the gods and goddesses of the pagan mythology had lost all credit with their own people, and atheism and corruption of morals prevailed, the time was ripe for a revelation, and it was made.—ED.

to struggle to realise by rooting out all errors that tend to obstruct his approach. You are not to say, "Take me as I am with my faults, they belong to my virtues." Such sophistication is the excuse of a slender understanding. Your virtues would be stronger, and your genius purer if you exerted either to destroy your faults. Suppose Socrates had suffered his appetites to take their range because they belonged to him from nature, what would have become of his virtues? He said, "I have evil propensities from nature, which I will conquer by intellectual exertion," and he refused to allow his appetites full play, because they were part of himself.

If anything will mislead the promising talent of a young student it is that senseless, vicious, impudent academic squareness in drawing which has ruined or misled the hopes of half the Academies of Europe.

Art is a reality, not a definition; inasmuch as it approaches a reality, it approaches perfection, and inasmuch as it approaches a mere definition, it is imperfect and untrue.

The English people are an enigma. There is nothing they desire so much as security for property and individual liberty, and yet nothing they obey with such distaste as authority, the basis of that security and liberty, nothing for which they have such a reverence, and nothing they relish so much as to see it attacked.*

Is painting merely an imitative art? You mistake the means for the end. Painting is only the means of exciting poetical and intellectual associations. Poetry and painting require the same minds, the means only are different. Language and versification are the means of the one, and form, colour, light,

* If we go back to the times of antiquity we find the Athenians were just as inconsistent. For example, there was nothing they aimed at so much as a high standard, yet they banished Aristides and condemned Socrates to death on account of the purity of the lives of both and the wisdom of one. There was nothing they loved so much as, being "moved by their poets and dramatists," yet they decreed that Anaxandrides should be starved to death because his invective was too severe, and they fined Phrynichus heavily because his *patlos* was too affecting. With similar inconsistency they decreed honours to the children of another, because their father sold excellent salt fish, but, in this respect, looking at the modern distribution of honour, the Athenians are hardly singular.—ED.

and shadow the means of the other, and whenever an attempt at sublimity of poetical conception shows a deviation from nature instead of an embellishment, it is not sublimity, it is absurdity.

There is no reason on earth why the inferior parts of a great picture should not be equally attended to, though subordinately kept, as well as the higher beauties.

Rubens, Vandyke, Tintoretto, and Rembrandt carried the mechanism of the art, colour, light and shadow to the highest perfection. They had, now and then, a glimpse of poetical conception. Michel Angelo and Raphael had, at times, a flash of mechanic excellence in colour and light and shadow, but poetical conception of character was that in which their powers lay, and this they carried to the greatest height in modern times. Perfection in art is yet to be attained by union of the two.

I paint History, but I do not underrate other branches of the art. I have no wish to see one part of the art encouraged at the expense of the other. Let low life and small paintings, water-colour drawing, fruit, fish, horses, dog, and portrait all go on, but let High Art be respected as High Art, and take that rank to which its elevation entitles it.

“We have no room for great pictures!” No room? Are not the halls and staircases of the houses of the nobility vacant? Are not the public offices empty? Why, the very corn market at Athens was hung with pictures by Zeuxis, such was the public feeling of the Greeks for art. But here, with our War Office, our Colonial Office, our Admiralty, our Home and Foreign Offices all empty, and our town halls, law courts and both Houses of Parliament without a painting, we say we have no room. Let us hear no more of want of room. It is elevation of view among the nobility and patrons, and elevation of soul among the students, not want of space that we are deficient in.

When Voltaire was dying he received the sacrament with great ceremony. His explanation was, “*Je ne veux point être*

martyr à mon âge."* There is a hero! There is a philosopher! This is the man to ridicule the saints who proved their sincerity by laying down their lives for principles they believed conducive to human virtue in this world, and human happiness in the next: Was Voltaire sincere, or was he not, in ridiculing Christianity? If he was not, what can we think of such a man putting forth all his skill and wit to perplex the world? If he was sincere, what a mean, cowardly dastard to receive the sacrament merely to ensure his own security by an appearance of belief. "*Je ne veux point être martyr à mon âge.*" And why? Surely it was more noble to die a martyr at his age, and inflame the world by his adherence to what he considered truth, and against what he held to be superstition, than by an outward appearance of acquiescence to delude the people into a belief that he repented from fear of personal persecution.

We are the perpetual victims of hope, and when the hope is gratified excitement ceases, and disappointment is almost invariably the result. We fly from one thing to another in the constant pursuit of some Ideal Happiness or some Ideal Good, unaccompanied by that Evil which we feel is destined to instil itself into all human pleasures; fears, hopes, anticipations and attainments. The happiness we viewed, magnified by distance, diminishes in beauty and brightness as we approach. Whether it be that imagination overrates the happiness that is to come, and underrates that which exists, or that languor succeeds excitement and disappointment gratification, God only knows, but the longer a man lives the more he is convinced that honesty, peace, independence, and virtue are all that are requisite to ensure tranquillity on earth, and that this world is but a world of trial, imperfect and uncertain.

Temperance in everything is requisite for happiness, and we must look forward to the promises of revelation as the only just ground of rational hope.

* This seems to corroborate the estimate Condorcet forms of him (*Vie de Voltaire*). Voltaire, according to Condorcet, was "a singular mixture of audacity and weakness, without that firmness in conduct which enables a truly courageous man to meet the storm he has roused with fortitude."—ED.

I remember Keats repeating to me that exquisite ode to Pan, just after he had conceived it, in a low, half-chanting, trembling tone. What a true genius he was! Poor fellow! "I know the miserable mistake," said he, "I have ignorantly made in devoting myself to Leigh Hunt; but he is not selfish, and I'll not shrink now he is in trouble." These were his very words. I was to have made a drawing of Keats, and my neglect really gave him a pang, as it now does me.

The anecdote Tacitus relates of Nero in his last moments is a thunderbolt of refutation to the whole French Theatre. Voltaire, in his objection to Shakespeare, says that no ancient Romans would talk together as he has made Brutus and Cassius talk, which means that Brutus and Cassius would always have talked as if they were in the forum before an assembly, and never in private give way to the private feelings of men. Now when Nero was obliged to take refuge in the obscure retreat of a freed man, after wading through a marshy meadow, covered with mud, and with daggers placed before him that he might die a Roman's death, what did he do? Instead of showing any signs of repentance, instead of thinking with horror, as we may be sure Voltaire would have made him, of the murder of his mother, of his brother, of his wife, of his tutor, and of the hundreds of innocent men, instead of seeing in his flaming mind's eye the burning of Rome, and the massacre of the helpless Christians, he walked about the room, and said at last in a most melancholy tone, "What a musician the world will lose!" Here is a touch of nature deeper than even Shakespeare might have ventured, yet nobody but he would have ventured on it.

As I was writing this, a distinguished Frenchman came into my painting-room, and we set to about the English and French drama. After a hot debate on the superior merits of Shakespeare, he said with agony in his face, and a shrink in his frame, "Mais, Monsieur Haydon, vous souvenez-vous de Hamlet? Ah! — de mettre une tête de mort entre les mains délicates d'un jeune prince! Bah, quel horreur!"

This was a touch almost equal to Nero's.

Fuseli says that my two women, in the 'Judgment of Solomon,' would never have lived together in the same house. What! does he know so little of human nature as not to be

aware a devil may so mask her passions as to impose on, and obtain the confidence of a more innocent woman, and that the she-devil's real temperament would only be developed when she was thrown off her guard by an event like that related of Solomon?

The greatest minds in the history of the world have ever been the most patriotic, have adopted the country in which they are born, devoted their energies to its honour, and their talents to its elevation, and have always preferred elevating its native genius, moral and physical, that its predominance might be acknowledged and sure. This is a healthy and natural tendency. But there have been men of great genius, great talent, and considerable ingenuity, who, either from morbid tendency or a sickly affectation of geniality, a vanity of being thought superior to the prejudices of their fatherland, have determined more to elevate other countries than their own, under pretence of wishing to raise their own by dwelling on its defects with the noble view of correcting its acknowledged errors.

All government is an evil, but, of the two forms of that evil, democracy or monarchy, the sounder is monarchy, the more able to do its will, democracy.*

Hezekiah was dying. He prayed with tears to live, and fifteen years were added to his life; therefore prayer is available and can alter the apparent destiny of man.†

The way to visit a palace is to take your Testament and read the epistles as you walk about. Never does the insignificance of all human splendour diminish to such a degree at such a time.

The dogs of Lan'seer are exquisite, but why does he not paint a *lion*—not a drawing-room lion like Van Amburgh's, surfeited with boiled beef and biscuits, but a downright savage

* "*Their little finger,*" as Holles said of the Republicans of Cromwell's days, "*is heavier than the loins of monarchy.*" *Nunquam libertas gratior exstat quam sub rege pio.*—Ed.

† Tyn all's argument against the efficacy of prayer to produce changes in Natural Laws would seem to apply here; but Tynall's argument, fairly carried out, would suspend prayer in all cases of human necessity. This was a logical conclusion Haydon would have declined to accept.—Ed.

monarch of the woods? It is extraordinary that Landseer has no notion of the totality of a picture. His backgrounds are always disjointed, and his colour always wrong. He has no eye for anything but detail.

It must be remembered that the exhibition of the Royal Academy is always to be taken as evidence of the taste of the employers, and not of what British artists can best paint.

The true grand style is the conveyance of thought by the imitation of substance and thought. Line is the basis of the definition of substance. It should be lost in the rotundity of reality. This is the difference between Titian and the German school.

The world is always willing to believe that he who has any faculty more intensely strong than themselves, must have others as intensely weak. Thus they lay the flattering unction to their souls as soothing to their own incapacity.

What a fearful thing it is to contemplate the terrific, steady glare of the Eye of God! Open from all eternity to all eternity; fixed with an intensity of eager inquiry; gleaming with an internal soul of scintillation, irresistible, unalterable, inexorably severe; to deceive which, impossible; to escape which, hopeless; firmly fixed above us as if it were rooted to its situation, and flaming at every additional discovery with the fierceness of a heated furnace. We trust in the mercy of God; do we ever think seriously of the conditions upon which that mercy will be granted?

Religion settles at once whether there is such a thing or not as vice. "Thou shalt not murder." Murder therefore is wrong, and it is the will of God that it be not done. "Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not commit adultery. Thou shalt not bear false witness," &c. It settles, also, with equal simplicity and decision, our positive duties in life. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and all thy soul, and worship Him in spirit and in truth, and do His Commandments; and thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." This is the Christian religion; there is no occasion to split our brains with subtle arguments,

and metaphysical doubts* as to the nature of the Supreme Being or the mysteries of the Trinity. Christ left us not a system of logic, but a few simple truths.

Johnson says, genius is "a large mind of general powers, accidentally determined to some particular object." This is not enough. Genius is a large mind of general powers with a particular organisation of faculty to receive the impression more strongly of one particular thing than of any other. Thus music was invented, says Reynolds, by a man at leisure listening to the notes of a hammerer. How many thousand men at leisure would not have removed from what they would have called the noise? But this particular man had a construction of faculties that enabled him to perceive, in the regular noise of a hammer, harmony of sound. Had an apple fallen on Titian's head, would the principle of gravitation have occurred to his mind? Certainly not. He would have taken up the apple and have thought of its colour. Spenser's 'Faëry Queen' made Cowley a poet, because Cowley had the capability to be affected by the harmony of verse. Would Newton have become a poet by reading Spenser? One of Minasi's little boys, the other day, when walking with his father and brothers, flung a stone against a brick. Neither his father nor brother heard anything, yet the child cried out with glee, "Father, there is music even in bricks," and at every stone he threw, said, "There is music again," which means that, he had so delicate an organisation for the impression of sounds, that to his exquisite sensibility the commonest sounds were musical. Why did not his father and brother say the same? †

* But pure metaphysics are distinct from religion or creed.—ED.

† But Johnson's definition does not explain all cases, those, for example, in which the direction is taken against the direction that would be impressed on other minds by the same circumstances. My father's definition amounts to Channing's definition, or Channing's to his, viz., that the distinctive mark of genius is "to discern more of truth than ordinary minds;" in short, that genius is insight. Carlyle seems to agree with Johnson. Blair's definition, that genius is "the power of executing," is quite below the mark. The power of executing is only a lower form of talent, no higher than ingenuity, between which and grand conceptions there lies a gulf as wide as that dividing Abraham from Dives. Sir Joshua Reynolds, adopting Johnson's definition, raised his theory of "equal aptitude" upon it, in which he maintained that all men in normal health, being originally equal in mental power, genius could be developed by industry. Buffon, I believe, said "genius is industry." But it is something more, surely; though that 'intellectual something' is difficult to define, and, in its mode of working, more difficult to explain. All that we do know of the habits of men of genius shows they are the hardest workers at self-improvement; that they are

It may be laid down as an axiom in the politics of nations, that in proportion as a nation is indisposed to fight, and disposed to bear affronts even to indignity and insult rather than fight, in that proportion will she be obliged at last to fight under the greatest disadvantage.

There is nothing enrages mankind so much as the perception of their real motive under disguise. Let a youth, when he perceives, be silent, but act on the conviction, confiding it to no one, for if he commits that imprudence, accusations of injustice will follow, or suspicions of morbid view. Never be eager to prove to others your sagacity. Act, but do not talk, and your acuteness will advance your interests; talk, and it will hinder and destroy them.

There is no duty more incumbent upon men of talent than in preserving from oblivion the memories of those old friends, however humble, who have helped them in early youth, or shared their hours of relaxation, and whose goodness of heart, or simplicity of mind, compensate for the want of distinguished talents or position. It is a duty, I fear, too often violated or neglected. I remember when Canning was a student at the Temple, a Mr. Steer used frequently to have him to sup, indeed at a time when Canning was very glad of it. Shortly after Canning had enlisted under Pitt, he (Canning) was in Christie's room, talking to some nobleman, when Steer, who had not seen Canning for some time, happening to come in, went up to shake Canning heartily by the hand. Canning received him as if ashamed! I had this from Segnier, whom Steer told. This was heartless of Canning.

It is a misfortune for the art of any country, at least for the living artists in it, when the public taste has been formed by the distinguished works of other schools executed by artists no longer in existence upon earth. To such a pitch of exclusive

essentially men of introspective habits, and that they have gained a complete subjection of their attention to their will. Newton and Titian are both reported to have substantially made the same answer to the same question as to how they arrived at such excellent results: "By always intending my mind;" "By always thinking about them." One thing only seems to be certain of genius, that while men of talent are all, more or less, the same, no two men of genius are ever alike.—Ed.

enthusiasm is the admiration carried for the genius of the Dead, that no work is believed to be excellent if it be executed by a painter in the flesh.

The powers of Zerah Colburn are certainly miraculous. At six years of age his father overheard him, in play, saying what five times three were, and asked him, as a joke, what five times ninety-three were, when to his astonishment the child answered correctly. He then asked him how many thirteen times ninety-three were, and was instantly told. He tried the result on paper, and found the child was correct. He tells me he never can describe his feelings at this moment. It was in a wild wood in America where he had encamped to enclose and clear some fresh land. The boy had been born in the log hut, and for such a child so situated, to answer such questions at six years of age, looked to him like supernatural interference. From this day his powers gradually developed, and extraordinary ones they certainly are. It is an evident faculty from nature of great and refined power. It acts like a natural power. It can be accounted for; it is not like an unintelligible gift. It is a natural common power, which every one has in some degree, carried to the highest perfection. There is no saying where it will end, for it appears to grow with his growth.*

* It did not, however. With the general culture of his mind this special power faded away. Dr. Carpenter, in his 'Mental Physiology,' says that he has been informed by a friend who has a large field of observation among the primary schools where "mental arithmetic" is cultivated, that it frequently happens to him to find children whose instruction has been neglected in other respects, to possess this gift of numerical intuition to such a degree as to enable them to far surpass older, and generally well-educated, children in answers to arithmetical questions, though they could not explain how they worked out the results. My own experience some years since in the factory schools showed me, without exception, the quickest child at mental arithmetic, the one that beat the whole school in the quickness and accuracy of his or her replies was invariably the most backward in other respects. I made many notes of such cases at the time. But of all calculating boys Zerah Colburn seems to have been the most extraordinary. He was brought to London in 1812, when he was a mere child, and among other questions put to him by Mr. Bailey, the mathematician, he was asked the square root of 105,929. Before these figures could be written down, he gave the correct answer, 327. He was then required to give the cube root of 268,336,125. He replied promptly, 645. On being asked how many minutes there were in forty-eight years, before the question could be written out, he said, 25,228,800, and immediately after gave the correct number of seconds. At this time he was only eight years of age, and had never been taught even the rudiments of arithmetic. This curious and special power of number, as we see in Colburn and other well-known similar cases, is not generally capable of improvement by culture, like genius. What divides it from genius, or why it should not expand under study so as to be able to explain the methods by which it works is not yet accounted for. It is curious that the gift of reasoning out proportions, such as Pascal pos-

There are three supreme agonies in life: the agony of jealousy, the agony of fearing you have mistaken your talents, and the agony of ennui.

The first proof of a man's incapacity for anything is his endeavouring to fix the stigma of failure upon others.

I do not think that Raphael's 'Women' have each the characteristic of a class. They are not Cordelias or Gonerils, or Beatrices. They have all one general air of loveliness. They exhibit the combined points of interest as women. They are tender, gentle, and sweet, inclined to love. They have what we all sympathise with, because their qualities are those that make women delightful; but yet he never distinguishes them as nature distinguishes them. They are nothing but gentle, tender, and sweet. They are not daring or vicious. They are never fascinating jilts or lovely intriguers, never the imperious beauty of opening youth, or the glowing mellowness of maturity. They have general qualities, but not particular, distinctive marks of character.

When I was at Fontainebleau, in 1814, the French officers would sing a verse of their own to their national anthem:—

"Vive Buonaparte!
Vive ce grand conquérant!
Ce diable de Buonaparte
A bien plus de talent
Que votre Henri Quatre
Et tous ses descendants."

What the nobility have in their power to enjoy in this world! But with it all they do not seem happy. They never seem to relish that which we feel exquisitely. They want the stimulus of action. Their minds preying on themselves, and they in general not remarkably well furnished, seek refuge in novelty, but that alone, from its nature, not exciting hope, or fear, or enthusiasm, the common feelings of faculties in action,

seduced in the highest degree, should be capable of expansion under study, and yet not the gift of numeric intuition. But the one requires a much higher order of mind, and the highest orders of mind are those which are capable, by study and reflection, of the greatest expansion.—ED.



A Study. - 1813.

they become weary of that for which they will not hesitate to sacrifice principle and honour to pursue.*

What is life, but the choice of that good which contains the least of evil.

The other night I was at a *conversazione*, and while there the distinguished editor of the ‘* * * Review’ came in drunk. He walked into the room and out again. I walked after him and caught him on the stairs. “My dear fellow,” he said, “I do hope you will get on, *paint their — faces*. Good night, God bless you!” and away he reeled.

Lord Londonderry quarrelled with Lady Londonderry, and, said he, “My lady I have not stamina enough for you, and the House of Commons too, and the House of Commons I cannot neglect.”

I remember once, on a cold May day, meeting Lady Londonderry in St. James’s Street. Hamilton said I was ready to show her the Elgin Marbles. “Not now, Mr. Haydon,” was her reply. “*It is too cold for marble*: when the weather is warmer.” So much for Miladi’s love for the arts.

* It may be doubted whether the nobility suffer from ennui more than other classes with similar leisure and similar want of a cultivated understanding. It is their high rank and station, and the magnificence of their ample means which makes the contrast so striking. When Prosper Mérimée says, on his visit to Teymouth Castle, that “everything—Marquis and Bishops—had the air of being bored,” he is only saying what he might as justly have said of less magnificent establishments. A friend of mine in the country had a neighbour on each side of him; one destroyed himself because he had no money; and the other, because he had so much he did not know how to employ it. The explanation lay in want of mental resource. The neglect of parents to give their children a truly good education and teach them habits of mental and moral discipline, involves serious consequences. The great misfortune is that, young men of rank and means rarely read so the best fruits of the education placed at their disposal. Many of them issue out to their respective duties in life very little to be distinguished, intellectually, from the noble savage. His sole ambition is hunting and the pursuit of game. So is theirs. If he fail to obtain this, he falls back upon the “strong waters” of the white man, gambles, drinks, and dies. The young noble under similar circumstances too often falls back on the wines and brandies of France, gambles, drinks, and dies. What is there to choose between them? The whole question is want of mental resource. “Ignorance to a rich man,” says Johnson, “is like fat to a sick sheep: it only serves to bring the rooks about him.” If it did only that in the case of the nobility, we might well afford to let it pass. But the example of the nobility is an authority to the people, and this adds to the gravity of the offence which sends their children out into a life of too much leisure without habits of mental discipline, without the ballast of a well-instructed mind.—Ed.

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I saw Kean's 'Hamlet' last night (28th Oct. 1814), and totally disagree as to its being his worst part. The fact is we are ruined by the ranting habits of the stage. We are become so used to noise, declamation, and fury that was nature herself before us she would appear tame and insipid. They complain that Kean is insipid in the soliloquies, absurd. What is the impression from his whole acting? Is it not of a heart-afflicted youth who silently wanders for hours in the lobby in despairing desolation? At these times in nature such a man so afflicted would soliloquise, and how would he do it? Would he rant, and stamp, and thund'er? Oh no. He would reason quietly, he would weep at his father's name and, in half-suppressed sighs and bursting agony, lament his mother's second marriage. This is the system of Kean, and indeed it is impossible that one who feels the heats of passion so quickly should not feel as justly the parts of secret soliloquy. To me his whole conception and execution of 'Hamlet' is perfect. You see him wander silently about, weary, in grief, disgusted. If he speaks it is not to the audience, if he shows feeling it is not for applause. He speaks because he feels compelled to utter his sensations by their excess, he weeps because his faculties can no longer retain themselves, and the longer Kean acts the more will he bring the world to his principles. The time is not far distant when his purity, his truth, his energy, will triumph over all opposition.

It is always a disadvantage, I think, to choose a subject for an epic poem so far within the range of history that it is known events occurred, and conclusions were brought about without the apparent interference of supernatural agency. In such subjects the ground is not prepared by habitual associations, the supernatural agents are intruders, and it is an effort of the mind to reconcile their introduction.

The enchanters of Ariosto, the gods of Homer, and the angels of Milton are a part of the belief of the period to which the powers refer, but this cannot be said of the machinery of Tasso or Camoëns.

"*Ne parlez pas des hommes,*" said Davoust on the Moscow retreat to a general making his returns, "*Ne parlez pas des hommes, combien de chevaux avez-vous perdus?*" This is war!

Some one remarked at dinner the other night that any man could become "a general in a month." What absurdity! Consider the qualities requisite, an energetic decision, the result of an instant and luminous conception, a power of wielding his materials at a moment to complete his own plan, or to frustrate that of his adversary, a cool spirit not daunted by any difficulties, an unceasing activity, and great self-command, are the qualities attainable without nature's aid! What nonsense!*

This (here follows a slight pen sketch of a young man) is the head of a young man with just manner enough, just sense enough, just music enough, just verve enough, just figure enough, just impudence enough, to seduce a thoughtless, unsuspecting sweet girl, and then—desert her.

When a man finishes so highly as to lose all appearance of touch, he gets entirely rid of all association of idea, because a touch is the result of an impression on the mind rapidly expressed by the hand. Rubens ranks high because his works are all thought, not refined or elaborate, but thought of some sort or other. Nothing laboured, his thoughts are expressed as they arrived without hesitation. This is the reason of the delight his works give.

Beware of the beginnings of vice. Do not delude yourself with the belief that it can be argued against in the presence of the exciting cause. Nothing but *actual flight* can save you. Beware also of idleness, which leaves you at the mercy of appetite: employment, employment, employment, and you must be safe!

However the vicious may laugh at religion as if in defiance, how they shrink at the fear of detection!

Which are most pleasurable, the fears that religion excites, that is the fear of doing wrong, or the fears of vice, that is the fear of being found out?

* "There are two subjects," said Napoleon, "upon which everybody thinks him self competent to talk, politics and the art of war, but they are difficult; the art of war particularly." The Emperor might have safely added a third, viz. medicine.—Ed.

No man is more contemptible than "the man of the town," and no character more despicable than a man of intrigue.

I have more respect for a Messalina who does not disguise her vice, than for a vicious woman who icees over her corruption with a snowy reserve.

Beware of those women whose propensity and delight is to correct the errors rather than love the good qualities a man may possess. A pretty life would he lead who marries such a one.*

"Religion and morality," says Sheller, "as they now stand compose a practical code of misery and servitude." This is untrue; as they really and essentially are, they compose a code of tranquillity, freedom, and elevation of soul.

There are many feelings that to conquer which the world has agreed to be right; but there are many also that the vicious and vain think ought to be subdued which the moral and the wise prefer to see indulged, cherished, and depended on.

How many plausible arguments from personal selfishness might not have been put forth to save Moscow from the flames? "We have wives and children;" "We have happy homes;" "Why burn all for an abstract principle?" "Can we not live as well under Napoleon as under Alexander?" "Why burn a whole city merely as evidence of non-submission?" Might not the Russians have said this? But they nobly preferred the great principle of freedom to securing their comfort by submission, and burned their city to the ground.†

It is highly convenient to believe in the infinite mercy of God when you feel the need of mercy, but remember also His infinite justice.

* "Plus on juge, moins on aime" (Balzac).—Ed.

† Count Rostopchin is reported to have said distinctly that, although he set fire to his own villa on leaving it, he gave no orders for burning the city. It was set on fire by plunderers. There is only one nation in the world that goes to war for an abstract idea, and she is not always above a substantial recompense.—Ed.

Let every artist remember that if he succeed one year, the effect of his success will induce people to discover non-existent beauties in his next picture during its progress; and that if he fail, it will urge them to discover imaginary errors. In the one case let him not be flattered to unbounded hope, nor in the other be reduced to helpless despondency. Exhibition to the public generally proves the fallacy of both, and all then shrink from their former opinions. Let a man confide in his own strength, with a wary circumspection.

Campbell, the poet, told me once that he never slept but two hours in the night, and was always stupid in the day in consequence.

Fuseli said to me once that people generally went to church in proportion to their profligacy. I had it on the tip of my tongue to tell him that I wondered he did not go every day.

I do not recollect feeling greater joy than when I heard of Broke's capture of the 'Chesapeake.*' I thanked God with all my heart. When our 'Guerrière' was captured by the Americans it affected me deeply; I dwelt on it in sullen disgust. I felt as if I had been grossly insulted. The indignation of the people, and their detestation of Dacres for not sinking with his colours flying, was profound throughout the kingdom; it affected all deeply. I had recollected from infancy seeing so many captured French frigates coming into Plymouth Harbour, and running along the sea shore cheering till I was inaudible, that the capture of one of our frigates cut me acutely to the heart.

As I looked over the different animals at Pidecock's one day, all were so different in character, so decidedly divided by impassable bounds, I could not help asking myself are not men equally and distinctly separated and confined by natural powers or natural deficiencies? Surely they are.

There must be more malice than love in the hearts of all wits.

* 1st June, 1813.

When you get a favour from a King make a point of never telling who was the instrument—never to your dearest friend.

Men who have reached and passed forty-five, have a look as if waiting for the secret of the other world, and as if they were perfectly sure of having found out the secret of this.

What an extraordinary desire there is to find out faults in adversity, and virtues in success. It arises all from one cause—the vanity of being thought foreseeing.

The great weakness of life is a disposition to give proofs of sagacity ; and the leading vice, a hatred of superiority.

There is not a more pitiable object than an old man whose faculties are just sinking into imbecility, but whose passions get more intense as his powers of gratification fail.

Always appear thankful for just praise, for, although it is no more than you deserve, is there no merit due to those who acknowledge your deserts? How many get their deserts?

Nothing is difficult ; it is only we who are indolent.

The obstruction and ignorance of English connoisseurs in high art is a matter of ridicule on the Continent ; and well it may be ! No other professions are cursed with “connoisseurs” but poetry and painting. Poor poets ! poor painters ! work as you may, you are the only professors who are not supposed to know more of your own profession than those who fill their vacant days with wandering gabble or casual glance.

After the Battle of Waterloo my servant, who was an old Penin-ular man, brought several of the wounded to my rooms, on their arrival in London. Wilkie was with me. The description of the men was simple, characteristic, and poetical. They said, when the Life-Guards and Cuirassiers met it was

"like the ringing of ten thousand blacksmiths' anvils." One of them knew my models, Shaw and Dakin. He saw Dakin, dismounted, fighting with two Cuirassiers, also dismounted. Dakin divided both their heads with cuts five and six. Another saw Shaw fighting with two Cuirassiers at a time; Shaw, he said, always "cleared his passage." He saw him take an eagle but lose it afterwards, as when any man got an eagle all the others near him, on both sides, left off fighting and set on him who had the eagle. Afterwards, when lying wounded in the yard at La Haye-Sainte, he heard some one groaning, and, turning round, saw Shaw, who said, "I am dying; my side is torn off by a shell." Corporal Webster, of the 2nd Life Guards, saw Shaw give his first cut; a Cuirassier gave point at him, Shaw parried the thrust, and before the Cuirassier recovered Shaw cut him right through his brass helmet to the chin, "and his face fell off him like a bit of apple." Another model of mine, one of the wounded men—Hodgson—the finest man of all, a perfect Achilles, charged up to the French baggage. The first man who stopped him, he told us, was an Irishman in the French service. He dashed at Hodgson, saying, "— you, I'll stop your crowing." Hodgson said he felt frightened, as he had never fought anybody with swords. The first cut he gave was on the cuirass, which Hodgson thought was silver-lace—the shock nearly broke his arm. Watching the Cuirassier, however, he found he could move his own horse quicker; so, dropping the reins, and guiding his horse with his knees, as the Cuirassier at last gave point, Hodgson cut his sword-hand off, and then dashing the point of his sword into the man's throat turned it round and round. "— me, Sir," he added, "now I had found out the way, I soon gave it them." As he rode back, a French regiment opened and let him pass at full gallop, then closed and fired a volley, but never hit him or his horse. Then a mounted French officer attacked him; Hodgson cut his horse at the nape, and as it fell the officer's helmet rolled off, and Hodgson saw a bald head and grey hairs; the officer begged for mercy, but at that instant a troop of Lancers were coming down full gallop, so Hodgson clove his head in two at a blow and escaped. He said the recollection of the old man's white hairs pained him often. Before he got back to the British lines a Lancer officer charged him and, missing his thrust,

came right on to Hodgson and his horse. Hodgson got clear, and cut the man's head off at the neck at one blow. The head bobbed on to his havresack, where he kept the bloody stain. Wilkie and I kept the poor fellows long and late, and rewarded them well. My man, Sammons, seemed astounded that the Battle of Waterloo had been won and he not present.

The author of 'Nænia Britannica,' the Rev. — Douglas, was one of the most singular characters. In the autumn of 1815, when I was down at Brighton, Douglas was there with Prince Hoare, and I invited Wilkie down to meet them. Wilkie was delighted with Douglas, he reminded him of the Vicar of Wakefield. Douglas was an antiquary; and his theory was, that in the early period of urn burials brass only, and not iron, was in use. He excited our curiosity so much that Wilkie and I, and Prince Hoare, plagued him until he got leave to open the great barrow on the hill close to the Church. The 10th Hussars were then at Brighton, and I got permission from the colonel for some of the men to dig for us; and early in the morning we set in to work. About noon we came to an urn of unbaked clay, graceful in form, and ornamented like a British shield. "There's iron," said I; "I hope not," thundered Douglas; luckily for his theory it was not iron. He was so nervous, he broke the urn, and out tumbled the burned bones of a human skeleton. By this time the cockneys had flocked up the hill, and, crowding round, began to pilfer the bones. I bought a muffin basket of a boy, put in the urn, and put it under Hoare's care. Douglas, now his antiquarian theory was safe, jumped into the grave, and addressed the people *on the wickedness of disturbing the ashes of the dead!* Wilkie was in ecstasies, and kept saying, "Dear, dear, just look at him!" The effect of his large sack of a body, his small head, white hair, and reverend look, his spectacles low down on his nose, and his severe expression as he eyed the mob over them, was indescribable. After a long harangue, he persuaded the cockneys to stand back, and ordered the hussars to cover up the bones with respect.

One day he had lost a black horse out of his orchard. I said, "But why don't you go to a magistrate?" "Ah, my dear friend," he replied, "perhaps God Almighty thinks I have had him long enough."

Prince Hoare told me an amusing anecdote illustrative of his passion for urns. He and Douglas were conversing about St. Paul preaching at Athens. "I wonder," said Douglas, "who that Damaris was?" "I do not know," said Hoare. "Ah," said Douglas, with perfect gravity, "I wish we could find her urn!"

The characters in the Greek tragedies have an air of being mere organs of the aggregate notions of the writers' experience in human nature, rather than beings through which nature herself speaks according to their particular habits or capacities. Medea, Clytemnestra, and Prometheus, are exceptions. They are all moral, and talk the same routine of doctrine about the gods, and wise men, and virtue and vice, which does not seem to suit their feelings, or to be the result of their own experience, but as if they were uttering what they knew to be proper, as children repeat 'Enfield's Speaker.'

I have a confused notion in my head of painting a series of moral subjects to enforce the duties of man. Thus—

The evil effects of anger—Alexander killing Clitus.
 The misery of voluptuousness—The death of Antony.
 Duty in danger—"Caesarem vehis, quid times?"
 Duty in success—Washington resigning the Presidency.
 Duty to your neighbour—The Good Samaritan, &c. &c.

It is extraordinary how every principle becomes depraved and tainted, what selfishness, what brutality, ingratitude, and fierceness take possession of a man, and what wit, hypocrisy, and vicious keenness of intellect seize on a woman when the illicit and forbidden is suffered to range unrestrained in the hearts of either.

To a man who has enjoyed the best Society in London, Paris, or Vienna, all other society is low and vulgar. There is nothing like the state of the best society in high life. How generously they disagree, how gracefully the one helps the other he defeats in argument, what modest diffidence in manner, what deference to superiors, what delicacy, what gaiety, what sympathies, what curious self-possession! Where is the

most heroic courage so mingled with modesty? Where are the most voluptuous tastes so veiled with delicacy? Where are women so indulged without grossness, or men so beloved without affectation? Where are the sweetest affections so cultivated, and the tenderest sorrows so sincerely soothed? But that there is something appalling to be said on the reverse side I do not deny.

How Homer raises you by degrees to the fury of battle! When the Greeks first prepare for fighting they eat and refresh themselves, fall into ranks clean and invigorated, and beaming with the cool effulgence of the morning sun. They meet, they fight, and in the war and clash of battle they kill each other till midday arrives. As the sun reaches the meridian all is confusion, roaring, clashing, and heat; the horses panting, whitened by dust; the heroes fainting, exhausted by slaughter. Milton has, perhaps, a more elevated gloomy sublimity, that belongs to Hell and Chaos, but no man equals Homer and Shakespeare in that inspired spirit, that raciness of nature which animates and distinguishes everything they describe. In Milton, his mighty Cherubim and Seraphim seem to draw their flaming swords, or crash their rounded shields, as if they shone through a darkened obscurity, red, solemn, and terrible, interrupted only by groans of despair or quivering sighs of anguish, or the falling echoes of the fiery surge bellowing through "a vast and boundless deep." I never read Homer without longing to run somebody through for a week afterwards. I remember once darting up and seizing a pole; I dashed it through a study of Wilson, the negro, saying to myself, "Kite the earth, you *κορυθαιώλος* dog!"*

Genius in poverty is never feared, because Nature, though liberal in her gifts in one instance, is forgetful in another.

* I can quite believe it. This habit of animating his mind before painting by reading his favourite authors, Homer or Dante, is just what Cicero, Bossuet, Gray, Corneille, Milton, all did, and the great ora ors still do—

"Magnam mihi mentem, animumque
Delius inspiret Vates."

Pompey the Great never undertook any considerable enterprise without inspiring his genius by having read to him the character of Achilles in the first Iliad. Bossuet used to retire for days to study Homer before composing a funeral oration.
—ED.

But genius in affluence alarms the *amour-propre* of those whom Nature has made rich, and yet made foolish. They cannot bear a man to rise, by the native vigour of his mind, to that pitch of independence which they have inherited because they were born, and not because they deserved it. Hence the preaching that "want" is requisite to stimulate talent; that "competence" only is necessary; that Milton got but 10*l*. for 'Paradise Lost.' This might be impartial and candid for the poor man of genius to say, the man who is to be paid, but for the rich, and ignorant, and foolish, it is cant. Clear your mind of cant!

The most painful age is that between youth and maturity, when with all your boyish feelings you have not sufficient character of manhood to indulge in them without losing the little reputation which your dawning beard begins to give. When once a man any nonsense is excused. Thus it is with reputation of every kind when once established; your freaks are excused as proofs of amiableness, which before would have been censured as marks of imbecility.

I was at the Wellington fête last night (21st July, 1813). It was a grand sight. Under the bust of Wellington stood a British grenadier with the flag of the 100th Regiment, 2nd Battalion, and the bâton of Marshal Jourdan. I felt peculiarly interested at the sight. The associations were pathetically grand, and retrieved the character of the British army. The perseverance of Lord Wellington against the sneers, the contempt, the forebodings of the Opposition, and the neglect of the Ministry, met here with its rich and deserved reward. The fête was in every respect a great success. The rich dresses of the visitors, the variety of character; here the Turkish Ambassador, there the Duke of Sussex in a highland dress; then the Foreign Ministers, gorgeous in orders and brilliant uniforms; then groups of beautiful women in full evening dress, and the brilliant hussars with their golden tassels and warlike heads, all helped to give an air of chivalrous enchantment to the scene.*

* "The neglect of the Ministry." This charge is certainly well founded. There is nothing so pitiable in the History of England, during this century, as the miserable squabbles, in 1810-11, over the poor old mad King, between the

The Radicals are men of abstract virtue, they despise worldly ways, and, leaving principles to act for themselves, fail before men less honest, but who know the world better.

What one admires so much in Christianity is the *sound good sense* of its Founder. There are no metaphysical arguments about the origin of evil, no reproaches about its existence, no impossible trash about the perfectibility of the human race. Evil is taken for granted, the remedy is laid down, and no perfectibility shown to be possible but through a consciousness of sin, and a hearty and sincere repentance. Christ chose the poor to show the emptiness of wealth, power, and station. He lifted one cheek when the other was struck, to show the absurdity of sensibility to insult. He washed feet to inculcate humility, and died in agony on the Cross to show the soundness of sacrifice and submission.

“A mystery is a truth revealed without explanation.” I heard McNeile say this; I thought it very fine.

respective cliques of Lord Grenville and Mr. Perceval, Lord Wellesley and Canning, Lord Sidmouth and Sheridan, Lord Castlereagh and the Hertfords, all striving to oust one another from the favour of the Prince Regent, starving the war in the Peninsula, paralyzing Lord Wellington, and wasting time and energies, which should have been devoted to their country, in a reckless struggle for place. Lord Wellington's Expedition in Spain seems to have been regarded by Lord Grenville and Mr. Perceval as an insufferable nuisance. Lord Liverpool, too, was no better. He proposed to Lord Wellington either to send home his transports to save their cost, or to evacuate the Peninsula and come home with them! Mr. Perceval, if he chose to remain, insisted on his dismissing his muleteers (thus crippling his means of transport) to save expense, and refused him the reinforcements he urgently needed. Lord Grenville condemned the expedition as a hopeless waste of public money. Lord Wellesley, as Foreign Secretary, alone of all the Ministry insisted upon maintaining and extending our hold of the Peninsula. But he very shortly resigned, saying, “I can serve *with* Mr. Perceval, but I never can serve *under* him again.” Indeed, to such a pass had matters come at the close of 1810, that on the 9th January, 1811, Lord Wellington wrote to Admiral Berkeley from Corunna, “The plot is thickening upon us here to such a degree that I really think we ought not to send away any more of our transports.” When the Duke began to look behind him it was highly indicative.

With these facts in our possession, it is amusing to read in the ‘Quarterly Review,’ within my memory, such a passage as the following:—“A Minister for War in England must not look for fame, he must find his reward in his conscience. All the palpable merit of success is the general's; all the disgrace of failure is the minister's. No one dreams of attributing to Lord Liverpool or to Lord B. thrust, who were *toiling at home to furnish the Duke with men, money, and materials*, any share in the glories of the Peninsula war.”

Thus is History written in a country where Party prevails. Macaulay probably would have been as much wrong on the other side, though he could hardly err. But in a country where Party feeling is so strong, each side should professedly write its own narrative of events, and both should be bound up together.—ED.

The Freethinkers, with that kind of fancied infallibility in themselves which makes men so contentious, persist in saying that Providence cares nothing for His creatures, and ask why does He not prevent this or that? Because there would be no free will if He did. Men *must* be left to the consequences of their conduct. He interferes to alleviate, and whispers to guide their authors. He has revealed His will. What do they want more?

I have talked with men of every creed and sect, Deists, Atheists, Sceptics, Baptists, Anabaptists, Unitarians, Wesleyans, Protestants, and Papists; and I have always found the Papist ready with damnation, and never wrong, but all the rest acknowledging what they could not explain candidly.

Milman, in his 'History of the Jews,' says Moses made religion a help to his policy. Where is the evidence? There was no occasion. The perpetual appearance of the Almighty was more effectual. Besides, the Jews were not sufficiently advanced then, were not fitted to receive the theory of the prospective punishments or rewards of a future state. The roar of thunder, the flash of lightning, the awe of a mysterious voice, was better calculated to correct and impress them.

There is no "taste" in Christianity, that is, no selection of the beauties of nature. Christianity is a religion professedly to give Hope to the Wretched, and Comfort to the Miserable. It does not forbid enjoyment of the beauties of nature, of art, of poetry, of science. But to instruct the educated is not its object. It is to reconcile desponding, dying misery, and to show even to genius that there is a higher feeling than the feeling of taste. The elegancies of life may soothe and soften, but they afford no hope, no dependence; faculties are precarious; fortunes may be ruined; a dear child or wife on whom you rest your passionate soul may sicken and die; but looking to the Great, Immortal, Eternal Being, is depending on what can never change, and what can always afford assistance and relief. The greatest happiness in this is the conviction (and acting on this conviction) of the immediate interference of Providence.

Cynics are generally men who censure the world, from either imagining the world has not done justice to their talents, or to

excuse their own weaknesses. The existence of groaners and croakers, and all those who love justice to the letter, is commonly to be explained by the neglect of the world from their own misconduct, or envy of the world from their own insignificance. For my part, I like the world. There is more beauty and loveliness and happiness in it than misery. If I see another in wealth and happiness I never envy him. I would scorn to do so. I like to see him, and I like to see him use his riches well. I like to see a fine young fellow driving tandem. Why should he not make a part of the composition? Without him and his tandem a beauty would be lost. I like to see lovely women well dressed, well shod, well gloved; and let them dress six times a day if they like, notwithstanding the scorn croakers talk of them. Is there any more innocent employment than dressing? If they are handsome, let them show their beauty to the best advantage. Let them show their pretty feet, and delightful forms in all their health and splendour:—

“ Oh fortunati peregrini, cui lice
Giungere in questa sede alma e felice!”

The Greek artists knew nothing of anatomy, *because* their medical men knew little! Of course if this be ground for argument, our artists now must know a great deal, because our surgeons know so much! Literary authority is against me, but the back of the Theseus and the front of the Ilissus are higher authority far. Lord Aberdeen, in 1821, told me the Greeks certainly did not dissect, but I could get *no authority* from him for this assertion. Cockerell told me he was not aware that there was any authority for saying that the Greeks did not dissect. Carlisle, on the other hand, maintains that Pliny and Pausanias prove that the Greeks knew nothing of anatomy. I should like to know where? How comes it that Homer describes the wounds he inflicts, and their consequences, with such accuracy, if anatomy was unstudied? I grant that the Greek surgeons may not have known muscular anatomy as thoroughly as the moderns, but that does not imply total ignorance.* In the feet of the Venus I can trace the drawings

* Galen's Physiological Theory, Grote pronounces, in the *Timæus* of Plato, to rest “upon many anatomical facts, and results of experiments on the animal body by tying and cutting nerves and arteries.” This is dissection. The various treatises of Hippocrates also seem to point to the knowledge of dissection among

and hints of the most exquisite anatomy. The sculptor who knew how to make the feet and ankles, knew how to make the sides.

The most perfect, indeed, the only perfect school of art in the world, was the school of Phidias; and it has long been a question whether or not the Greek founder of this immortal school was or was not acquainted with the anatomical construction of the figure? Eminent scholars assert, from passages in the Greek poets, that the Greeks had an awful respect for their dead—so have we—and that laws existed against dissection. But what does this prove, but that dissection was practised? No law is ever passed to prevent an evil, that society has not first suffered from its exercise. Would it be any ground hereafter to doubt dissection among ourselves, because stringent laws have been passed prohibiting the stealing of bodies, and punishing the stealer? Surely not.

When I was in Paris in 1814 I dined with the Academy. I asked an Academician whether his Illustrious Forty were “the same” as ours? He replied, “Pour cela, mais oui, Monsieur, imaginez-vous qu’il y a quarante membres, et chacun a trente-neuf ennemis!”

June 28, 1817, I dined at Kemble’s farewell dinner. A more complete farce was never acted. Many, I dare say, regretted his leaving the stage, but the compliments on all sides wearied you. The Drury Lane actors flattering the Covent Garden actors, the Covent Garden actors flattering Drury Lane. Lord Holland flattered Kemble; Kemble flattered Lord Holland. Then Campbell, the poet, flattered Moore (whom I knew he hated), but Tom Moore, like an honest, sensible genius, as he is, said not a word, but drank his wine and—flattered no one.

the Greek physicians. “Among the sixty treatises,” says Mr. Grote, “in the Hippocratic collection, composed by different authors, there are material and differences, sometimes even positive opposition both of doctrine and spirit. Some of them are the work of practitioners familiar with the details of sickness and bodily injuries, as well as with the various modes of treatment.” In a note Mr. Grote adds: “The Hippocratic treatises afford evidence of an established art with traditions of tolerably long standing, a considerable medical literature, and much oral debate on medical subjects.” It seems impossible after this to believe that the most important preliminary to the successful practice of their art should have been neglected.—*ED.*

This dinner to Kemble, under the affectation of honouring him, was in reality a masked attack upon Kean. Kemble as an actor, and West as a painter, have more claims on society from the honour of their private characters than from the greatness of their genius. Age, time, and connections have formed around them a phalanx of friends; and, as if symptomatic of their posthumous decay, or from a dislike that the men to whom they have looked up, from childhood to maturity, for all their pictorial or theatrical delights should be proved by the superior promise of such men as Kean not to be the great creatures they have been taught to believe, they unite to give a lasting testimony of their respect, to make one struggle for the glory of their favourite, with a foreboding that it is nothing but a struggle to put a little oil into the socket of an expiring lamp. Any one would have thought that the English Stage took its origin from Kemble, such was the flattering of the night. Garrick was never mentioned. Yet all that Kemble has done for it is to improve the costume. It was laughable to listen, and hear that no one spoke of his genius. This was a true touch. Lord Holland spoke of his critical capacity, his learning, &c., but not a word about his genius. The truth is, Kemble is a regular actor but not a great one. Never did Kemble lose possession of himself. Never did nature whisper in his ear one of Kean's bursts in 'Othello,' worth all Kemble's life and the lives of fifty Kembles, if each had lived to the age of Methusaleh. Second-rate ability finds it much easier to imitate Kemble's droning regularity than to copy the furious impulses of Kean, who cannot point out when they come, or why. Every critic's self-love was affected by the startling apparition of Kean when he sprang into the midst of them, and with one flash of his vigorous eye dwindled the stately march and solemn heartlessness of the Kemble mockery into its real insignificance. Every admirer of Kemble felt his judgment impeached; and, though all had long felt that Kemble was not the highest model of excellence, no one of them liked to acknowledge that Kean was, because Kean did not wait to be found out, but stood forth at once and bid others find him.

Attend to the sensations of a thing first felt. If a second time you are less alive to its wickedness, be assured it is not that you are better informed and less timid, but that you have

disregarded the warnings of your heart when sensitive from innocence, and have suffered example to dull the acuteness of your perceptions.

I doubt whether too intense a perception of the identity, colour, and substances of nature is not a clog on the fertility of the invention. Titian spent eight years on the 'Pietro Martyre,' and seven over the 'Last Supper;' and not because he was all that time thinking over or varying his inventions, but because he painted every plant and tree, and stump and shrub, and cloud and distance, from nature, that the means of conveying his ideas might be as perfect as the conception. Michel Angelo, on the other hand, painted the 'Capella Sistina' in twenty months, because he was utterly regardless of truth of imitation, except in form, and was satisfied if the mind could comprehend his intention by a hint.

When Lord Elgin applied to Pitt for a small grant of money to enable him to make mouldings of the Temples at Athens, Pitt said, "Anxious as he felt to advance the arts, he could not authorise such an expenditure of public money." A few weeks after, he laid out 300,000*l.* in catamarans to blow up the flotilla in Boulogne! Oh, our public men, our public men! A couple of tutors of painting and sculpture at Oxford and Cambridge would send them into Parliament with greater notions of what were due to the arts and the country.*

Nobody complains of marriage but they who, like Paoli, "have not the conjugal virtues," or they who, from peculiarity of circumstances, have been its victims. These are not unprejudiced judges. Take the aggregate of opinion, and it would be vastly in favour of the institution of marriage. That the consequences of the abolition of marriage would be *right*, as Shelley and his followers argue, and that the intercourse between the sexes would not be promiscuous, no man of any knowledge of mankind, and in his senses, would venture to utter.

* Carlyle relates that when Mr. Pitt was applied to for some help for Burns, the Minister replied, "Literature will take care of itself." "Yes,"

Where is the objection to the existence of Evil? In our present state evil seems requisite to excite and produce its opposite virtue. If there was no want there would be no charity; if no crime, no forgiveness of it; if no murder, no pity, compassion, and sympathy. No doubt we can imagine a state where Evil is not, but Evil *is* in our present state, and shows how God seems to produce Good in spite of it.*

When will the pride of learning blush at denying what it cannot comprehend?

On telling Wilkie one day that I was reading Homer, he said, with a strong Scotch twang, "Dear, dear, I have no patience with Pope's Homer." "Why?" said I. "Because," said he, "there's jest such an evident prejudice in favour of the Greeks!"

Any one who for a moment doubts that the principles of Greek sculpture, architecture, and painting had their origin from Egypt can never have examined the works of that country. The painting of the walls of the Greek palaces in fresco, the orders of their architecture, the principles of their temples, are evidently derived from Egypt. The story of Callimachus and the acanthus are inventions.

It is extraordinary that Lord Aberdeen, in his 'Essay on Greek Architecture,' should bring forth as arguments against the 'Iliad' being the production of one man, such facts as that writing was only known on stone, leather, or wood; and that the rhapsodists, like the ancient bards, were used to repeat different portions of the 'Iliad' as distinct tales. Can these reasons be placed against the positive evidence of the work itself? Could such composition, such arrangement, such art,

advised Southey, "it will take care of itself, and of you too, if you don't look to it."—ED.

* Haydon, like many others, was constantly haunted by speculations on subjects beyond our reach, and the utmost result of which could only be additional perplexity. The origin of Evil was a favourite question with him, but as he could not dispose of the objections on either side, he never came to a more satisfactory solution than that of St. Augustine, viz. that we must grant God does many things which we cannot understand.—ED.

such exquisite character, such consistency throughout, have ever been attained from the accidental conceptions of different rhapsodists? Impossible. I say of the 'Iliad' as I said of the Elgin Marbles, the works themselves are irresistible proofs that they proceeded from one mind original and enlightened. Lord Aberdeen doubts the 'Odyssey.' Why, the single conception of Ajax disdaining to answer Ulysses, and Achilles striding with larger steps at hearing of his son's fame, are proofs of its being the conception of the same mind. Men like Lord Aberdeen can surely never have been impressed with the real power of a poetical work, or they could not thus be led astray by plausibility, ingenuity, and antiquarian research.

The conduct of the people of England on the death of the Princess Charlotte has struck me deeply. Every family in England has felt her loss as the loss of a favourite daughter. This day of her burial (19th Nov. 1817) has been one of the most beautiful days I ever saw. It looked as if her spirit had been received into happiness, and had influenced the very air. The church bells tolled in mournful harmony. The people crowded to the churches in humble prayer. At St. Paul's they have been disappointed of the service; the clergyman, alarmed at the thousands who rushed in, left the church! The Lord Mayor was sent for; he addressed the people. Suddenly an orator sprung up, and addressed the Lord Mayor, and told him it was a shame to send the people home without giving them an opportunity of expressing their feelings for their dead princess. At last it was agreed that service should be at 3 P.M., if the people cared to wait! *They waited.* I think this as fine a bit of English character, mixing with grief, as could be seen.

Love and death are the two great hinges on which all human sympathies turn.*

Milton and Michel Angelo seemed born with an intense yearning after something higher than the world; and, though compelled to express their conceptions by this world's ma-

* But is there nothing in Resentment?—Ed.

terials, yet the elevation of their view exalted the forms and fancies and characters which they used. The genius of Homer, Raphael, and Shakespeare, on the other hand, was a deep, unrivalled feeling for nature, with all its frailties, passions, and appetites.

“As painters therefore labour the likeness about the face, and run over the rest with a less careful hand.”—*Plutarch's 'Alexander.'* An unanswerable proof that the Greek pictures were not all laboured like the French, but painted on the same principles as those of Titian and Vandyke, viz., neglecting inferior parts; that is, not finishing all parts equally, but putting their power into the heads and hands, &c.

There is in this world such a continued tendency to perfection, both morally and physically, and such a continued check from imperfection of material, that there must be a day of retribution, and a higher state of existence, to set all things right. Our life here is one perpetual struggle for ideal perfection, with inherent tendencies that obstruct our attaining it.

One of the greatest annoyances in life is the remarks of common minds when criticising great works. Such people always miss in great works the very things their minds would not have left out. They never think it possible for a man of genius to have left them out *by choice*. Oh no! They imagine such things never occurred to his conception, and thus they chuckle over illusive imperfections with a self-congratulatory air of conscious superiority.*

But “it is such uphill work in this country,” say the icy ones. Uphill work! Everything beyond the pale of common comprehension must be so; a result is grand because it was difficult to conquer. If it had not been difficult to conquer, it could have been attained by all, and would not have been

* “The world little knows how many of the thoughts and theories which have passed through the mind of a scientific investigator, have been crushed in silence and secrecy by his own severe criticism and adverse examination! that in the most successful instances, not a tenth of the suggestions, the hopes, the wishes, the preliminary conclusions have been realized.” (Faraday on ‘Education.’)—ED.

celebrated. It is the capacity or incapacity to mount the hill that stamps the individual, or the age.

When you look at a picture the shape of the figure should be discovered, but it should not be all equally visible at the proper point of sight. The Roman school made a little too equally visible; the Venetians too indefinite.

The art in England will decay; there will be no drawing in another generation. All the young men now springing up are deficient in drawing.

Wilkie, with his characteristic prudence, once said to me, "If you just want to get on in the world it is not most conducive to your interests to be *too right*. It is rather better," he added, "to let others imagine that they are right, and you wrong." This is genuine worldly prudence.*

In reading 'Horne on the Scriptures,' one is astonished at the quantity of evidence in favour of our religion. We may wonder still more, while such evidence exists, that any one can pass his life in the laziness of infidelity, ignorant of the history of the facts and of the moral beauty of the doctrine.† Many people pass their whole lives and never look into the Bible, especially if they first fell in with Voltaire. I never knew any mind get rid of that misfortune entirely.

In England it is not always Truth, but Party. Prove that black is black in early life, and you are considered a renegade if you do not maintain that it is black all your life through, let it meanwhile be bleached as white as white can be.

Men of genius are often considered superstitious, but the fact is, the fineness of their nerve renders them more alive to the supernatural than ordinary men.

Upon the whole our public men shrink from discussion upon

* Wilkie was evidently improving upon Swift's advice, viz., that the short way to obtain the reputation of a sensible man is, when any one tells you his opinion to agree with him.—Ed.

† But most sceptics have studied their Bible, and know all its weak points too well. Our infidels are the keen-sighted, active-minded, intellectual pagans, of the nineteenth century.—Ed.

art. They are so occupied with their political relations that truth, even on other points, seems unworthy investigation. Metaphysical inquiry they detest. Matters of taste they skim. Religion they consider only an engine of State; and I do not think much extension of *knowledge* on general principles is to be acquired by intercourse with them. They are interesting from their rank and occupation; but a habit of having such mighty interests hanging on their decisions generates a contempt for abstract deduction, and an indisposition to enter into matters of art, literature, or morals.

I spent last evening (10th March, 1821) with Mrs. Siddons, to hear her read 'Macbeth.' She acts Macbeth herself better than either Kemble or Kean. It is extraordinary the awe this wonderful woman inspires. After her first reading we retired to tea. While we were all eating toast and tingling cups and saucers she began again. It was like the effect of a mass bell at Madrid. All noise ceased, we slunk to our seats like boors, two or three of the most distinguished men of the day with the very toast in their mouths, afraid to bite. It was laughable to watch Lawrence in this predicament, to hear him bite by degrees, and then stop for fear of making too much crackle, his eyes full of water from the constraint; and to hear Mrs. Siddons, 'eye of newt and toe of frog!' and then to see Lawrence give a sly bite, and then look awed, and pretend to be listening. As I stood on the landing-place to get cool, I overheard my own servant say in the hall, "What! is that the old lady making such a noise?" "Yes." "Why, she makes as much noise as ever." "Yes," was the answer, "she tuncs her pipes as well as ever she did."

Fox said it was a long time before truth could sink into the thick skull of John Bull. It may be. But this is no reason we should not keep it there soaking, till it finds its way in at last.

Holt, the boxer, sat to me for his portrait in the 'Mock Election.' If I had not made a good likeness I should have lost my reputation with the ring. Holt said, "I have always heard of you, Sir, these twenty years, but not knowing anything of art, I thought you were 'an old master.'"

The cause of the cockney school of poets being so full of daisies and posies, &c. &c., is simple enough. The poets have been brought up between brick walls and in London fogs, and their minds fly to the very reverse for employment.

Sir Walter Scott said to me of Lockhart, "He is so mischievous, he is like a monkey in a china shop."

Keats said to me of Leigh Hunt, "It is a great pity that people, by associating themselves with a few things, spoil them. Hunt has dammed Hampstead, masks, sonnets, and Italian tales." Another time, when walking in West-end fields, he said, "Haydon, what a pity it is there is not a Human Dusthole!"

"Combien d'années avez-vous servi?" said the Duchess D'Angoulême the other day to a "vieille moustache." "Vingt ans avec Napoléon, et un an sous le Roi." "Ah! vingt ans de brigandage, et une année de service." This is how these Bourbons conciliate the army.

What is the world but a prison! Your faculties are limited, your strength is limited, your stature, life, actions, powers, all are limited; and should you be cursed with the ambition of a fallen angel, or blessed with the imagination of a Deity, alas! how infinitely contemptible is what you can do to what you can imagine!

Cicognara, the picture-dealer, sold Lord Londonderry an "original" Titian. It was proved to be a copy. Lord Londonderry brought an action and recovered his money. Some time after, when Cicognara was again in England, he called on me and begged me to come to Woodburn's to behold "the most extraordinary Titian *he* had ever seen." I went, but on looking at the picture I had my suspicions. As we were going out I said to Cicognara, "What do they ask for that picture?" Cicognara said, "I don't know, but would you mind asking Woodburn's man for me?" I went back; the man could not tell, but would let me know. Cicognara said, "Oh! never mind, we will call again." Would any one believe that this was Cicognara's own picture, the very copy he had sold to Lord Londonderry, and been compelled to take back?

The higher some men are gifted by nature, the less willing they are always to acknowledge any obligation to any other being, however just or decent. This applies to Edwin Landseer particularly. He is a young man of extraordinary genius, but his genius was guided by me, and first brought into notice by my enthusiastic recommendation of him. When his father brought him to me with his other brothers, I advised him to dissect animals, as I had men. I lent him my dissections from the lion, which he copied, and when he began to show real powers, I took a portfolio of his drawings to Sir George Beaumont's one day at a grand dinner, and showed them all round to the nobility when we had retired to coffee. When he painted his Dogs, I wrote to Sir George and advised him to buy it. In short, I was altogether the means of bringing him so early into notice. These things may be trifles, but when I see a youth strutting about and denying his obligations to me, I may as well note them down.

Who was ever satisfied, or who ever felt that he had realized the brilliant conceptions of his youth and vigour? No one. Even Michel Angelo and Raphael, encumbered as they were with employment and burdened with honours, left something at their death unexecuted—some brilliant plan, some divine fancy, some unattempted expression, which had ever animated them with hope, and led them like a guiding star through the completion of what they left behind, as but preparation for their greatest effort, which, as they lived on, they hoped was coming.* This is the lot of humanity. Then comes posterity, and judging only by what they see, naturally enough elevate the Executors for doing what, perhaps, the Inventors regarded as but feeble approaches to their own Divine ideas, and, looking back, posterity regards these men as the happiest of mortals, freed from the evils and curses of life, and in the age in which they lived as a truly Golden Age, in which there was nothing but prosperity and peace. Contrasting this

* This is peculiarly true of Michel Angelo, who never prepared full-sized models in clay, leaving the cutting out of the marble to workmen, according to the common practice, but cut out his statues from the marble block with his own hand, from small models in wax he had previously prepared. In consequence of this, from pressure of work, he was frequently unable to finish what he had begun. Many of his works in marble are unfinished. The Madonna and Child, in the Sagrestia Nuova, of San Lorenzo, is a striking case in point.—Ed.

visionary view of times no longer present with the times actually before us, with their prejudices, errors, and defects, a comparative despondency is apt to obstruct all great attempts, and must be guarded against.

Johnson, in his 'Life of Milton,' has joined the hue and cry as to the ferocity of Milton's nature in private life. But he has lost a fine opportunity of pointing out to the "*profanum vulgus*" the difference between a man's fiery indignation at immorality or tyranny, and his domestic irritation over petty domestic annoyances. A man's feeling for Justice, Truth, and Morals, may be so intense that their violation, under the pretence of their promotion, may put him into a frenzy of passion, and yet have no reference at all to his temper in private life. Milton's furious expressions in his prose writings against hypocrites and tyrants, &c., was on this principle. It is not so much that he personally hated *them*, but he loved Virtue more, and he could not see virtue violated without agitation and passion. But this is no ground to argue from that, because he could not bear with patience the violation of any great principle, therefore he could not bear with temper the little irritating vexations of private life.

The opinion of Tacitus concerning Christianity is always quoted by the Deists with great triumph. His genius is undoubted, and therefore his judgment is quoted on such matters as undeniable and true. But, unfortunately, great as the genius of Tacitus was, he has shown the weakness of his mind. He believed in astrology. He believed certainly in omens. If Tacitus, therefore, had not the power of seeing through the superstitions of his own age, what right have Deists to consider his opinion as infallible concerning Christianity? He that believed in astrology called Christianity a "Superstition!" Unanswerable argument. Astrology and omens in which he believed were, of course, not superstitions!

The only way to get the confidence of the world is to show the world that you do not want their confidence.

One of the most dangerous sources of ruin to young artists of a certain degree of poetical power is a supercilious, ignorant,

undervaluing of the means of art. If they colour like mud, and have an outline like iron, yet they have the *mind* of the art. This is their compensation. And thus they solace themselves that what they have not is what they ought not to have, and that he who does not overlook what cannot be overlooked has a material and a gross soul, unfit to relish their inestimable and inspired productions! But he who undervalues the means, in an art whose elements are imitative, is not to be admired with awe for the mind he has, but to be treated with pity that he has not mind enough. Had he his faculties complete he would feel that, the power of mind in any picture is of more or less effect in proportion to the adequacy or deficiency of the means by which it is represented.

Went to the House of Lords to-day (19th Aug. 1820) to see Queen Caroline, and saw an English mob disgrace themselves by hooting at Wellington. And yet their natural shrewdness and love of fair play came through. They believed the Duke to be the King's devoted friend and, therefore, not a fair judge of the Queen's conduct. As the Duke and Lord Anglesea rode slowly on, the mob howled and hooted at them furiously. Wellington took it with great good humour, and seemed, as he turned from side to side, to be mocking their noises. Directly after one fellow had hooted himself hoarse, he turned round to me and said, "*Who is it?*" "*Who is it?*" I replied, with as much disgust and contempt as I could muster, "*Who is it? why, Wellington.*" "*Wellington!*" said he, "*what a shame!*" The fury of the people for Queen Caroline is not from any love of her, but rather from that innate propensity to seize any opportunity of thwarting, annoying, and mortifying those who, by their talents or station, enforce obedience.

The women who defend Queen Caroline most strenuously are those who, having been guilty of similar vices, feel afraid of similar discovery. The enthusiasm of the sex is a tremendous symptom of the secret vices of the time.

Gisborne, a friend of Shelley, called on me to-day (23 Oct. 1825). He told me, "I asked Shelley if he (Shelley) did not think he might have done more if he had acted otherwise with his talents?" Shelley replied, "Certainly; he had made a

mistake." I put this down within two minutes of Gisborne leaving me, because I think it important.

Men of genius, who are not politicians, should always consider that, whatever tends to the obstruction of the development of their power, should be avoided, because it is a question if they could not do more good by putting their power forth in their calling, than by any attempt at political reformation of power. It is a question.

I disapprove entirely of that system, prevalent in some schools, of keeping a record of the faults of boys. No man should have recorded against him what he did wrong as a boy. Record the good; but every year, and, in the presence of the whole school, destroy the ledger of error.

"What do you mean by a 'touch?' what has a 'touch' to do with character or thinking?" said a counsel to Gainsborough on a trial. What! as much as the stroke of a pen has to do with either, inasmuch as the separate strokes of the pen make the word "mountain" and fill the mind with grand associations, so do separate "touches" of the brush express feature, form, colour, action, and expression, and convey associations of character.

A man who, like Tacitus or Dr. Johnson, has a full perception of human weaknesses, can never relish society.

The French tragedies are written to be acted with reference to the restraints and incapacities of the stage. Our English tragedies are written to be read, and felt, and imagined, where there are no more restraints than in an epic poem. When Milton said, "He went, and yet staid—such privilege has omnipotence," this could not be acted, yet it can be imagined and relished; and why should unity and time restrain the flights of a genius who can create such sensations by their violation? The French, even Racine, always seem to think that the habits of education, and of a Court, are more powerful than the innate feelings of nature. Their characters talk as if their passions were drilled. "N'accablez point, madame," says Titus to Berenice. Good heavens! is this the way a

lover would talk to his mistress when unobserved—although an Emperor. “Madame!” is this the language of passion? The French language is too much the language of personal weakness to suit tragedy, or anything elevated. Were the French writers to make their kings and queens feel like men and women, there would be nothing elevated about them. “Attila s’ennuie,” says Corneille. “S’ennuie” is a term fit for a “petit-maitre”—a man who yawns over a sofa for want of occupation. The common feelings of life in French are expressed too much in the language of frivolity, and not of close nature.

I declare one might be induced to forgive any crime which has its origin in the tremendous influence of women. I don’t wonder at men without great strength of mind being at once conquered by this over-bearing appetite, this lava tide. So exclusive is this passion that it swallows up everything for the time—ambition, glory, duty, all are extinguished. Poor lord of the creation! thou art, indeed, weak against a woman. How convinced every man must feel, as he grows older, of the truth and soundness of that advice which tends to keep the passions in subjection! Such an axiom is the result of the accumulated experience of ages. Love purified infuses sweetness and delight into all our thoughts; appetite uncontrolled deadens the intellect, pollutes the imagination, and dulls the edge of all the charities of life. Tenderly directed, a man’s passion for a woman becomes the greatest blessing of life; immorally gratified, it turns to his greatest curse.

All men have a love of power, but not equal capacity to gratify it. They, therefore, will submit to be directed by others if, in that submission, others must be directed by them.

I went last night (May 19, 1815) to see Miss O’Neill in ‘Isabella.’ Really there was no bearing it; I sat with the tears trickling over my cheeks like a woman. Never tell me that the feelings of a youth are half so intensely strong as those of a man of experience in the world’s troubles. What does a boy know of the passions of the world? What does he know of that mysterious depth of love? When Biron came in,

and she screamed and fell on the floor, and then rushed to him, looked at him, dwelt on him, and seemed eager to devour him, what my heart felt! Thus it is: you are born with feelings as with capacity, and as you more easily comprehend what you have previously comprehended, you must more intensely feel another's agonies if you have previously suffered them.

"How use doth breed a habit in a man!" My landlord, now comparatively a rich man, was brought up from low life. Although he has a capital house, and every convenience, he never washes his hands in a basin on a washstand, but regularly goes down to the kitchen sink and washes his hands under the tap! His wife, who was a servant, was once proud of her parlour, but now the parlour is kept for their friends, and he and she kennel in a little fusty back-room, with a broken rug—dusty and kitcheny. Their whole delight seems to be in perpetually cleaning things, and never enjoying the consequences. Such is the effect of early custom; it forms the habit, and the habit keeps up the custom.*

Is it not a disgrace to this country that the leading historical painters should be obliged to exhibit their works like wild beasts, and advertise them like quack doctors! With all the noise and reputation that 'Christ healing the Sick' has given to West—indeed, for the time, the usual question about the "weather" gave way to "Have you seen the picture?"—with all this reputation, I repeat, has it obtained for him one single commission? Not one! not even if his years are prolonged to the days of Methusaleh, so long as the present system of petty private patronage only is maintained, and art not made a matter of national concern.

There is an air of suspicious spite in most Jewish expressions. They watch like an animal that fears the stick. The cruel persecutions, the fearful miseries they have undergone, seems to have resulted in the hereditary transmission of an acquired peculiarity of look.

* Was it the same "force of early associations" that led the beautiful Princess de Charolais, in the agonies of death, when her father confessor had insisted on the rouge being washed off her face before he administered extreme unction, to cry out to her maids, "At least then give me *other* ribbons. You know without rouge yellow ribbons look frightful on me!"—ED.

A man of genius does not lag to acquire ideas, though they may come with greater facility from habit, but to acquire the power of expressing those ideas clearly and to render them intelligible. He who gives vent to his feelings whenever a new idea enters his head in a mere sketch, and then stops without clearly expressing them so as to be understood by those ignorant of the art, as well as those of cultivated taste, is but half a painter. His pictures are but mere effusions of feeling, excellent as they may be, but they can never be models of imitation to him who ought to express all the minute varieties of character incident to the human form.

To procrastinate seems inherent in man, for if you do to-day that you may enjoy to-morrow it is but deferring the enjoyment; so that to be idle or industrious, vicious or virtuous, is but with a view of procrastinating the one or the other.

The pathos of 'Lear' is piercing, agonizing, yet it is the pathos of a poor, weak, despised old man. You feel horror and detestation of the cruelty of his fiendish daughters, you weep at their base heartlessness. When Lear says, "I pray unbutton this," his heart swells, but it is merely human, it is pinned down to this world. Whereas the sublime pathos of Milton pierces while it overshadows. Lear's conduct to Cordelia is imperious and wanton. You feel a great contempt, though mingled with pity; and, even in his acutest sufferings, a slight doubt comes over you as if he deserved such a return. Yet in Lear the associations are heavenly, because the finest affections of our nature are excited; whereas in Milton's angels there is a feeling of vice, of diabolical ingratitude to God, which, though it adds to the overwhelming power, detracts from the purity of enjoyment.

There is something extremely interesting in sickness. I think I should love my wife more tenderly then than at any other time.

"This world is all a joke," is the constant excuse of those who fling aside their bibles and gratify all their appetites,

because they cannot make out certain mysteries which, if they were explained, would benefit nothing but our curiosity.* Now our duty in life is simple and clear. Be industrious, lead a temperate life, pray with sincerity, and honestly put your trust in God. Because wicked men prosper, am I to feel distressed at their painted happiness? I am in this world, why should I weary myself about things I perceive my faculties cannot reach, and neglect to do that which my faculties can? Because nations have risen and fallen are all human efforts a joke? Did Christ consider life as a joke? He passed His life in pointing out the necessity of our regarding this life as a state of temporary trial, and He told men all they ought to know, or to enquire about, set them as a moral code for our guidance, and left us to exert our own faculties for the benefit of our fellow men, and for the happiness of the world.

The world always revenges itself on him who pierces through the flimsy pretences with which it glazes its weakness, by accusing him of a bad opinion of human nature and of a morbid temperament. Tacitus, Juvenal, and Dr. Johnson have been so characterized, because their minds shrivelled up the affectations under which men and women disguise their vices, and laid their vices bare to the eyes of the world. It is not that they had a bad opinion of humanity, but that they had a high standard of virtue, and, trying their fellow creatures by this standard, they judged them accordingly.

I do not care about the "origin of evil." It does exist—that I do know—but I also know that the same Being who permits the existence of evil gives me a capability greatly to mitigate its effects, if not to negative them. When I know this what a weak creature I must be to sit still and whine about the origin of evil, instead of standing up and manfully putting my buckler against it!

Wilkie (John), Scott, and Ottley dined with me yesterday (Oct. 3rd, 1819). After dinner we insisted that Wilkie, the

* "The fact that the Scriptures contain things hard to be understood is no reason for laying them aside, but a very strong one for taking the more pains to understand them." (Archbishop Whately.)—Ed.

Tory, the cautious Tory, should drink "Success to Reform." He resisted a long time, kept putting his glass up to his mouth, and begging to be let off. We then affected great candour, and appealed to his gentlemanlike feelings not to disturb the harmony of the evening. His simplicity of mind believed us sincere, and, with a face like Pistol when he was forced to swallow the leek, he said "Success to Re—re—reform, but very moderate, remember!" We laughed heartily at our triumph. Three days after he sat to me for Christ's hand, and seemed full of remorse for his imprudence. When you do not touch his interest or his professional passions there is not a more delightful fellow for amiable feelings than Wilkie.

Milton says Adam was made "sufficient" to have stood, yet "free to fall." If he were "sufficient" to have stood, why did he fall? On first view the power seems to have been in the opposition to virtue and obedience; and yet every man and every woman knows if they only give their understanding and conscience fair play, as much fair play as they most generously grant their evil propensities, they would never fall. Therefore it may be presumed Milton's view is the sound view, and rightly interprets the meaning of the sacred writers. Why then did Adam fall? Because he did not yield to the influence of his reason. His reason told him what was right; he had communicated to Eve the injunctions he himself had received from his Creator: she disobeyed them, and Adam, Milton says, from passion for Eve, preferred death with her to life without her.*

* "Conversing with some persons who were dwelling on the sudden change wrought by the first tasting the forbidden fruit in Eden, and the perfect holiness as well as innocence of our first parents up to the moment of their eating it, Archbishop Whately said, "They speak as if the fruit had dropped into the mouth of Eve as she lay a-deep without any co-operation on her part. The fact was the case of our first parents was analogous to a man in perfectly good health, yet with the *seeds of mortality* in him, and therefore capable of being attacked spontaneously by a fever or other disease."—*Life and Reminiscences of Archbishop Whately*.

Both Archbishop Whately and my father shirk the real questions at issue, and which have agitated mankind from the creation to the present day, viz. Is not all moral evil caused by free will, and how can you reconcile the omniscience of God with the free will of man? There seems no doubt about moral evil being caused by our free will. And if God foresaw that He was going to create a Being who would fall upon temptation, though He created him capable of withstanding all temptation, why, when he fell, did it "repent Him" that He had made man? If He foresaw that He should repent doing what it was at His option to do or not, why did He do it? Neither the Archbishop nor my father meet this. But

Love and gold, the two things which Providence has given us to sweeten life above all others, when made objects of undue preference become the bane of existence.*

"Do unto all men as you would"—that is, as you should conscientiously wish---"they should do unto you," is the broadest principle of duty ever laid down. It teaches in what direction to look for our duty, and when we have found it how to act upon it.

Such is the wretched condition of all human beings that a preacher who will not hold out hope cannot be popular. It is evident that people wish to be consoled.† Infidelity is not consolation, and infidelity for this reason will never be universal. "I would rather be old Proteus," as Wordsworth said, "than have no creed to rest on."

I was in company yesterday with young Betty. He is a boisterous, good-natured youth; but in spite of all his gaiety and fun, his gaiety was that of despairing remembrances. His situation is certainly one of the most melancholy and the most singular in the world. His fame, when a boy, was certainly never exceeded by any one; not even Buonaparte had ever a greater share of public attention for the time. Columns of the public journals criticised and lauded him. The prince, the nobility, the ladies doated on him. I remember, when he was confined with a cold, a "bulletin" was obliged to be put up in the windows of his house to satisfy the eager inquiries of the world. Poor fellow! When grown to man's estate, without feeling, or capacity, or sense, he attempted again to excite the

elsewhere my father acknowledges the difficulty of reconciling foreknowledge with free will. As to the origin of evil, the Scriptures leave that where they found it. But the best, and indeed the only explanation is to be found in Isaiah, chap. lv., verse 8. "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord."—ED.

* "The chief beginning of men's miseries
Are things exceeding good." (*Memento*.)—ED.

† This certainly cannot be said of the Calvinists, who are above consolation; and with whom, although they look forward to a felicity beyond that of other men, it is a question whether the contemplation of the sufferings of the damned does not afford them a higher satisfaction.—ED.

applause of the world. But alas! the novelty was over; faults were no longer pardoned, because youth was no longer an excuse for them; he was now criticised as a man, and he sank like an exhalation of the evening, never to rise again. His chief amusement now is driving his friends about in his curriele to make their calls, while he sits on the box with as many capes as he can carry. If the servant mistakes him for the coachman his delight is unbounded, and he will repeat the story for a month. He amused us by mimicking the cries of hounds, and the chuckling of turkey-cocks; but he avoided all discussion that could have exposed his intellect, and roared down every attempt at thinking with a noise that made me sigh. He is a melancholy instance that fame not acquired by gradual improvement is an innovation that cannot last. He said he remembered dining with Fox and Sheridan at the House of Commons, but he only remembered the fact.

What a wonderful creation is this world! How beautiful in ornament! How intensely deep in principle! How simple in arrangement! And how singularly delightful that the elements requisite to our physical being should afford materials for the exercise of our intellectual faculties!

Voltaire, in his '*Siècle de Louis Quatorze*,' says: "*Les génies dont les sujets se renouvellent sans cesse comme l'histoire, les observations physiques, et qui ne demandent que du travail, du jugement, et un esprit commun, peuvent plus aisément se soutenir: et les arts de la main, comme la peinture, la sculpture, peuvent ne plus dégénérer quand ceux qui gouvernent ont, à l'exemple de Louis XIV., l'attention de n'employer que les meilleurs artistes. Car on peut en peinture et en sculpture faire cent fois les mêmes sujets; on peint encore la Sainte Famille, quoique Raphaël ait déployé dans ce sujet toute la supériorité de son art, mais on ne serait pas reçu à traiter 'Cinna' et 'Andromaque,' 'l'Art Poétique' et 'le Tartuffe.'*"—vol. ii. p. 123.

Now, if employment from the Government is only necessary to make great painters, why were not the painters of this very age as great as those of Leo X.? They were encouraged by Louis XIV. with the same magnificence; they had similar

opportunities; and they had the same field for the exercise of their powers. This is always the way with merely literary men. They only see the means and never the mind of painting, because the vehicle of thought is imitation. To them imitation is end and all of art.

Does Voltaire mean to assert that because the same subject can for a hundred times be repeated in painting, it can always be repeated with equal power? Does he mean to say that Government can, when they please, order Holy Families, and obtain them, as they order and obtain shoes for the army? All subjects in poetry and painting are inexhaustible if they apply to any human vice or virtue, characteristic or feeling; and it only proves the narrow field on which 'Cinna,' 'Andromaque,' 'L'Art Poétique,' 'Tartuffe,' are planned if it be impossible to repeat them. It is impossible to repeat with equal success any effusion of talent that was written and applied to any reigning folly at the time; but it is not impossible to unite and repeat the subjects of tragedies and poems which apply to any unalterable principle of human weakness and human sentiment. It is not impossible to retreat a subject, and as often as a man of genius appears. Besides, it is not true that 'L'Art Poétique' cannot be repeated. Was not Boileau's a repetition of Horace? There is an ignorance throughout this whole sentence of Voltaire's, a confused view, a taking a means for the end which is very extraordinary.

One great thing in life is to be able to distinguish between what must be temporary in its consequences, and what eternal. Consider everything in this light, and it is astonishing what slight effect the pettinesses of life will have.

Professional habits generate dispositions to care little for any consequence but the attainment of the end in view.

Shakespeare is not indecent. It is always as if a God spoke to us, and with intense insight pointed out our passions and our weaknesses with the right of a Creator who made the beings from whom they originate.

We are prejudiced, you say, in favour of Christianity by education, and are not fair judges. And you, I reply, are prejudiced with the fear of having been prejudiced by education, and therefore you are equally in the other direction.

It is amusing to me the extreme sensitiveness of Voltaire's admirers to anything that may hurt his dignity. Ridicule Voltaire, and he is an ill-used, amiable, benevolent being, while you are quite the reverse. But ridicule St. Paul, or St. Peter, or the Virgin, or the Saviour, and you are a man of "enlarged" views, who look beyond your time, and have strength of mind to shake off "the prejudices of education." This excessive sensitiveness of Voltaire's admirers at his being held up to ridicule is amazingly entertaining, seeing that the very essence of their admiration for him is his heartless ridicule of others. But no people are so sensitive to ridicule as those who use it most.

Voltaire's ridicule of the extravagancies and absurdities of the practices of the Roman Church is always extended to the principles of the Christian religion.

Voltaire never mentions anything to the credit of Christianity without adding something that may weaken its impression; nor anything to the discredit of its persecutors without adding something to excuse them.

Why may there not be punishment hereafter as well as punishment here? You may as well argue that there is no God because you daily see the innocent suffering, as that Christianity cannot be of Divine origin because the wicked are threatened with punishment hereafter.

Voltaire is in an agony lest Confucius should be misrepresented; but he never utters a complaint that Jesus was crucified.

No people are more furious than the deists against the weakness and wickedness of kings and tyrants; but they never

censure Pilate for weakly yielding to the turbulence of a furious mob. They always endeavour to excuse him

Voltaire seems of that order of mind which is always mortified that the world should have come to any conclusion on religion or science before they appeared. According to such men, the world is always ignorant and superstitious, and must be set right; and they pass their lives in defending the neglected and levelling the established; in ridiculing the opinions of ages, and in substituting others more absurd than those they wish to correct. The vanity of setting up is as exquisite as the pleasure of pulling down.

Hazlitt called in (November 3rd, 1817) and sat for three hours, pouring out the result of a week's thinking. He told me of the three new characters for the 'Round Table.' One was of a man who had always something to say on every subject of a certain reach; such as, "That Shakespeare was a great but *irregular genius*," &c. He said some fine things, things which when he writes them will be remembered for ever. I gave him a bottle of wine, and he drank and talked, and told me all the early part of his life, and acknowledged his own weaknesses and follies. We then disputed about art. I told him that he always seemed angry on that subject because he had given it up, and that the art would succeed in spite of his predictions. He would then remember his opposition with pain and mortification. And even if it were to fail, he would also have the pain of having contributed to it. He denied that he was angry. "I dare say," said he, "it will succeed, but where is the use of anticipations of success?" "But where is the use," said I, "of morbid anticipations of failure." "Very true," he answered. Hazlitt is a man who can do great good to the art. He practised painting long enough to know it; and he has carried into literature a stock of art-knowledge which no literary man ever did before him.

All his sneers and attacks at my views I take as nothing. My object is to manage such an intellect for the great purposes of art; and were he to write against me for six months, still would I be patient. He is a sincere good fellow at heart, with fierce passions and appetites. Appeal to him, he is always

conquered and yields. Before long I venture to predict that he shall assist the good cause, instead of sneering at it. His answer to the vile 'Catalogue Raisonné' is the first symptom.

Sir Joshua Reynolds' personal influence is still in existence. When all are dead who remember him he will fall considerably. He has stamped the nature of his mind for ever by saying that he took a course "more suited to the taste of the times" in which he lived. Was this the act of a great genius to bend to the times? He should have bent the times to him, or died in the attempt.

That which I do heartily admire in Reynolds is the heroic candour of mind in the condemnation he passed upon his own practice in art by the principles he laid down for the pursuit of the higher art. It is unexampled in the history of art, or in the human mind.

No doubt the restoration of the Bourbons and the re-establishment of the Inquisition are bad, but not so bad as the continuance in power of Buonaparte. I would have the cause of talent so pure as to have twenty Buonapartes put down who had so grossly betrayed it. The Bourbons do not connect themselves with the cause of talent. They do it no harm by their establishment; but Buonaparte's encampment in Europe did it great injury because *he* rose on the shoulders of this cause, and having betrayed it, he sullied his character, and a sullied character is not to be at the head of the cause of talent. A greater good has been done to Europe by his expulsion than injury can accrue by the restoration of others; and for this reason, their "Divine right" and such stuff cannot last, and something purer than either will yet spring up for the blessing of mankind.*

James Meek† (private secretary to Lord Keith, Port Admiral

* No one felt this more fully than Napoleon himself. In the midst of Count M. de's congratulations on a great official occasion, that he had put down the Revolution, "Tué sans retour l'esprit révolutionnaire," Napoleon stopped him with, "Vous vous trompez. Je suis le signet qui marque la page où la Révolution s'est arrêtée, mais quand je serai mort, elle tournera le feuillet et reprendra sa marche."—ED.

† Afterwards Sir James Meek.—ED.

at Plymouth in 1815), accompanied Lord Keith upon his visit to Napoleon on board the 'Bellerophon,' to announce to him the decision of the British Government that he was to go to St. Helena. Meek said Napoleon's face had a dead marble look, but became interesting when speaking. Napoleon kept them standing. Meek said it was true a man came from London to summon Napoleon to a trial, and chased Lord Keith all day.*

When I was at Fontainebleau in 1814, I strolled one evening to the Parade. More dreadful-looking fellows than Napoleon's Guard I had never seen. They had the look of thoroughbred, veteran, disciplined banditti. Depravity, recklessness, and bloodthirstiness, were burned into their faces. If such fellows had governed the world, what must have become of it? Black mustachios, gigantic bear-skins, and a ferocious expression, were their characteristics. They were tall and bony, but narrow-chested. On seeing our own men afterwards on the road from Bayonne to Boulogne, it was easy to predict which would have the best of it in a close struggle.

Recognising me, they crowded around me, and their familiar and frank bearing soon took away all dislike. Napoleon was a great man; he had many faults, but he was never beaten. "*Il était trahi—Il était trahi.*" They all swore they cried when Napoleon took leave. When the eagle was brought up, the ensign turned away his head for crying. "*Did he cry?*" I said to a grenadier. "*He cry,*" replied the vieille moustache, "*l'Empereur était toujours ferme.*"

It being a beautiful summer evening, I retired to the Jardin Anglais, and stretching myself out close to the soothing tinkle of a gentle fountain, meditated on Napoleon and his fate, till night had darkened without obscuring the scene.

Napoleon in his feelings had all the romance of a youth; and few ever have had such power to carry out, in their full intensity, the glorious anticipations of youthful imagination.

Right opposite his library, in his English garden, was a little column against the setting sun, with a golden eagle grappling

* Sir Francis Burdett proposed to apply for a writ of Habeas Corpus, but Sir Samuel Romilly dissuaded him from doing so. It appears, however, to have been done. See *Romilly's Memoirs*.—ED.

the world. This was surely to remind him, in his solitary walks, of the great object of his own life.

The evening was delicious; the fountain worthy of Armida's garden; the poetry of my mind unearthly for the time; when the crash of the Imperial drums, beating with a harsh unity that stamped them as the voices of veterans in war, woke me from my reverie, and made my heart throb. Never did I hear such drums before; there were years of battle and blood in every sound.

22nd January, 1817.—Was introduced to Lord Yarmouth at his house, and saw his pictures. As he must be a reflection of the Prince, his manners seemed very pleasing. He made himself the person honoured, and not me. The great secret of manner is to make everything felt, and nothing palpably expressed. It was evident though he was a nobleman, that he was used to attendance. He held out every picture himself in the best light; took my hat out of my hand; ran downstairs after a print, instead of ringing the bell; and when I went away, opened the door himself, and putting his body flat against the wall, holding up his head and pressing out his arm to keep the door back, he called out for his servants with a suppressed loudness, as if to say, "He is coming." I mused on this for an hour afterwards. What a victim to habit nature is, and how delightful it is to see it under its various influences.

Hazlitt sat to me for a head (May 6th). I never had so pleasant a sitter. He amused me beyond description. I told him I thought him not sound in art; that he appeared to think there would never be another Raphael. He said: "Am I not right, *bating* the present time?" I said, "Certainly." "Then," said he, "I have nothing to do with the present time, my business is with what has been done." "Very true," said I, "and if you have nothing to do with the present time why attack it? Let it alone, at any rate." Thus his real thoughts were evident. The success of painting is to Hazlitt a sore affair after his own failure.

Spurzheim said last night (May 8th) that French skulls were all remarkable for the organ of individuality, or facts.

The language showed it.* God knows, their art does! It is only a compilation of facts and detail.

There are some men who have more pleasure in the fatiguing sighings of a hopeless passion than in the sound of enjoyments of a healthy one. They never really care for more than liberty to sigh out their souls in the declamatory impotence of eternal vows; to lament their misfortunes in not knowing *her* before she was married; and who weaken her love for her husband, without wishing her to return with sincerity their own. Such men flit from one woman to another, and owe their importance to the mischief they make. They suffer old age to slip on to them, perpetually delaying the time to leave off and the time to begin, and burdened with reflections they never cease to regret. Such a man I take it was Swift, and most certainly was Rousseau. To them restraint seems to be the excitement which to others is the insurmountable bar.†

The great principle in comparative anatomy is to consider every animal but as a modification of the human form, adapted to different purposes, instincts, appetites, and propensities.

The same men who groan at art and at the prospect of historic success are the same who groaned at the bravery of our soldiers and sailors, the talents of our generals, and the glory of our country. They are men disappointed in their early prospects, and they pass the residue of their lives in horror at the prospect of intellect succeeding when they have failed.

Reynolds's great effort seems to have been to bring down genius to the comprehension of those who were not blessed with it, by assuming that it was not superiority of original parts, but merely a greater power of application, and that application made all the difference. Mengs was right in affirming

* If this be so, and the cerebrum grows to the modes of thought in which it is habitually exercised, and such modifications are transmitted hereditarily, there may be more in phrenology than physiologists are willing to allow.—Ed.

† Swift, perhaps; but this can hardly be said of Rousseau, who writes: "What an inconceivable torment it is to see each other under the restraints of a third person; our passion is too deep to bear perpetual chains," &c., &c. In fact, if any man longed for retirement, that is, with his companion, it was Rousseau.—Ed.

that such principles would mislead youth because, induced to pursue an art which required original parts, in the hope that by application alone they might attain distinction, they would not detect their errors until years had been wasted in vain, and the finest part of their lives passed never to be recalled. Application will not give genius, though genius is of no use without application.

Many persons, neither beautiful in form nor feature, yet from a peculiar fitness of parts for action and expression, are much more attractive when in action and expression than those of greater beauty, formed only for repose.

Occupation is the best antidote to appetite; and to be continually employed the best determination without vow or promise, which is nothing but shifting the labour of resistance to an imaginary check that time proves, at trial, to be futile, and of no real force.

There are three things which are and ever will be unpardonable crimes in the eyes of most men. 1st. The possession of genius. 2nd. The exertion of it as the possessor pleases. 3rd. Success.*

How laughable it is to observe the vanities and weaknesses of human nature bursting out even under the influence of disease! Go into an oculist's ante-room and listen to the people. With what care those you talk to will inform you that nothing is the matter with their eyes, only their lids; while others, quite as hopeless of any triumph, by boasting of their freedom from danger let their vanity take refuge in the very hopelessness of their situation; and when their turn came, begged to be led out with a sort of air, as if to say, "Look what I suffer, and bless yourself." Old ladies whisper to you what Sir Will am thinks of their complaint; and mothers stand their children upon the table, and taking off the bandage from their eyes, explain what "little martyrs" they had been. Oh,

* Mankind only admits to be genuine and true that which it feels it could do of itself. Anything that exceeds that standard it at first rejects, and would willingly stifle if it could. It has always been so, since Cain and Abel. Considering the amount of imposture in action, possibly some doubt is necessary.—Ed.

human nature! Thus are your vanities and follies a balm and a salve for your miseries and complaints.

"It will never do, Sir, in this country." How many follies, vices and imbecilities are plausibly excused by this plausible expression! You will find this expression on the tongue of all those who from idleness, incompetency, or irresolution, have failed in situation, politics, morals or art. If an author has failed in a tragedy, "tragedy will never do in this country, Sir," is the excuse. If a military man has lost a battle instead of gaining it, "the English are not a military nation." If an artist knows nothing of the human figure, and is afraid to expose his ignorance by venturing the attempt, the poor country has to bear the blame. In short, whatever has been unsuccessfully attempted, or not attempted at all because of failure or of cowardice, is attributed to the country, and never to the follies or weaknesses of those who have tried and failed.

You will find plenty of young artists affirm with the utmost enthusiasm that if the English went as naked as the Greeks; if every face had a Grecian nose; if our colour was brown instead of rosy; if our eyes were black instead of blue; if the sky was not so cloudy, and the winter not so cold; if we were all Romanists, and the churches not so dark, they would have succeeded as historical painters like other men! Bless them! And do they suppose that the man who does not make the most of his actual situation, whatever the difficulties, will make anything of any situation, whatever the facilities?

It is a curious thing that the reformers of to-day (1818), the sticklers for liberty in their own country, sophisticate to themselves regarding liberty in another and neighbouring country. While they execrate the allies for "forcing" Louis Dix-huit "upon the French people," as they say, they forget they displayed no sympathy for the French "people" while Napoleon oppressed them. They forgot the abstract principle in their admiration for the person that the principle produced. When a man who had risen on the principle of liberty had betrayed it for his own personal aims and ends as Napoleon did, a real lover of liberty should afford to despise him, and

could afford to despise him without weakening the principle of liberty; on the contrary, he would strengthen it.*

The “splashers,” “scrawlers,” and “plasterers” are now (1829) extinct in history, portrait, and low life. To the honour of the portrait painters, they have reformed their pernicious practices. In landscape painting the above characters are yet to be found; but if the young landscape painters will only learn to paint, and persevere in painting in the air, to draw the forms of their trees, to distinguish the character of their weeds, to observe the shades of colour in foliage, to mass and get detail, to be decided yet flowing in execution, to be convinced that light is not produced by whiteness but by contrast; that colour is not produced by rawness but tone, we shall live to see in landscape painting what we have seen in portrait and history, and British art will rest on a basis from whence a pillar may tower into the air without danger of falling.

How strange it is that the very people who help to make a man celebrated by talking of his name, which they cannot avoid, revenge themselves by attaching everything to it that can lower and bring him down to their own inferior level!

How does he feel the wretched weight of mortality who strains to bring before his inward eye the cloudless faces of blessed angels! to dive into the regions of perpetual light where darkness is not, but an eternal brightness to which the light of our sun would lack lustre and be dim! How does he feel the miserable incompetency of human imagination who struggles to see that face in which all that is visible of the Deity is reflected! Pure, serene and lovely; sublime in its beauty, compassionate in its grandeur, quivering with sensibility, terrible in its composure.

I have begun the Divine head of Christ. I shall do it. It comes over me so that I shake from head to foot. He appears

* The arbitrary transfer, in 1815, of the free people of Norway from Denmark to Sweden, to which England gave her consent without sympathy or regret and that after fighting for seven years in the Peninsula to enable the Spaniards to resist their transfer to Napoleon by their own king, is another dark instance of how little we trouble ourselves about consistency, and how easily we accept the excuses of bad faith from a powerful minister.—*Ed.*

to me moving on to accomplish His destiny. What is triumph to Him? He sees through all to the cross. He knows His fate, His end, His object. He moves to it like a comet in its course; not smiling, not showing the enthusiasm of others, but bearing it like a Superior Being—abstracted, inspired, lifted. Oh what a glorious character to paint! I could pass my life in painting every incident of His Divine career.

After all, how sound is Raphael's taste! Admire Rubens, now assuming the airs of a brawny slaughterman, then of fat Dutch women in silks and satins; then look at Michel Angelo, tumbling head over heels, and taking delight to point his toe at your eye, and make you wonder where his head is; and then go to Raphael, moving along in the same sweet unaffected quiet, never putting on any airs to attract attention, not shrinking from admiration, but not seeking it, delicate, sound, sensible and true.

Though love is such an eternal passion, there is no passion less sympathised with by others who are free from its influence. Winks, nods, laughter generally precede the discovery; and every man chuckles to himself at his superior sagacity in keeping free.

Went (May 11, 1818) to see the bronze statue of Monte Cavallo casting for "the ladies of England," to be put up in remembrance of Lord Wellington. It will be made from the French guns taken at Waterloo, many of which were lying about, 12 and 9-pounders, uncast. On returning home I found Lord Mulgrave in my painting-room. I mentioned the thing to him, he told me it was his doing, and he felt convinced that he should not be "impeached for misapplication of public stores."*

My own opinion is that the 'Memorial of St. Helena' is dictated by Buonaparte himself. There are developments of secret feelings at every new sensation from the novelty of

* Haydon does not intend here to express his opinion of the statue, which he always laughed at, unless in saying "I mentioned 'the thing' to him," he means to express his contempt for the absurdity perpetrated. It would have been fortunate for our credit as a people of good taste in art, if not for Lord Mulgrave, that he had been at least compelled to recast the statue into guns, or complete the group from out of which the Achilles is stolen.—*Ed.*

a thing first felt, that could only have come from the man himself, or have been laid open by Shakespeare. The influence his first little success had in fixing his mind to war is a touch of nature known only to those who, eager for some pursuit in life and blessed with capacity, make an attempt to try their forte, and, success attending it, the mind bends instantly to greater efforts in the same road, hoping for more success from greater exertions as some success has followed the little effort. Buonaparte's little affair at Mont Genève was the result of true genius acting on any materials. "D'après cela," says he, "je me sentis beaucoup d'attrait pour un métier qui me réussissait bien." This genius has always an end. It does not follow that all its actions are begun solely with this end in view: many things are the result of chance, many of its connections. Views are always attributed to men of genius, when once their genius is established, from the same short-sighted ignorance which denies them the possession of any views when they begin life, because they exhibit a difference from the rest of mankind, or because they see further than the intellect of their age. "Général sans emploi, je fus à Paris. Je m'attachai à Barras, parce que je ne connaissais que lui. Robespierre était mort. Barras jouait un rôle. Il fallait bien m'attacher à quelqu'un, et à quelque chose." This is frank and true. Though profound in his genius, a man of genius does not always act from profound intentions, but from attachments, habit, chance, like all other men. A man of genius always imagines at the beginning of life every man as capable as himself; he does not know that he differs from men till he finds men differ from him. When he conceives any plan, he is on the rack till it be executed, for fear of anticipation. "Je me hâtais de le présenter," says Napoleon, speaking of his plan for attacking the Austrians in Italy, "de peur d'être prévenu." In those days, when he beat the Austrians, an officer came to demand peace: "Je me regardais alors *pour la première fois*, non comme un simple Général, mais comme un homme appelé à influencer sur le sort des peuples. *Je me vis à l'histoire.*" How like this is to the feelings of a youth in a situation he was not born to! "Cette paix changeait mon plan. Il ne se bornait plus à faire la guerre en Italie, mais à la conquérir." See the gradual enlargement of plan as circumstances occurred, the secret history of profound consequences. Does it not show

how brilliant consequences are brought about by common events only being seized by a superior capacity? Napoleon's first ambition was to be a *colonel of artillery*, and he had no idea beyond it. "Un Colonel de l'artillerie me paraissait le *ne p'us ultra* de la grandeur humaine." Then accident threw him into a little affair of posts where there was material for his capacity, and it acted directly. He then began to think if with twelve men he could do so well and be made captain, with more men he could do greater things. He went to Toulon: here was a larger field, and his faculty acted again, for genius will act with any material, large or small; he again succeeded and was again advanced. He went to Paris. He knew Barras, leaned to his side, was given command of the troops, seized the reserve artillery and beat the sections, married Madame Beauharnais, formed a plan to carry on the war in Italy, by Barras' interest got command of the Italian army, beat the Austrians till they begged for peace, and then his views again expanded. He determined to conquer Italy; he conquered Italy, and his ambition then began to extend to the conquest of the world. This gradual expansion of intention is very interesting, and could only be explained by him to whom it happened. It is very simple and true. Those who write the lives of men of genius are always on the look-out to make mankind stare. Genius is nothing more than our common faculties refined to a greater intensity. There are no astonishing ways of doing astonishing things. All astonishing things are done by ordinary materials. When a man of genius writes his own life he tells the simplicity of his means in the simplicity of his mind. It is the men of no genius, the blockheads of the world, who, incapable of doing anything by any means, think nothing can be done but by supernatural assistance, that make a wonder of every event when they relate the actions of great men above their feeble comprehension.

After all, this life is a strange mixture of candour and concealment. Observe how Napoleon excuses his crimes, but never his political errors! His insight into human character is very deep. Nothing can be more interesting than the progress of his mind from the fiery grandeur of youth, when mind and body go hand in-hand, and the fury of the one is seconded by the vigour of the other through the ripeness of manhood to the hesitations of settled maturity. When we have reached

the top we no longer look up, but down. The great object then is to obstruct our inevitable declension to the grave. Daring conduct, regardless of chances, may hasten but never check our fatal progress. Buonaparte feeling the reflection of public opinion as to his infallibility operate on his own temperament after the battle of Pultusk, his feeling a want of confidence in himself he did not know why, his melancholy at his "abâtardissement" after Leipsic, his own indecision from bodily fatigue, that of his officers having palaces to love, his last struggle in the campaign of Mont Mirail, his rushing from Elba with an appearance of the fire of youth, and his blank collapse after Waterloo, proving it only to be the smoke of former fires, are feelings exquisitely natural, and could only be known to the breast that had contained them.

There was a time, and I remember it, when Buonaparte was regarded as a supernatural being, whose life was so extraordinary that his death was expected to be miraculous. But this little book shows him to have been a man liable, like ourselves, to the influence of events and of diseases, to weaknesses of mind and debilities of body.

I rub my eyes to be convinced which is the dream, his personal situation or his past glory? And then I feel disposed to doubt if either be true. Reading the thoughts of this great actor, and remembering the time at which these thoughts must have been thinking upon the great events they relate to, is a pleasure that those only of his time can ever enjoy. It is extraordinary his never mentioning Wellington; but did he not know that by leaving him out he shows he remembered him, for who could forget him but by intention?*

With regard to his political conduct I have not much to do, my interest in him is as a human character. That he abused the confidence placed in him by the French nation, that he betrayed the cause by which he rose, that he belied the good opinion the world had formed of him and forced their willing admiration into horror, that he furiously gave vent to wanton caprices and pushed Europe to arms in defence of its national existence, must be palpable to all and cannot be denied. For however

* In the 'Diary of a Lady of Quality,' it is recorded by Miss Wynne, of Captain Sweeny, of the Marines, on board H.M.S. 'Northumberland,' that he told her during the voyage to St. Helena, Napoleon frequently spoke of Wellington, and always in the handsomest manner, and never attributed his own defeat by Wellington at Waterloo, to chance.—ED.

natural it might be for the legitimate sovereigns to hate him, they would have been content to let him reign unmolested from apprehension of his genius for war, if he had only suffered them to be at peace and had not roused them to prefer the risk of their crowns to the inflictions peaceful acquiescence entailed on their people.

Oh! that such a cause as the cause of talent should have fallen into French hands; a nation vain, thoughtless, and futile, with such an unprincipled genius as Buonaparte at its head. He was a genius for *war*. This is a sufficient answer to all assertions about his pacific intentions. “Avec de tels soldats,” he says, “quel est le Général qui n’aimerait pas la guerre? Je l’aime, je l’avoue.” Genius by its nature can only delight in the gratification of its propensities; hence to such a mind peace could never be an object of pleasure, but of convenience or of necessity, and never was peace granted or demanded for any other purpose by Buonaparte.

The great weakness in the nobility is that when any of its members become ministers they affect seclusion from the outside world, and I will add, an ignorant undervaluing of the press. I have noticed many instances of this. They seem to think that because *ex officio* they have become acquainted with the secrets of Government and the facts of office, ignorance of such matters—which have nothing to do with any great principle—involves ignorance of all that is worth knowing. This is a pernicious weakness, and occasionally leads to great embarrassments. A prime minister should root out all such infectious folly from his cabinet.

Those who affirm that the character of the English people is changed, mistake a temporary exasperation from irritating treatment for an inherent change of character from change of circumstance. The character of the English people is not changed. They are now (1829) the same great, loyal, brave, pious, and moral people as ever; and had we an Alfred on the throne who felt for their wants, and had the power and tact to conciliate their tempers by anticipating their wishes in princely style, there would be no violence to complain of. What has happened is very simple. The ministers have broken faith with the people, and England has no love for breaches of faith.

For twenty years the people of England had consented to postpone all question of Parliamentary reform and public grievance until the struggle with Napoleon was fought out. For twenty years they had spilt their blood freely, they had paid the heaviest taxes, they had paid the allied armies, and they had suffered great misery under the Berlin Decrees without a murmur, and they had earned the right to have their grievances removed.

But how did the Lord Liverpool's administration meet their humble petition? Did Lord Castlereagh say, "You are a noble nation. You have fought a hard battle. You have freely supported your Government through a great crisis. We will investigate your complaints; we will lessen your taxes, and try to remove the imperfections which time brings upon all constitutions, and we will do you justice." Nothing of the kind. He, and his colleagues said with him: "You are a seditious people. Your character is changed. You show an ignorant impatience of taxation.* You are corrupted by the press: we will neither grant, nor listen to, nor read your complaints; but we will suspend your charter, we will fetter your press, and we will imprison your leaders." And he did so. Having done so, he attributes the exasperation of the people to a change in their character. It was the natural irritation of the same character excited by the violence and imbecility of the ministerial measures.

No man who remembers the conduct of the people of England on the death of the Princess Charlotte can affirm that their character is changed. No, no; the character of the people of England never changes. It was the character of their ministers that was changed. Continental intercourse in consequence of the apprehension of Napoleon had, in effect, proved exceedingly pernicious so far as weakening that respect for liberty and freedom of discussion in which all British ministers are educated. I would not affirm their repressive conduct since the Peace of 1815 to have proceeded from the direct influence of foreign Sovereigns; but I have reason to believe that there was a great deal of coquetting at Vienna with the freedom of our laws and the liberty of our press, particularly when M. Gentz was of the party. And I know human nature too

* I forget when Sir Robert Peel used this famous phrase, but it was not so early as this paragraph, 1829.—ED.

well to hesitate at affirming that Lord Castlereagh's tendency to curb and coerce the English people to relinquish reform was increased by his personal intercourse with foreign Sovereigns.*

"This is the moral of all human tales:

'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past:

First freedom, and then glory; when that fails,
Wealth, vice, corruption, barbarism at last."

Mr. (afterwards Sir George) Phillips told me on the morning after Lord Castlereagh had taken credit to himself in the House for not appointing a Press Censor, that, but for the opposition threatened, it would "certainly have been done." I believe it.

* It may be doubted whether the blame was so entirely Lord Castlereagh's as is here represented. With the exception of Canning, who joined the Cabinet on his return from Lisbon, 1816-17, and of Lord Castlereagh, the Leader of the Commons, Lord Liverpool's Cabinet was not remarkable for statesmanship. But Canning was a host in himself. Yet, as President of their India Board, he supported all the arbitrary measures of the Government; and instead of showing the real numbers and contemptible weakness of the discontented, talked of "the trumpet of rebellion" and "the torch of the incendiary," as if he really believed in either; and urged the suspension of Habeas Corpus, as if not only the British constitution but the whole framework of society was about to be subverted by 250 pikeheads, as many more blockheads, and a handful of pl. cards! To add to the perplexity of the country, the Government, in 1819, proposed and carried an Alien and a Foreign Enlistment Bill, with six other coercion Bills of one kind and another, declaring the mind of the people to be "diseased." It must have been, as Collier said of Congreve, "a very bad disease to be worse than the remedy." All these repressive measures, all this "un-English policy," as Sir Henry Bulwer calls it, did Canning support by the most eloquent and plausible speeches, tinged with an exaggeration of phrase and epithet that, in the light of subsequent events, and his known jealousy of his Leader, Lord Castlereagh, almost bears the appearance of design. If he was sincere, clearly he was no wiser than the rest of the Cabinet. If he was not sincere—and it is difficult to believe so clear-sighted a man really entertained the exaggerated views he then put forth—the defence becomes a grave accusation. But be that as it may, posterity has placed Canning as a statesman far above Lord Castlereagh, Lord Eldon, the Duke of Wellington, or Sir Robert Peel, yet his conduct in supporting these coercion Bills can scarcely be said to merit this elevation. Possibly they were not men of his enlarged genius in politics. They showed more than once that they had no confidence in the people of England. They dreaded every measure which should give a just authority to the people, through apprehension engendered by the French Revolution, where the people had laid violent hands upon all authority. But Canning, between 1817 and 1820, showed no greater power to grasp the lesson the French Revolution taught, viz., that the only way to prevent such subversion is not by making adversaries of the people, but by timely removal of their grievances, and liberal concession to their just demands. Hence as his weight and authority in the country, if not in the House, was the greater, so much the heavier should be his share of blame for the events of 1817-1820.

In a subsequent conversation (1834) with Lord Althorp, my father asked: "Do you think Canning would have stopped Reform?" "No," said Lord Althorp, "he might have postponed it. He could not have stopped it." But why should he have tried? It almost seems a peculiarity of the profession of politics, that men in practice, that is in power, rarely succeed in keeping abreast of their age. If they did, possibly there would be fewer revolutions of the people.—Ed.

I was a good deal at that time amongst the official world, and it was curious to study the airs these men gave themselves: one suggesting the abolition of this or that privilege; another proposing some new restriction, and all talking of the "*canaille*." "*Pour la canaille il faut la mitraille*." That was their tone. It would have been amusing to hear if it did not go far to prove how very readily measures which tend to restrain liberty will always be supported by those who have comparatively lost their own.*

Ought not one who finds nothing in this world with which he can sympathise, to abstract himself from it, and by being an example in conduct and morals, do his best to influence the world to alter them?† To abominate his birth, and his Maker for bringing him into the world, and then to join in the indulgence of all the vices and crimes which gave him an excuse for his dissatisfaction with the world, is the greatest possible error. The true course is first to abstain from all the vices with which you are disgusted, and then lean for help upon Him who is ever listening for entreaty, and ever ready to quiet the doubts of those who ask with a candid and a pure heart. You will then find that by degrees you will be more inclined to charity than contempt for the weaknesses of your fellow-men, and you will look forward with confidence to an ultimate clearing-up of all your apprehensions.

I was immensely struck, when I went over Blenheim, by the disproportions of national reward to public service. What wealth, what splendour, what magnificence is there, the reward

* In all these struggles between the People and the Court and Parliament at this time, one is reminded of the good old lines by George Wither:—

"Let not your King and Parliament in one,
Much less apart, mistake themselves for that
Which is most worthy to be thought upon;
Nor think *they* are, essentially, THE STATE.
Let them not fancy that the authority
And privileges upon them bestowed,
Conferred, are to set up a Majesty,
A Power, a glory of their own!
But let them know 'twas for a deeper life,
Which they but represent,
That there's on earth a yet auguster thing,
Veiled though it be, than Parliament or King."—ED.

† But if a man "abstracts" himself from the world he loses the direct influence he might have upon it by the force of his example. The whole paragraph appears to refer to Byron.—ED.

of successful campaigns! But the moment I entered the House and saw the glories of Rubens, John Duke of Marlborough, and all his battles and sieges, wealth and honour vanished from my mind. A little demon whispered, "Which would you rather be, Rubens or Marlborough?" Rubens, a million times, and Raphael ten million times; but I should have no objection to a column, with a palace and a park in addition. The nation certainly behaved to Marlborough with magnificent gratitude and liberality, and one is proud to belong to a people that can so reward those who serve them faithfully.*

Undue preference seems to be given in this world to great generals. No pillar is erected to record the glories of Shakespeare, no palace built for his descendants, no relatives ennobled by patent. No, the world are not adequate judges of such powers; they come not within their gross apprehension. But to be sure the fame of generals is like the fame of actors. It is not palpable to posterity, while poets and painters identify themselves with all ages.†

* The nation certainly behaved superbly to its favourite General. But even Blenheim was not without its reverse. The poorest man of art, science, or literature might well hesitate to accept the gift, and to prefer his obscurity, if he were told beforehand that the Treasury would dole out its payments so irregularly that he would be compelled to take the building on his own hands, become involved in harassing lawsuits with architect and workmen, and when stricken with paralysis and reduced to second childhood, that his servants would exhibit him as a "sight" to country visitors, at 5s. a head. All this and much more happened to the Great General of his age, from this plethora of honour and reward.—ED.

† This involves a great question. The chances of war will never wholly cease, and we must pay well those we employ to fight for us, and take care of them, for if we do not, no one will fight for us at all. War will exist not because men like to kill each other, but because the world chooses to admire and reward those who have the courage to risk killing and being killed. The claims of art, science, and literature to some recognition of long service are beginning to be admitted by the State, now that the patronage of individuals has passed out. In time, perhaps, the present anomaly which reserves the monopoly of the highest honours for the successful commander may be broken down. Many a man of science and art risks, and often sacrifices his life in peaceful pursuits, which as surely add to the stock of a nation's thoughts and wealth as the victories of the greatest general in the field with the heaviest "butchers' bill." And just as the one may save the nation from a great calamity, by winning his battle, so may the other raise the nation to the highest prosperity by his researches and experiments. Yet *he* never receives the thanks of Parliament; must at least have outlived the three-score years and ten of the Psalmist before his Sovereign honours *him* with notice or promotion, and, if he has not known how to keep the little money he may have made, may think himself exceedingly lucky if he does not die in debt. If he is so unlucky he may feel quite sure Parliament will not pay his debts out of respect to his public services. War has always commanded the monopoly of honour and reward in England. The same nation which lavishly bestows a Blenheim upon a Churchill, and a Stratfieldsaye upon a Wellesley, believes

There are two things which press upon one's mind from their merciless and irrecoverable nature, viz., the growing of children and the *passing* of time. If children would but remain for ten years smiling cherubs, what delights they would be! And when once you have got possessed of the passing of time, nothing is such a stimulus or such an eternal haunter of conscience. For my part I have got such a habit of thinking of this, that resting a moment makes me start up as if I heard time's eternal waterfall tumbling into the gulf below.* I bustle myself with action to get rid of the roar.

What a fortune is a mind! What a gift, what a blessing!

If motive is everything, virtue may be punished for the sake of motive, and vice pardoned for the same cause.

How little of life is passed in intercourse; how much is occupied in meditation, in business, in anxiety, in dissipation, in self-reproach! First there are the diseases of infancy and the cares of education; then the anxiety of love, and the turmoil of marriage; then we take cold, die, are cried over, forgotten, and leave our children to run the same gauntlet of perpetual effort.

My influence upon English Art has certainly been radical. Edwin Landseer dissected animals under my eye, copied my anatomical drawings, and carried my principles of study into animal painting. His genius, thus tutored, has produced solid and satisfactory results. Bewick and the Landseers will always do good things, and I can perceive at last a willingness to concede the point as to the soundness of my methods. The irritability I occasioned is, I think, wearing away, and I think

itself to have crowned Newton by making him Master of the Mint, to have fully rewarded Vandyke, Reynolds, and Davy by a Knighthood or a Baronetcy, and considers Burns much beholden to them for having turned him into an excise-man.

Mr. Gladstone was the first Minister to break through the snowy reserve in which precedent had iced the Fountain of Honour; and Mr. Disraeli, we may be certain, will take as broad a view by "levelling up" in his distribution of the honours of the Crown. Assuredly he has no lack of space to establish an equilibrium.—ED.

* Richter at a later date has this simile. Carlyle remarks upon it as being one of the grandest he ever read.—ED.

by letting it wear away, all parties will be more inclined to do justice to my next picture than they were to my last.

My ambition was to do great things before I was thirty, and I did them ; but in thus not yielding to the earnest desire of my early friend, Lord Mulgrave, I sacrificed myself and all my early and happy connections. They ought to have done justice to my ambition and have overlooked my opposition to their wishes for the sake of the object, the advancement of High Art in England. But no, their pride was offended, and I was never forgiven.* Lord Mulgrave made two attempts—for he always liked and defended me—to renew our old intimacy, but we did not do together again. He could not help saying something or other in allusion to my rebellion, which I could not brook, and so we gradually parted, though we never forgot each other. When I was ruined in 1823, he showed his affectionate feeling towards me by at once sending me substantial aid, covered by words of the kindest condolence.

After the Copenhagen expedition, of which he had the almost entire preparation, the Opposition were very troublesome on the subject, and one of Lord Mulgrave's friends said to Erskine, "Why, how you bore us about this business!" "Why," said Erskine, "we have nothing else at present to bore you about. What would you have us do?"

I must frankly own I think our modern poets—always excepting Walter Scott—are unhealthy beings. Poor old Hazlitt, with his fine candour, his consciousness of never shaving and of a soiled shirt, his frank avowal of his vices and follies, his anti-Bourbon thoroughbred hatred, his Napoleon adhesiveness, his paradoxical puttings forth at so much a sheet, his believing himself the fine, metaphysical, caustic philosopher, going about like Diogenes with a lantern impaling all his acquaintances, while he is the most impaled of the whole, is worth ten thousand poets, and has more real virtue too.

* What vexed Lord Mulgrave most was the publication of the letter on the Elgin Marbles in 1816 (see *ante*), at the very moment when, whether with or without Haydon's knowledge there is no evidence, Lord Mulgrave was engaged in persuading his brother directors of the British Institution to send Haydon to Italy for three years with a handsome income. After the publication of the letter, his well-intended labour was lost, and the scheme fell through. But the Marbles were saved to England, instead of going to Bavaria.—ED.

Painters have but *one moment*. Never consider that if your figure moves he will not be so, but so, for he will never move. People have nothing to do with what it would be, but with what it is.

Perhaps there is no expression in any poet that creates a sublime feeling so intensely as the "Va sublime" of Tasso. Homer's ἀπέρρονα γαῖαν ἀντιπνοῖης ἀνέμοιο, and Milton's 'Sails between worlds and worlds with steady wing,' do not create such a calm, sedate, consciousness of power, such a conviction of superiority, such an indolent relinquishment without fear of falling as Tasso. You see him drive on in one even direct line from his kingly state inclining not, gradually diminishing his glorious splendour, its beaming effulgence, melting this brightness, and your eye lessens till it becomes a point, and then dissolves into space, leaving you wondering at the glorious apparition that has passed.

In every sense Belzoni* was a grand fellow. He suffered in his progress as all suffer who dash at once upon great undertakings which thousands have feared to touch. The attempt alone is an insult to the understanding of all those who have never attempted, and would never attempt such a bold attack. When a great undertaking is unexpectedly accomplished it is always "opportunity" and "luck." When it was undertaken it was insanity. The world first endeavours to hinder a man from all attempts beyond the ordinary course by asserting the impossibility of success, and when he proves them to be in error, they charitably attribute his success to "happy chance," to anything in short but a combined action of his own understanding and will.

The seeds of the separation of America from England were sown in the first settlements of the English at Virginia and Massachusetts. The settlers were the discontented, the reformers of religion and politics, men who as they gained strength would be sure to assert their independence.†

* Belzoni died after his return to Africa, in 1823.—Ed.

† Not in Virginia, which was settled by loyal colonists in Elizabeth's reign, but in the northern settlements of the Puritans at New Plymouth, in 1620. It is true they carried with them their independent principles, for which they had suffered such cruel persecution in England, but it is equally true that, as soon as

In everything that Burke wrote, spoke, or did, there was, to my mind, always a certain want of good taste. In the midst of the most sublime passages he suddenly disgusts you by the grossest similes.* I have heard Lord Mulgrave say that on the night of the dagger scene in the House, at which he was present, when the whole House was affected with horror and awe, Burke left his seat and walking to where the dagger he had thrown down was lying on the floor, he picked it up leisurely, wrapped it in brown paper, and put it into his pocket.

One of the most difficult things in the world is to move the English people. But once roused, God protect their opposers! They are the most determined and pugnacious race on earth, but, like fighting men who know their strength, they are

they grew prosperous, the chief use they made of their "principles" was to resolve not to tolerate opinion, and they exercised against all other sects the same intolerance they had fled from themselves, and virtuously turned persecutors to silence contradiction. A certain degree of scepticism almost seems necessary to toleration.

But it is a difficult point to decide who or what sowed the seeds of colonial revolt. Most historians lay the loss of our North American Colonies upon Mr. Grenville and his Stamp Act. But long before Mr. Grenville, the younger Sir Harry Vane had emigrated to New England, had become elected their Governor, and had raised so many conscientious scruples on this and that point of practice, that he turned the colony into a caldron of unintelligible fanaticism, and then came home to devote him self to the overthrow of the British monarchy. Such a man sows many thorns and thistles in a young colony. But if Sir Harry Vane sowed the seeds, Lord Bute, and not Mr. Grenville must, I think, be credited with bringing them up. I doubt very much, with all due respect for Macaulay and other historians, whether the Stamp Act was really Mr. Grenville's Act. It is more probable that it was a legacy left to Mr. Grenville by Lord Bute, just as the repeal of the Corn Laws, in 1846, was a legacy left to Sir Robert Peel by Lord Melbourne, in 1841. Lord Bute had great designs upon the "patronage" of the colonies, and although he retired from office before he could carry out his designs, his influence with the King was none the less. Full proofs of this will be found in the 'Shelburne Papers.' How else are we to explain Lord Rockingham, on repealing the Stamp Act, supporting a Bill to quarter the troops in America in the private houses of the colonists? It was part of a settled design to subjugate the colonies, and get hold of the patronage. Moreover, as regards the Stamp Act, Lord Liverpool (15th May, 1777) expressly denied that the Act was Mr. Grenville's. In the 'Parliamentary History' (vol. ix. p. 267) for that year it is recorded that in the course of his speech "Mr. Jenkinson reprobated in the strongest terms the 'Tea Act' He condemned the whole measure as impolitic, as futile, childish, and paltry. Then, turning to the Stamp Act, he said that measure was not Mr. Grenville's. If the Act was a good one, the merit of it was not due to Mr. Grenville; if it was a bad one, the errors or the ill policy of it did not belong to him. The measure was not his." As Grenville was the Prime Minister who proposed the Act, Lord Liverpool should have completed his statement, and told us whose Act it was.—Ed.

* Rogers relates that Sheridan once said to him, *à propos* of Burke's speeches: "When posterity read the speeches they will hardly be able to believe that during his lifetime Burke was not considered a first-rate speaker, nor even a second-rate one."—Ed.

chary of using it on inferior objects. They will bear enormous pressure, and grunt and grumble, but bear and forbear up to a certain point. Beyond that it is not wise to try them.*

Had Burke not accepted the Pension, his conduct would have been considered an illustrious sacrifice of feeling to duty, or had he only accepted it, in case of his own death, for his widow, and never touched it himself, one might have overlooked it; but knowing, as I do, his embarrassments, and how greatly he was relieved, one must half suspect. God knows! A man who felt so justly and was right too soon, might act on conviction, and it is cruel of any one now to take the severe side. But Sheridan refused a place for his son. With all his irregularities Sheridan is clear in his public conduct. Then why did Burke not keep himself clear?

The finest touch of what may be called the delusion of Don Quixote is this. He makes a pasteboard vizor, believing it to be strong enough for the stroke of a giant. He fetches it a blow that smashes it to pieces. Mortified, he fits it up again, consoling himself that it is strong enough now, but, says Cervantes, "he did not give it another blow to prove it." This is a Shakespearian touch and worthy of him. This one willing shirk of evidence, lest he might even convince himself against his will, and unsettle his frenzy, contains the whole history of his character, and is a deep, deep glance into human weakness.

A man who has a fixed purpose to which he devotes his powers is invulnerable; nothing but sickness can afflict him. Melancholy and misfortune, vice and indolence may

* Froissart says much the same of them in the fourteenth century: "C'est l' plus périlleux peuple qui soit au monde, et le plus outrageux et orgueilleux. But it was this "proud and outrageous" spirit which won for them their liberties soon after the Conquest, and has maintained them ever since. It is a curious problem. What a contrast Ireland exhibits to England in this respect! I do not know that Haydon's views about the people bearing "enormous pressure" will hold, just now. His words were written some sixty years ago. Since then we have made progress in the refinement of our sensibilities, and I question if the "wages class" would now contentedly bear pressure. The rich, of course, may be safely squeezed by any Minister, because it is their interest to support authority, and so authority need care little about their grievances, which after all are not very burdensome. —ED.

surround and beat on him like the mischievous waves of the sea upon a rock that juts out into its bosom, but like the waves, they will yield, and splitting into harmless foam, roll sputtering into space.

It is strange that all the pilgrimages of painters to Rome should never have produced a Michel Angelo or a Raphael! There is a certain idle talking habit all our artists who go to Italy get into, a certain neglect of all the decencies and cleanlinesses of life, a certain systematic mannered nonsense that a man disdains to suffer. Why should your chin be unshaven, your linen soiled, your painting-room dirty? Will this make you conceive finely, execute with power, give you fancy, judgment, taste, and feeling? Alas, alas! the result of such habits is invariably vain, useless, trifling productions, and in a few years the man himself dwindles and shrinks into that oblivion, the just reward of his indolence and folly.

Surely the character of Satan is a character of the greatest human interest, for what could be more interesting than to see such an awful human being! Ambitious, heroic, failing in a great attempt, too proud to submit, burning to be revenged, yet longing to regain his glory if it could be obtained by any means short of submission, yet stung by conscience and lamenting his folly and wickedness with a bursting heart. There is something interesting about the failure of Satan.

A curious instance of the truth of Shakespeare. An old friend of my father's lately died from old age and sheer exhaustion. One who was present, in relating to me the manner of the old man's death, said, "Just before he died, with a quiet and composed countenance he began playing with his fingers on the sheets. Nothing could be finer than the way he went out of the world."

In Henry V. Mrs. Quickly says of Falstaff: "No sure, I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with the flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends. I knew there was but one way, for his nose was as sharp as a pen and 'a babbled of green fields."*

* This "fumbling" with the sheets, as if picking up the threads, though common to dying people, is often seen in cases where death is a long way off. I

"More money," says Payne Knight, "has been spent on art in England than in any other country in Europe." What does this prove? More *English men* have been spent in fruitless expeditions since 1789 than would have conquered Europe. If the results are unsatisfactory it only shows the miserable management of those who had control over the means.

There is one thing I see going on, that if I were a politician by profession I should regard with no little apprehension. It is that growing tendency to call upon the Government to look after our own individual interests, instead of looking after them ourselves. This passion for the control of the Government, upon every possible occasion, must sooner or later lead to great mischief. For, carried to its end, it will either destroy our liberties, or weaken the hold authority and Government have upon our people. If you teach the people to look to their Government for everything, they will soon become discontented with that Government if it fails in anything. The importance of individual effort, and the bearing it has had throughout our history upon our liberties ought never to be forgotten. If it ever is, the liberties of the country will soon be lost.

It is singular how success and the want of it operate on two extraordinary men, Walter Scott and Wordsworth. Scott enters a room and sits at a table with the coolness of conscious fame; Wordsworth with a mortified elevation of head, as if fearful he was not estimated as he deserved. Scott is always

believe it to be purely nervous. The more curious feature is the "babbling of green fields." I have heard this often repeated in cases of men of middle life dying in a foreign land. It seems as if the mind ran back, without control, over the records of old impressions. I have heard old seamen "babble of their childhood" in their dying hours, as if it were an affair of yesterday, when nigh half-a-century must have passed since they played about their mother's knee. And the curious feature of it is, that they will talk the thoughts of that day, and not of their later life. A striking instance of this occurs to me. A Frenchman by birth serving on board our ship—he had been in the English service for many years—fell from aloft, injured himself severely, and died after a few days. He was a great favourite with us all, and as his anxiety seemed about his mother at Lyons, we got up a handsome subscription for her, and soothed his mind. He seemed grateful and resigned. The next night he died. It was my watch, and I was called forward; his cot was slung under the fore-castle. He "babbled" much about his mother, and the green fields, and the river banks. Suddenly he sprang up, "*Je m'étouffe, ma mère, je m'étouffe, et mourir, mourir, parmi ces cochons Anglais,*" and he died. These were the early opinions he had heard the Lyons people express of their neighbours over the sea.—ED.

cool and very amusing. Wordsworth, often egotistical and overwhelming. Scott can afford to talk of trifles because he knows the world will think him a great man who condescends to trifle. Wordsworth must always be eloquent and profound, because he knows that he is considered childish and puerile. Scott seems to wish to appear less than he really is, while Wordsworth struggles to be thought, at the moment, greater than he is suspected to be. This is natural. Scott's disposition is the effect of success operating on a genial temperament, while Wordsworth's evidently arises from the effect of unjust ridicule wounding an intense self-esteem. I think Scott's success would have made Wordsworth insufferable, while Wordsworth's failures would not have rendered Scott one whit less delightful.

Scott is the companion of nature in all her freaks and feelings, while Wordsworth follows her like an apostle, sharing her solemn moods and impressions.

Two of the finest sayings I got from two models. One, an old woman, on my talking of the difficulties of life, said, "The greater the trouble, the greater the lion, that's my principle." The other, another old woman, said, "It is better to bear the difficulties than the reproaches of this world."

The lowest of the old painters had a mode of working their tints which I verily believe is lost to the world. We equal and excel them in thinking, propriety, and true taste, but as for handling the brush—since Vandyke there has been no man who knew anything about it. There was a solidity, a body, a fleshy softness, a skilful purity which is gone from the art. There is not a man now living (1823) who can paint a half-tint.

Tom Moore at dinner tells his stories with a hit or miss air, as if accustomed to people of rapid apprehension. It being asked at Paris whom they would have as godfather for Rothschild's baby, "Talleyrand," said a Frenchman. "Pourquoi, Monsieur?" "Parce qu'il est le moins chrétien possible."

'Tom Jones' is a delightful novel; it lets you into all the

little follies and amiable weaknesses of nature; it shows you that the most virtuous, the most pure and innocent woman may have little imperfections, little vanities, in fact, perfectly national feelings, without corrupting her heart. 'Tom Jones' sends you into the world prepared for it and renders you more satisfied with Human Nature. 'Tom Jones' points to you that salvation may be attained by abstaining in time; 'Clarissa Harlowe,' that destruction must ensue by persisting. Richardson always separates virtue from vice, and renders vice contemptible by associating it with contemptible qualities. Fielding mingles both, and undoubtedly reconciles us more easily to vice by showing us that many undoubtedly fine qualities may be mixed with it. You relinquish Fielding with hope, but Richardson leaves you in a gloomy agitation. Fielding painted men as they are, Richardson as they ought to be. The characters of Fielding are the result of observation, those of Richardson of imagination and observation. Fielding is the Hogarth of novelists and something higher. Richardson may be called the Raphael of domestic life.

Women make every allowance with the greatest generosity and unbounded benevolence for the imperfections and failings, and even vices of men, but they severely judge and cruelly censure weakness in their own sex.*

Industry, Temperance, and Piety are the only means of present enjoyment, and the only true sources of future happiness.

We are certain of nothing but the human feelings which have always been the same from the age of Homer to the present hour. Systems of philosophy, systems of metaphysics must be continually changing, but the feelings of the heart and the principles of human action never vary. Homer will outlive the metaphysicians.

Turenne used to say he never spent his time in regretting any mistake which he had made, but set himself instantly and vigorously to repair it.

* Bayle says that women are always "the first and most famous in defaming their own sex." Men are not far behind them on their side.—Ed.

People of no practice sit still and refine themselves into impossible beings.

When the 'Bacchus and Ariadne' was bought for the National Gallery, Hume first doubted the originality of the picture, and then said that if something was not done to put a stop to it there would "just be no end to this nautional extravagance."

Fathers and brothers, and mothers, too, should be careful how, from mistaken motives, they interfere too roughly with a lover who is the girl's choice, though not sufficiently rich to please them. I know girls whose happiness, health, and prospects in life have been utterly ruined and destroyed by such interference of officious authority.

At Lord Stafford's, one evening (24th May, 1826), I met Moore and Rogers, and overheard Rogers say, "I am inclined to believe it because it gives one pain," by no means a certain criterion, for if everything is to be believed because it gives one pain, all calumnies must be true on this principle. Hazlitt was there, and as he saw Moore, he came up and whispered, "I hope he won't challenge me." This was quite a characteristic touch. I have no doubt in meeting anybody he has attacked Hazlitt's predominant feeling is personal fear.

After all, what is Fame? I was talking to a very respectable man to-day (3rd May, 1824) about colours. Said I, "Sir Humphry Davy tried experiments on the colours of the ancients—you know Sir Humphry Davy?" "I can't say," he replied, "that I ever heard his name before." And this man had lived in town for fifty years, and had read the newspapers daily!

Byron is dead! I felt deeply at reading the news. Moore said the other day, when I met him (29th March, 1824), that in a letter from Byron to him (Moore), Byron said, "I shall fight, and if I get killed do justice to a Brother Scribbler."*

When John Scott (Editor of the 'Champion'), who had attacked Byron in the 'Champion,' was at Venice, Byron sent to him, and Scott went and passed several days with Byron.

* See *ante*, Vol. II. p. 84.

The secret explanation of John Scott's disgraceful attack upon Byron in the 'Champion' (Scott's newspaper) is simply private spite. Scott met Byron at Hunt's table when Hunt was in prison, and Byron took no notice of Scott. When Byron, after his separation, wrote his 'Farewell' for private circulation, Scott called on Brougham by chance. Brougham had one, he gave it to Scott, and Scott published it the Sunday following. This was highly dishonourable. Scott had called upon me on his return from Brougham, and showed me the 'Farewell,' and told me his intention of printing it, which I disapproved. This is the private history of all that noise which took place at Byron's separation. The 'Champion' was the first paper that had the 'Farewell,' and the attack on it became public instantly. After this, Moore breakfasted with Scott, and I heard Rogers say to Sir Walter Scott that he was very angry with Moore for doing so.

When Scott returned from Italy, he one night read his journal (his wife, I believe, has since burnt it), and it contained several things about Byron which made an impression on me. One evening, as Byron was taking Scott, in his gondola, to a party, he placed his hand on his knee and said, "You have been unlucky, so has every one who has attacked me; but now we are friends you will be fortunate in life."*

On another occasion Byron said, "I have a great mind to believe in Christianity for the mere pleasure of fancying I may be damned."

He told Scott that after his separation from Lady Byron, he went to a rout and was regularly cut by all the women of fashion. As he leaned against the mantelpiece, and they were sweeping by, a little red-haired, bright-eyed coquette came flirting up to him, and with a look that was exquisitely insolent, said, "You had better have married me. I would have managed you better."

Byron's great weakness seemed to Scott to be the belief that every woman was mad after him, and with an affected contempt as if he seemed to despise it, he coquetted about you till you seemed to believe it, and then he was pleased.

He talked with great complacency of Marie Louise enquiring which was his box at the opera, and affected to disregard it.

* This was scarcely verified. Scott losing his only child shortly after, and shortly after that was himself shot in a duel with Mr. Christie.—Ed.

The day I dined with Miss Bailie at Hampstead, with Wilkie, Miss Baillie told me that Lord Byron had told her on the very morning he and Miss Milbanke were married and were driving home through the grounds, and all the tenants and peasantry were cheering, Byron said to her, "What could induce you to marry me?" "Good heavens!" said Lady Byron, "because I loved you." "No," said he, "you have a spice of Mother Eve, you married me because your friends wished you not to do so. You refused me twice and I will be revenged."

He hated to see women eat. I have been told many things on this point, which I cannot assert as truth, but which are probable.

It is interesting to put down these few things a contemporary remembers. He begged Shelley not to talk of Hell or ghosts after dark—it made him "uneasy."

A woman in love with Byron at a masquerade rushed over and pulled the mask off the face of another who was walking with him. Byron talked of this as so shocking, that if not resented there could be no security. He talked as if a great moral principle had been violated. Scott said he was highly amused at the importance Byron attached to this.

Mrs. Opie told me, while breakfasting with her at Norwich, that Byron's voice was the most exquisite of any mortal's she ever heard; that it was so sweet, whenever he spoke it startled her "as if the Devil was speaking with intent to beguile" her. "He gave one the idea," said she, "as if it was such a voice as had deceived Eve." The last time she saw him was at a rout. She was sitting on a couch with him, when Lady Caroline Lamb, who was making herself very ridiculous at the time, came over and placed herself between them. As Mrs. Opie did not care to be third in the conversation, she rose and left them; and she never saw him after.

With all his faults, Byron was a fine creature. Moore said that the "people of fashion" laughed at his going to Greece, as if the "people of fashion" were capable of appreciating the motives that influenced such a heart and soul! He knows now what he was so anxious to know. He has come into contact with the mind of the Creator.

Troubles in life, national or individual, are like the crowd in Cheapside; you think you will never get through, yet as you

push on one goes to the right, another to the left, and you are astonished to find yourself at the end of the street. "*Chi la dura, la vince.*"

It has often occurred to me that the insatiable love for investment of capital in land is a political mistake. In all times of popular triumph, the first practical good sought to be effected is "relief from taxation;" and to effect this relief, what is the first thing seized on and sold? why, the landed estates of the great proprietors! And the most remarkable thing is that, the confiscation of Church and corporate landed property never seems to affect the credit of a nation. But who could say that of the confiscation of funded property? For my part, if I were a large capitalist, I should prefer my money in the funds.

Between Tasso and Ariosto there is all the difference between a furious mountain stream and a broad and placid lake. With Ariosto you are borne along with the torrent and whirl round the rocky projections, your eye delighted by the succession of fresh and enchanting sights that burst upon your view; but with Tasso you are wafted gently down the water glittering in the golden sun, perceiving everything that is about to happen, each vision passing majestically succeeded by another of stately grandeur, but all so gradual that the fancy is not stirred though interested. You read Tasso till you dream; you read Ariosto till you are fired with the energy of fight, the fury of passion.

How many men persist in regarding political economy as the distinctive badge of Liberalism in party politics! It has no more to do with party politics than it has to do with the politics of art.

There is a spurious Liberalism rising up in this country, which will do great mischief to truly Liberal principles, and will ultimately tend to lower the credit and authority of Parliament with the people.

Never do evil that good may be the result: that is the prerogative of the Deity. Do your duty, and don't swerve from

it. Do that which your conscience tells you to be right, and leave the consequences to God.

There are some people in the world who gratify their feelings to surfeit, are palled with all, and satisfied with none; they are poor wretches very much to be pitied.

No one can deny the power of poetical conception possessed by the Greek artists, yet who more regulated by mathematical accuracy and design? They were all architects, all grounded deeply in principles. In England, "principles" of anything but light and shadow are considered out of place—mathematics means stupidity, and Rembrandt and trowel painting are the only proofs of talent.

So far as I have read of Tasso's 'Aminta,' I think it a sweet thing, full of refinement and of that intensity of feeling that marks genius. Who but one with the feelings of genius would have said so sweetly :—

"Quella quercia, che pare
Sì ruvida e selvaggia,
Sente anch' ella il potere
Dell' amoroso foco; e se tu avessi
Spirto e senso d' amore, intenderesti
I suoi muti sospiri."

To the foggy dullness of common intellect this would appear improbable.

Every man has his little circle; many men comprise many circles, many circles contain a number; therefore do not wilfully make an enemy of any man, because you will infallibly create more enemies by so doing. Nothing offends more than an overbearing manner, an insolent assumption, a fierce consciousness of the talents God has given you. The meaner man may assist you, the meanest man may injure you. There is no occasion to be servile any more than insolent; you can commonly attain your object without hurting the feelings of your fellow-beings.

I think the great reason of the superior manner of the nobility is their elevation in rank above others, so that in whatever company they fall they are at ease. Who is not polite,

witty, affable, when he fears no competition, when he thinks he descends, when he feels himself to be among those who are ready to laugh and who feel honour at being noticed ?

It is remarkable how ready power is to preach the doctrine of "bear and forbear" to those they oppress, but always to forget that if power had borne and forborne there would have been no occasion for the practice of these virtues by the oppressed. Christianity or fear is sometimes made a tool of in the hands of power to palliate its iniquities.*

I do not believe in "*lie still*" until the Resurrection. There is nothing in creation analogous to that, or to annihilation. All existence is birth, destruction, reproduction; and why should the whole system be so, and man only and his nature be an exception after death? The doctrine of instant consciousness after death is borne out by Scripture, and by the whole of creation, and by the solar system to boot. I see the same sun, and moon, and stars that were beheld by the Egyptians, Chaldeans, Syrians, and Babylonians. Why should inanimate matter without the power of deduction and invention be re-animate only? Must that Divine gift of thought not be reproduced? Impossible! How can we conceive that the Power which created us with such palpable inferiority in stability to the earth, the sun, the air, should not recompense the agony we feel at our weakness by a resuscitation after death, more stable than either? It must be. The idea of ANNIHILATION after death could not be endured.†

* Possibly this may explain a good deal of the silent scepticism which is slowly but surely interleaving the vast mass of the wages classes in this country; though, perhaps that spiritual unrest which universally pervades Society at present, and which seeks a refuge as much in vestments and wax candles as in scepticism, would be the more true explanation.—Ed.

† Heber thinks that there will be an "intermediate state" after death and before judgment; and that this state is "not one of insensibility, or as the Socinians hold, a perfect suspension of existence." And this, he maintains, is "plain from many passages of Scripture—the penitent thief, St. Paul's desire to be 'immediately with Christ,' &c. (see letter of Heber in the 'Diary of a Lady of Quality'). Priestley, on the other hand, as the most thoughtful Materialist, maintains that free will being no independent part of man's nature as he is, and essentially subject to conditions, as is all concerning his body, his resurrection after death does not follow as a necessary consequence, immortality being a fresh gift from the Creator. This, though apparently consistent with the evident suspension of the soul of Lazarus during the four days he was in the grave, seems inconsistent with the passage in Genesis: "And the Lord breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a Living Soul." Coleridge believed that there would be an immediate resurrection of the *body* which will have

January 27th, 1826.—Spent three hours with Seguiet, and a very entertaining three hours. Yesterday he was two hours with the King. Seguiet said the King was showing him the plans for Buckingham Palace. "There," said the King, "is a road and door for people who come in a hackney coach; that is the road for ministers and ambassadors; there is the road for the Royal Family, and that is the road for"—here he hesitated—"for Us," said he with emphasis, "on great occasions." Seguiet said the King was the best mimic he ever saw in his life, and the shrewdest man he ever knew—that he knew the world well, deeply. Seguiet is the reflection of the Court, the patrons, and the nobility. He told me several curious things, absolute matters of history. . . . He talked of Canning in a way I could fathom. Canning was endured because he was useful. It is astonishing how skilful the hangers-on of a Court are in feeling out the opinions of their superiors.

When you are melancholy, if you take up Voltaire he is sure to render you more so, strange as it may seem. But may not that proceed from his showing you so completely, as he sometimes does, the absurdity, the fallacy, the imposture of human belief in many superstitions? After reading Voltaire I returned to Vasari; and it was curious to feel the simplicity, the naïveté, the piety, the good-heartedness, as it were, of such a writer on a delightful subject in comparison with Voltaire on a dreadful one. The cutting satire of Voltaire seemed diabolical in its contrast. I hate Voltaire; his design is, by cant, to give colour to his indecency. He is charitable from contempt; blasphemous from envy; pious from fear; and foul from disgust at human nature.

When Chantrey first set up his carriage, he was not to be borne. It was all day: "John, tell Richard to desire Betty to order Mrs. Chantrey's maid to tell Mrs. Chantrey to send down my snuff-box," &c. &c.

I do not see any accidents, misfortunes, or happiness in life

nothing to do with flesh and blood, "a supersensual body." He laughed at the idea of "disembodied" spirits floating about in an intermediate state, and maintained that there was no such thing as the separation of the real body from the soul (see his 'English Divines').—ED.

that can be proved (independent of all providential interference) to be caused by any power but the concurrence of characters and propensities, propelled and directed each by his individual inherent disposition, and thus meeting its reverse the various accidents of life occur. Providence may interfere, and must have the power to avert, or cause to happen any event, by the exercise of that power over the actions or intentions of our species. You cannot blame a man for falling on his knees to thank God for his escape from some terrible danger; it is a proof of a good heart. But might not his escape have happened from natural causes without the least individual interference of Providence?*

Though we cannot tell what vitality is, we can tell what it is not. When a man is run through the heart, and the blood is let out, vitality ceases. If it be a separate addition to the frame, why is it dependent on the action of any part of the frame for complete exemplification? Why may it not be the result of a perfect organisation, and leave when certain parts are disorganised? If it be not, why does the destruction of certain parts cause it to be destroyed? If the destruction of certain parts cause it to cease, then its existence must depend upon the life of those parts. If vitality were the "breath of God" adhering while life existed, it would adhere while any part existed.†

I knew a man wounded at Corunna who lived eight days with a ball *in his heart*; for after he died, I made a drawing of his heart for the surgeon. But this would be no argument against the heart being the seat of life and circulation.

To tell the truth to power is an everlasting crime, which time never effaces and mankind never forgives. To lessen any man in his own conviction, or in the conviction of others, is too severe a test for self-respect.

It does not always follow that people who have skulls shaped

* But all natural forces must have their root in the Creator's absolute power; and the question is, how far is the controlling exercise of that power consistent with man's exercise of a free will?—ED.

† No definition of "matter" and "life" has yet been given to us. We assume both to exist, but we know not what or where they are.—ED.

like Socrates are intellectual and good; but it always follows that people who are intellectual and good never have a skull shaped like Nero. It does not always follow that people who have a skull shaped like that of Nero are always bad; but people who are bad never have a skull shaped like that of Socrates. This can be proved from experience. Men of the moral and intellectual power of Socrates have always his physical shape; and the same can be said of Nero, Bacon, Newton, Locke, Shakespeare, Milton, &c.

The imperfection of things in this life we all feel, from the conqueror to the peasant. It seems as if we had fallen from a brighter world, and passed this life in futile attempts to realise our dreaming remembrances of it.

When a passion is to be gratified, the difficulties which lie in the way of its gratification are as nothing in comparison with the anticipated pleasures; but when duty sometimes urges a man to do that for which he has no passion, the promised pleasures are ever as nothing in comparison with the apprehended obstructions.

If talent is inherent, why is not moral propensity? Why did Cyrus when he was a boy make all his companions elect him as their king and obey him as subjects? Would he have submitted to become a subject, and why did not some other boy make himself king? Why, when Alcibiades was playing in the street, and a cart was approaching, which for a moment would have destroyed their game, did he throw himself on the ground and tell the carter to drive over him, while all the other boys ran away? Why was not Socrates an Alcibiades in person and mind, and why was not Alcibiades Socrates? How is it possible to account for the infinite mixture of generosity and meanness, cunning and openness, tyranny and kindness, on any other principle in the same person? If propensities depend on education, why are not men uniform in their feelings? Because when once a principle was inculcated, if inculcation be all that is necessary, its effect would be uniform?

What! was there no inherent organised difference between Gustavus Vasa and James Boswell; between Charles XII.

and Doctor Johnson; between Alexander and Voltaire, Robespierre and Howard? Did "circumstances" make these men what they were? Would "circumstances" have made James Boswell into Gustavus Vasa, or *vice versâ*? and would the French Revolution have made Howard such a being as Robespierre?

The greatest geniuses have always attributed everything to God, as if conscious of being possessed of a spark of His Divinity.

The English are the people, perhaps the soundest in feeling as to propensities in the world. No nation has a stronger and deeper feeling for the rights of domestic happiness and sympathy; no nation will sooner rise with one voice to repel any intrusion on the privacy of domestic rights; yet no nation feels greater disgust at a man's obtruding on the world what regards his domestic concerns only, and as they will not suffer others to intrude on him, so they shrink from any attempt of his to intrude upon them.

The great defect of portrait painters in this country is that they are mere portrait painters and nothing more. Titian, Raphael, Tintoretto, Veronese, Vandyke, Rubens, and Reynolds descended from history to portrait. The education of a portrait painter should be certainly historical.

The most contemptible character in the world is the one which, without energy to be vicious, sophisticates in favour of vice.

What a shallow outcry that is against priests! Do they mean to say that those who devote themselves to the moral guidance and instruction of the people should not have as many prospects of comfort open to them as there are in any other pursuits for the benefit of mankind?

How well Claudian hits off one peculiarity of the modern French character when he speaks of the ancient Franks as "*populos levitate feroces*"—people "fierce in fickleness!"

What an eye for character! what tact these Roman poets and writers had!*

March 2nd, 1827.—Dined with Du Bois. Hook told him Croker said he was present when Sir Walter Scott dined with the King. The King said: "Let us drink to the health of the author of the 'Waverley Novels.'" Sir Walter Scott, without being asked, said: "I assure your Majesty, upon my honour and word, I am not the author." The King said afterwards, "I know he has told me a lie, and I hope, while I live at least, he will not acknowledge it." Anyhow his acknowledgement now does not seem popular. *On dit*, that it is ostentatious, and is made for the sake of puffing his 'Life of Napoleon.' How like the world! First damning him because he would not confess to the authorship of 'Waverley,' and then when he does, finding out a paltry motive for his doing it! He was wrong in either case to give his word of honour to the King.†

Horace Smith said to Theodore Hook: "Theodore, my dear fellow, why do you say such indecent things in the 'John Bull?'" To which Hook promptly replied: "My dear Bos, if I were not a little indecent the clergymen would never take me in!"

The (late) Duke of Cambridge dining at a public dinner the other evening at Freemasons' Tavern, had the "wrong" wine put before him by mistake. At the first taste, he said: "Eh! eh! what's this—what's this? I think we had better go to the—eh!—what d'ye think?—other tables, eh!—and get some of *their* sherry." He was not to be put off with bad wine, and very wise of him too.‡

* This is hardly correct of Claudian, who was an Egyptian, educated as a Greek, and, according to Gibbon, only in his later years acquiring the Latin language; of which, nevertheless, he obtained such an absolute command as "to soar far above the heads of his feeble contemporaries," and place himself "among the poets of ancient Rome"—Ed.

† Rogers, in his 'Table-Talk,' relates a similar answer given by Scott to Sheridan; who one evening at Lady Jersey's, and in the hearing of Rogers, put the question to Scott in express terms. "Pray, Mr. Scott, did you or did you not write 'Waverley'?" Scott replied, "*On my honour* I did not" Rogers remarks upon this: "Now though Scott may perhaps be justified for returning an answer in the negative, I cannot think that he is to be excused for strengthening it with '*on my honour*.'"—

‡ The late Duke was an excellent judge of sherry. At the banquet of the Guards, in 1850, at St. James's, the finest wine was ordered to be supplied for the occasion. The Duke was present. At the first taste of his sherry, he stopped, put down his glass rapidly, seized the decanter, held it to his nose, and saying, "Good, good, very good, most excellent," put it quietly down by the side of his chair. He thought he should get nothing better that night, and so drank out the decanter to himself.—Ed.

I went one day to the Fives Court to see some sparring without the gloves; and the next day I went to see M. Michel, de Paris, give a grand assault of arms. The difference between the two countries was amusing. Donelly, the boxer, kept on winking his eyes, saying, "—— your eyes, you shall have a taste of it directly;" while his opponent growled out, "I'll open your ugly eyes," &c. Now at the assault of arms, when M. Michel was hit a tremendous thrust by his adversary right over his foil-guard—"Ah!" cried Michel, as he gasped with pain, "Ah! c'est comme une ange!"

September 30th, 1827.—Talfourd dined with me. We talked of Brougham. He said that Brougham latterly, before the change,* had Canning frequently to dine with him, and that he as frequently dined with Canning. That several times in Court Brougham had said, "Canning dines with me to-day." Talfourd said that Brougham talked often of me, and that he said, "I could paint as well as anybody that ever lived if I liked, but that I was not sufficiently attentive to inferior parts." Quære? Talfourd will rise. He is not poetical, but logical, metaphysical, and eloquent. He astounded me by saying he did not know French! We talked of Hazlitt, and agreed that we felt inclined to overlook in him everything treacherous, mean, and contemptible, from the apparent candour of his nature.

The other night (17th March, 1830) at Prougham's levee, while the Duke of Wellington and Brougham were in close conversation—certainly just now the two foremost men in England—who should come up and whisper into Brougham's ear but Alderman Wood:—

"Lord Hood for a man,
For a maid Lady Anne,
And Alderman Wood for a beau."

* In February 1827, Lord Liverpool was struck with paralysis; and the reconstruction of the administration becoming necessary, the King, after some days' delay, entrusted Mr. Canning with the task. Thereupon six of the then ministers—the Duke of Wellington, Lord Eldon, Lord Melville, Lord Bathurst, Lord Westmoreland, and Mr. Peel—resigned their offices. Lord Grey, the leader of the Whig party in the House of Lords, condemned the opposition to Mr. Canning of these members of Lord Liverpool's Government as "factious," although frankly admitting that he himself had no confidence in Mr. Canning's administration. Mr. Brougham held no office in Mr. Canning's administration.—Ed.

Sir James Mackintosh could only get a squeeze of the hand, though one of Brougham's oldest friends, but Alderman Wood must push up as if intimate. It would make a fine subject.

To think, too, of the Duke and the Archbishop of Canterbury going to Brougham's levee! It is Brougham's Ministry.

That professional man in England who prefers excellence to profit is considered an anomaly; a rogue who cannot in the nature of things pay his bills, and ought not to be trusted or supported. What, prefer excellence in your art to emolument! "A fellow, Sir, who does this, is a man out of the circle of commercial taste"—the only principle of taste acknowledged with us.

When all the uproar was going on against the Catholic Emancipation Bill of Wellington, the Bishop of Salisbury wrote a very strong letter against the Government measures. Said some timid waverer to the Duke: "Have you seen the Bishop of Salisbury's letter?" "—— the Bishop of Salisbury," said the Duke; "I mean to carry my Bill."

October 13th, 1828.—Talfourd and Miss Mitford dined with us, and Talfourd made us laugh exceedingly with a good story of Hazlitt. At a card party at Charles Lamb's, Hazlitt and Lamb's brother got into a discussion as to whether Holbein's colouring was as good as that of Vandyke. Hazlitt denied it. Lamb asserted the contrary; till at length they both became so irritated, they upset the card-table, and seized each other by the throat. In the struggle that ensued, Hazlitt got a black eye; but when the two combatants were parted, Hazlitt turned to Talfourd, who was offering his aid, and said: "You need not trouble yourself, Sir. *I do not mind a blow, Sir; nothing affects me but an Abstract Idea!*"*

I am perfectly certain that, had the King gone into the City (on Tuesday, the 9th November, 1830), most dreadful scenes

* This was the Lamb who had a very curious original picture of Queen Elizabeth. He shewed it privately, and by desire, to the Princess Charlotte. The moment she saw it, her Royal Highness most irreverently exclaimed, "Oh, Christ! what a fright!"—ED.

would have happened, and then the Duke would have been condemned for not advising the King better.*

Sir Thomas Hammond once told me a curious thing of George IV., that he was always a *hoarder*; and on one occasion, when he was supposed to be guinealess and insolvent, and his house was absolutely beset by importunate creditors, the Prince, before walking out with Hammond, went over to a little desk in his room and took out 3000*l.* in bank-notes!

When George IV. died, Hammond told me he thought he must have saved fully 600,000*l.* Sir Thomas when speaking of him would often say that although George IV. was the *beau-ideal* of a refined monarch, he had, by mingling with black-legs and blackguards of all ranks, considerably broken down the barriers between high and low life, and that we should suffer from it.

I have watched the Duke of Wellington all my life, and I have observed an invariable principle of patriotism regulate his conduct. All personal considerations have been sacrificed where the country was concerned; whether it was the Irish Secretaryship, the interference of Sir Harry Burrard after Vimiera, the war in Spain, or the Catholic question. On every occasion he has shown himself ready and willing to do what he believed to be his duty for the honour of England.† *Et pace*

* The new police which had been established in 1828-9 were made the ostensible excuse for the most outrageous placards all over London, calling on the people to meet on the 9th November, and "avenge their wrongs," although the Duke of Wellington was the real man aimed at. One of the placards I have seen quoted at the time said, "To arms! to arms! Liberty or death! We assure you that six thousand cutlasses have been removed from the Tower for the immediate use of Peel's bloody police. Englishmen, will you put up with this? Come armed, be firm, and victory must be ours!" The Funds fell 3 per cent. on the Monday. The chief offence of the new police in the eyes of these patriots was the similarity of their dress to that of French gendarmes. Any coats would have been forgiven but blue coats.

"If firing had begun," said the Duke to Sir William Knighton, "who could tell where it would end? I know something of what street firing is; one guilty person would fall, and ten innocent be destroyed. Would this have been innocent or humane for a little bravado, or that the country might not be alarmed for a day or two?" After the Duke's explanation in Parliament, the Funds rose 5 per cent., and the country had reason to be thankful that his calm sense had saved the City of London from the chance of a deep disgrace.—*Ed.*

† But he drew the line too hardly sometimes. I have been told by men who served under him, that when he left the Peninsular army he never thanked the army for their services. They had "only done their duty," as he said to Colonel Bacon, who asked and was refused promotion for his wounds and services. "And, Sir," said Bacon, "I will take care I do it no more," and resigned.—*Ed.*

et bello insignis. And on every occasion, we may rely on it, he will continue to exhibit the same proofs of patriotism and sense of duty. He is unpopular just now (1820), but that is nothing. Posterity will do him full justice.

Things have been so long established in England—property, authority, and rank, have so long retained their superiority—that no people are less prepared to respect genius alone than the English. A man of the greatest genius, gifted by God with the greatest variety of power, without property, or authority, or rank, is regarded in England with little more respect than a pauper. The greatest noodle and imbecile in office is more looked up to than the greatest genius out of it.

Though I believe the Duke of Wellington to be the only man to carry us through Reform, yet I fear he has a “Continental taint,” and is not sufficiently alive to the constitutional liberty of the subject. Napoleon’s fall was principally owing to his overrating the power of physical force to oppose the moral feeling; and I confess I fear Wellington has got into a similar contest, when he may be taught the same lesson as Napoleon.*

I have often observed in our domestic politics that “opposition” and “proposition” are two very different matters; and that long habits of striving to thwart the plans of another party do not form the best school for conducting the affairs of a great nation with credit and success, and the worst possible school for carrying a great nation through a great crisis. The conduct of the Whigs in 1830–32 exemplified this in a high degree.

There is only one way of carrying great measures, viz., by decision. Cortes, Columbus, Cæsar, Alexander, Napoleon, and Wellington, never risked success by a false delicacy.

* See Lord Wellesley’s opinion, “Arthur is a great general, but a — bad statesman,” &c. (*post*, p. 363). Metternich used to call the Duke “The great baby.” The fact was, the Duke was too straightforward a man to understand a round-about policy. But he had a touch of despotism in him unquestionably, or he never would have favoured, as he did, the appointment of Polignac, which was sure to bring matters to a crisis in France. M. Villmain used to say that nobody but a king as stupid as Charles X. would have chosen for his minister a man so stupid as Prince Polignac. What must he have thought of the Duke, who recommended and approved of him?—ED.

Are we the "nation of shopkeepers"* we have been said to be? Will long habits of security, long indulgence in domestic firesides, ever dull our ancient energy for a great principle, that slavery with comfort, to just liberty by risking that comfort, will ever be preferred? I don't believe it of the English people.

The Duke of Wellington (1831) is said to have written to a friend, that "if the Reform Bill † passes, the Crown will not be in existence six months." Can this be true of him? But, if so, where will the Crown be if the Bill does not pass? And who will have brought on that checkmate?

Sir Edward Sugden said the other evening, "The Bristol fires were all caused by the Reform Bill." This is begging the question. Had the Bill passed would the fires have happened? Certainly not. All the late calamities can be traced quite as much to want of sense in the Tories as to want of prudence in the Radicals; and if the nation be ultimately involved, will it not be owing chiefly to want of prompt decision on the part of the Whigs, without which prudence becomes timidity, and sense purblind?

When Scholefield and some of the Union men saw Lord Durham after Lord Grey had been brought back to office in 1831, Lord Durham said to Scholefield, ‡ "We owe our places to you." This was imprudent. An older statesman would not have said this, even if he had thought it. Scholefield told me this with an air, as if he felt his importance.§

* "La nation boutiquière" is generally attributed to Napoleon. Barras invented the phrase, according to Dr. Croly; see 'Life of Geo. IV.'—Ed.

† "The Bill is bad enough, God knows! but the arguments of its advocates and the manner of their advocacy is a thousand times worse than the Bill itself."—Coleridge (1832). There is nothing like hearing both sides.—Ed.

‡ "Lord Durham told us last night, at a meeting of good men at Ellice's, that the country 'owed Reform to Birmingham, and its salvation from revolution to the last stroke.'"—Letter from Mr. Parkes, 18 July, 1832; see Grote's 'Life,' pp. 78, 79. I never heard that Lord Durham acknowledged this latter expression.—Ed.

§ Lord Grey had resigned early in May 1832. It is said that after the defeat of his Reform Bill in the House of Lords on the 7th of May, he offered the King the choice of making a sufficient number of new Peers to carry the Bill through the Lords (the majority against it being thirty-five), or to accept his resignation. The King, with a sagacity he had not credit for, and great good judgment, took the more constitutional course, accepted Lord Grey's resignation, and sent for Lord Lyndhurst. In order to prevent the formation of any Tory administration, the political Unions, with the connivance of the Whig leaders, at once set on foot a vigorous agitation. Meetings were held to petition Parliament to refuse

The first time I saw Hume (19th April, 1832) was on the subject of some remarks he had made in the House with refer-

supplies. London, Birmingham, Manchester, and other large towns, were placarded with posters urging the people to resist the payment of taxes and tithes. Jones, one of the Birmingham Union leaders, told Haydon that when the tax gatherer called upon him he said, "If you d re, Sir, to call again, I will have you nailed by the ear to my door, with a placard on your breast saying who you are." Hugh Hutton, another leader, said he had "made up his mind to fight." Mr. Parkes, another of the Union leaders, told Haydon at the time that "warrants were out against the whole of them; and that if the Duke had succeeded in forming a cabinet, they were to have been arrested and then the people would *have fought it out*." Haydon did not think that necessarily followed; and I take it, of the two, liberal as he was, he would have sided with the Duke in case of a fight. In Mrs. Grote's 'Life of Grote' there is a curious and characteristic letter from Mr. Parkes (May 18th, 1832) in which he says: "We told the people that they might have to make great sacrifices. . . . To *avert revolution* always sate most anxiously and weightily on my mind; but if we had been over-reached this week, *I and two friends* should have *made* the revolution, whatever the cost. I had written to General J—, and had got a cover to Colonel N—" (Napier), "and would have had both in Birmingham, and a Count Chopski, a Pole, by Monday; and I think we could have *prevented anarchy*, and *have set all right in two days*." Those who are best fitted to guide public opinion have seemed hitherto to think it beneath them to expose this nonsense; but ask us to believe—as Mrs. Grote, by publishing this letter, appears to ask us to believe—that Parkes, with two friends, Chopski, the Pole, and a nameless general—for Colonel Napier, who was Colonel N—, made a famous answer when Parkes' proposal came to him, something after the fashion of Swift, who once found a foolish letter before him—to ask us to believe that "I and two friends" would have "made" a revolution, and having made it, would have "prevented anarchy," and "set all right in two days," is to impose a little too much on our credulity. Of Mr. Parkes' sincerity no one entertains any doubt. But had the Government thought it so serious as Mr. Parkes would wish us to believe, its strength would have been put forth: it would have crumpled up the Unions in twenty-four hours; have had Mr. Parkes, Mr. Attwood, Mr. Holhouse, Mr. Ellice, and more of the leading Whigs and Radicals safe in Newgate; and then, in all probability, have passed a better Reform Bill than Lord Grey. The Unions had no military organisation: and although they had arms they had no stores, no powder, and they had no artillery. To talk of "making a revolution" under such circumstances is to talk nonsense where a standing army is under the orders of the Government, and is surely a most curious and absurd illustration of the natural tendency of the human mind to the deception and exaltation of self. Fortunately, however, for Mr. Parkes, the Government knew his weakness and took no notice of him, which may serve to explain his extraordinary letter, and Mrs. Grote's publication of it. The Duke of Wellington and Lord Lyndhurst, finding it impossible to form an administration, the Duke had an interview with the King. What passed, what advice the Duke gave, has never transpired, but the result was the King sent for Lord Grey; a circular letter was addressed to the Opposition Peers by Sir Herbert Taylor, private secretary to the King, informing them that "arrangements" had been made to secure the passing of the Reform Bill; and on the 4th of June following the Bill was read a third time by a majority of eighty-four. On the 7th the Royal assent was given; and when the King died a few years after, his Queen, as Dowager, received an annuity of 100,000*l.* a year. Mr. Parkes paid his taxes, we hope, with pleasure at Birmingham. General J— never revealed his name, and continued to draw his half pay from the Treasury which, according to Parkes, he was prepared to overthrow—I don't say and rob the till, that, of course, people who make "great sacrifices" to contend for their liberty "never do; and as to what became of Chopski, the Pole, history is silent: he descended into the deep profound from which there is no more need to drag him.—ED.

ence to the French excelling us in *design*. He explained to me that he did not mean to refer to design as applied to High Art, but simply to manufactures. I said: "Here was the mistake; there could be no design if there was no connection with the foundation of all design." He asked what I wished done? I replied: "To know if there would be any good in petitioning the House, and proposing a motion for a committee to examine the whole question, with the view to an annual grant of money for the public support of High Art. Said Hume: "It is *too soon*. Whew wool'ye heve if ony money is voted—some of those fellows out of the Acawdemy? It will just be a job. Stay a little, we shall have new men. I have watched your career; ye have just been shamefully treated, and if onything is done, ye shall not be overlooked." I replied: "I have been ruined by proposing plans which would have interfered with the monopoly of the Royal Academy." He said: "I know it all; but it is of no use to think of anything now till we have first made our report."

The Rev. Sir Harcourt Lees deserves never to be forgotten. On the 4th April, 1832, he presented a petition to the House of Lords, through Lord Roden, against the Reform Bill, on the ground that it would "send into the House English Jacobin Radicals and Irish Popish Reformers; that it would endanger the succession to the throne of Her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria; that it would have the effect of destroying the Protestant Church, sweeping away the peerage and the monarchy, creating a temporary republic, and ending at length in anarchy and massacre." Lord Teynham, regarding the petition as an insult, moved that it be rejected. The Duke of Sussex said it was an outrage on the feelings of the House; but Lord Grey, though regarding the opinions as absurd and bordering on insanity, did not see how the petition could be rejected, and it was ordered "to lie on the table." As an illustration of the extreme feeling of the time it is curious.

Rogers of an evening always gave me the idea that he had been laid in a nasty place for a month, and washed for the occasion. To see him standing behind a beauty was no joke.

Lady ——— asked me one evening to write an epitaph on her

married sister, whose husband Lady —— detests. I took up her pencil and wrote:—

“Here lies a sweet beauty,
Who to love was a duty.
She married a fool,
Not to make him a tool,
But only to vex
Both herself and his sex.”

The Duke of Sussex said to me one day, “After all, the Irish Church Establishment is a mere question of arithmetic. If 7,000,000 require 22 bi-shops, how many can 700,000 need?” When royal dukes come to look at a great question from the arithmetical point of view, the great question must generally be considered to be approaching its settlement.

William Hamilton told me he knew of his own knowledge that, after the Duke of Wellington was in a minority on Sir H. Parnell’s motion on the Pension List (August 14th, 1830), he advised resignation, because Brougham’s motion for reform was coming on, and should the Government remain in and be beaten on Brougham’s motion, they must resign, and their successor, Lord Grey, would be then left under the necessity of carrying some measures of Reform; but if they resigned at once, without letting the question of Reform force them to it, then Lord Grey would come in *free*.

Hamilton agreed with me that the Whigs, as a rule, were dissolute in their feelings with regard to women. He said it was the “Fox school.” I said I thought even Lord Grey not very strict in this point, and that their wishing to make marriage a civil contract was to suit their own convenience. Hamilton agreed with me.*

“Give me security for my property,” say the selfish; “what is it to me who governs? The sun shines; the trees bud and b’ossom; the birds sing; spring, summer, autumn, and winter proceed and end, whether rapacity and vice pervade every department of the Government; whether the corrupt govern in spite of law, or the just according to the laws. What does it

* Coleridge held the same opinions. But it would be difficult to prove the Tories better than the Whigs in these respects.—ED.

matter to me, so long I have security for my property?" This has always been the cry of the selfish in all periods of the world's history. It was so when Caligula received abject thanks from those whose children he had slaughtered, and when Tiberius tortured; it was so when poor wretches gasped out their lives in the dungeons of the Inquisition, or were racked in the secret chamber of the Council of Ten. While the solar system remains constant gravitation is not likely to stop, out of sympathy to human beings. There is no period so dreadful but wretches may secure their enjoyment if content to be slaves; but destroy the principle of abstract liberty in idea, and let a nation acquiesce in it, and that nation is half prepared for spoliation and debasement.

Lord Grey, Lord Lansdowne, and Lord Durham, all underrated the people, though Lord Durham probably felt what he said. When Attwood issued his violent address on the 9th May, 1833, I wrote to Lord Grey: "Depend on it if you do not put him down he will put down you. He is exasperated at his failure in the House. He is a man of wild fancy, and believes himself a Mahommed, and he has power over the million." Happily it all passed off; but at that time there were four men to be dreaded, Attwood, Cobbett, O'Connell, and Hume. The three first were actuated by private passion; Attwood, by his failure in Parliament and in his banking plans; Cobbett, by revenge on the aristocracy for his fine and imprisonment; and O'Connell, for the slight he met when he approached the Government for reconciliation, of which Hume told me he had indisputable evidence in a letter. Of all four men, Hume was the purest and most to be dreaded. He had no attachment, no revenge, no predilections, no fears, no delicacies. He loved his country, its honour, its supremacy; and his public economy is but a means of crippling the Court and levelling the aristocracy. His failings are human; and republican as he is, he is not insensible to the dignity of rank and stars. You may reach his heart through his vanity, and touch his vanity by praising his conduct. His understanding is sound, shrewd, unflinching. He is actuated by a high principle; and, if circumstances favour him, he will play an important part.

No creature on earth will bear such a burden as John Bull,

if it be *according to law*, but no hyæna will bear so little if it be in defiance of or not sanctioned by law. This is one great secret of the character of my glorious countrymen; and woe to the minister, Government, or king, if they lose sight of this principle in their administration of affairs!

Talking one evening at dinner at Lord Melbourne's of Johnson's letter to Lord Chesterfield, — interrupted me, and said severely to Lord Melbourne, "These fine things come from the little to the great, but seldom from the great to the little." Lord Melbourne, a little shaken, said: "It would be considered *bad breeding*," and Lord Melbourne was right. The great are not so much in the way of mortification; but they are not sparing to each other.

There is no nation like the English so disposed to "job" where money is to be had; but where public money is to be had, the English seem to think "jobbing" a moral duty.* This is the explanation why most public undertakings in England fail in answering the expectation of the nation, extending its fame and adding to its honour. An Englishman, high or low, has such intense sympathies, that he is totally insensible to any national disgrace of the kind, provided by any influence he can obtain for his brother "Ned," or his cousin "Dick," the "job" of a national work, without reference to his fitness to execute the work completely.

Poor Malibran on her deathbed said to Mrs. Novello, who nursed her, "To think, Mrs. Novello, they say I drink! What will they say next of me?" Mrs. Novello tried to soothe her. "Never mind them, my dear, never mind them," she said. "It is the envious spirit of inferior talent to depreciate those who excel." This was very fine.

What a singular look the Duke of Wellington always had, with his greyhound eye, his eagle nose, and singular mouth, like a helpless infant learning to whistle!

At the time the campaign of Waterloo was preparing, I was

* It may be admitted that the modern Yankee now surpasses us in these respects.—ED.

at Lord Mulgrave's one evening, and people were expressing anxiety. "Ah!" said the Duchess of Wellington; "wait a little, *he* is in his element now; depend upon him."

The Royal Academy is determined that no person shall, if they can help it, advance the art who is not a member; and they take care to keep out all those who love the art in preference to their supremacy. This is the direct principle.

Apropos of portrait painting, Wilkie made a capital observation to me (29th April, 1832), viz., "that the light and shadow on a head should never be the same shape as the head."

Lockhart told me that Murray had paid Byron 16,000*l.* for his works, and had made 100,000*l.* by their sale. He made 25,000*l.* by one edition. This is an intolerable quantity of profit to so little pay.*

In most human sorrow there is generally as much mortification as grief; and in all preparations for mourning, with women certainly, more vanity than affliction.

Sir Thomas Hammond told me a curious instance of the Queen's power of recollection. One day, in 1827-8, when she was Princess Victoria, and the Queen of Würtemberg was over here, Sir Thomas Hammond, being in attendance on the Queen, was present at luncheon. At that time the Princess Victoria dined at one o'clock. As he sat down, the Princess Victoria bowed to him, but being bent forward, he did not see it. One of the royal family said, "The Princess bows to you." Hammond looked up—her face was as red as fire. He bowed, but she never noticed him then, or again. The year after her accession he attended the levee, but her Majesty did not notice him, and he passed on to the Duchess of Kent, who said, "My dear, don't you notice Sir Thomas Hammond, your oldest friend?" She bent her head slightly, and said, "I am happy to *see* Sir Thomas Hammond."

Lord Lyttleton told me that nobody was so fond of childish

* If Lockhart's statement be correct, one would have thought common gratitude would have induced the Murrys not to destroy Byron's Journal.—ED.

jokes as Lord Brougham. One night, at a full-dress dinner at Lord Grey's, Lord Brougham sat on one side, the Duke of Sussex on the other, and Lord Lyttleton next. In the middle of dinner Lord Brougham put his head behind Lord Grey and made all sorts of horrid grimaces at Lord Lyttleton—they were very old friends—till Lord Lyttleton, to escape bursting with laughing, said, "My Lord Chancellor, may I have the honour of taking wine with you?" They drank wine; but as Lord Brougham was drinking his, he turned up the whites of his eyes with such an absurdly methodistical twitch as to send Lord Lyttleton into fits of suppressed laughter.

Charles Gore told me that Lord Albemarle told him on the morning Brougham was offered the Chancellorship, he was walking with him early round the square, when a packet of letters was brought out; Brougham put all into his pocket except one. "This I must read," said he to Lord Albemarle, "it is from my mother." He read it, and said, "She advises me against taking the Chancellorship, but to be content and remain member for Yorkshire." This was a fine trait.

"One half of the people in this country," said Lord Durham to me (1834) "are insolvent and living on the other half." I said, "I wonder the nobility do not have historical pictures painted of their marriages. There are many beautiful events of that sort in families, which should be recorded." "Oh," said Lord Durham, "because half of the marriages in high life are upon credit, and the expense would be too great." Lord Durham is "not a popular man," as Lord Melbourne said. He is too frank and fearless to be popular.

Lord Grey used to scold me for writing to the newspapers on Art and the Academy, whenever I saw anything wrong. But he forgot I had no "House" to speak in like himself, and the only way I could reach the public was by means of its press. "You make enemies," he used to say, "you make enemies." "But," I replied, "I have a great object." "Yes," said he; "but in the meantime you suffer." "That is true, my lord," I replied, "but *you* were fifty years before you carried your public object." He did not reply.

One night, at the Duke of Devonshire's, the beautiful

Mrs. — was entreating Lord Melbourne to grant her some favour for a friend. In her eagerness she seized hold of his hand, saying, "Now *do*, my dear Lord Melbourne, *do*!" Lord Melbourne looked round merrily, and said, "Now *do*, my dear Mrs. —, *do* let go my hand; I want to *scratch my nose*!"

Lord Lansdowne (1832) is a man of great refinement, considerable knowledge, great unaffectedness, with too much of a mild acquiescence rather than contest. When sitting to me for Lord Grey's picture,* he said he had seen me at the dinner sketching in the corner, and said to himself, "At least there is one present who is not feasting!" He said he remembered Sir Joshua Reynolds. Sir Joshua dined with his father, and told them of the first panorama. The next day or so, Sir Joshua called again, and they all three went to see the panorama. Lord Lansdowne said, as a boy, he was much impressed by Sir Joshua's gentleness of manner, and his using an ear trumpet. I asked him if Sir Thomas Lawrence required many sittings? He said, "many." "Did he talk much?" "A great deal." "Was he well informed?" "Why, he had much English poetry." While I was sitting to him I thought him like Canning; but Canning had a finer face. I told Lord Lansdowne that when very young I had dined with Canning at Lord Mulgrave's, but thought him haughty to me as a youth, in comparison with Lord Dartmouth and other men of high rank. I told him that Canning's mother, Mrs. Hun, had taught me reading, and was as powerful a woman in conversation as I ever met, and very likely to produce such a boy as Canning. Lord Lansdowne was much interested in all this. He did not know that Canning's grandfather had virtually disinherited Canning's father for marrying Mrs. Hun, under all the circumstances of her previous life. We then talked of Reform. I told him I thought the violent Tory principles pressed upon Lord Normandy had probably made him a Whig. He laughed. I said, "So violent were Lord Mulgrave's prejudices on that score, I had heard him deny genius to Milton." "That was rather a bold conclusion," said Lord Lansdowne. . . . When he rose to leave, I thanked him for coming. He said, "Of course, it disturbs an artist to come out." So *he* stands high in my scale.

* 'The Reform Banquet,' now at Howick.—ED.

Lord John Russell sat to-day (21th October, 1832). He has an interesting, mild, yet determined face. He thought Attwood* "not the man." I said: "My lord, to be a Reformer now is the fashion." "Yes," he replied, "people find out now they have been Reformers; all their lives, but never thought of it before." I praised the people of Birmingham for dining together at "ordinaries." He said he did the same in Devonshire; dined at the 1s. 6d. ordinary, at 2 P.M., with the farmers. He seemed much pleased with Devonshire, and said he was "happy we were brother Freemen." He said he spent an hour-and-a-half with Napoleon at Elba. Napoleon was abrupt; said he "liked Lord Ebrington† amazingly. He is well-informed—at least *I* think him so," said Napoleon, which was modest of Napoleon. "Napoleon's great mistake," said Lord Russell, "was his marrying an Austrian princess; he should have had a Russian." "Or," said I, "a fine French woman;" which startled him. After a little, he added: "Ah, indeed! or a fine French woman." I said, "My lord, he betrayed the cause." "He did," said Lord Russell. I said: "Do not you think there is great danger, if caution be not used, that France may gradually recover her naval losses, and growing more powerful by an alliance with us, ultimately endanger us again, than she could ever do by a war, or a state of watchful suspicion?"‡ "If the French Government should change," said he, "certainly—in the navy certainly; but not if the present Government remain." "Did you ever paint the Duke of Wellington?" "No," I replied; "after what the Duke said against Reform, I have no immediate interest. He advanced Reform forty years by that speech." "About," said Lord John, laughing.

Mr. Stanley,§ who I believe is considered idle but able, will be "the man" some day. He is sanguine, talented, ambitious,

* Thomas Attwood, of the Birmingham 'Tribune.' His advent to Parliament under the Reform Bill of 1832 was looked forward to with much interest and some apprehension. But the result proved the sagacity of Lord Russell's remark. He was a great, perhaps the greatest failure the reformed Parliament has seen.—Ed.

† Lord Ebrington was one of the Commissioners appointed to attend Napoleon, and being an amiable weak man, Napoleon completely hoodwinked him.—Ed.

‡ The events of 1840 fully justified this question in 1832.—Ed.

§ The late Earl of Derby, then Secretary for Ireland in Lord Grey's administration, subsequently Conservative Prime Minister in 1852, 1858, and again in 1866.—Ed.

and full of spirit and measure. I never saw such a spirit. He has got an eye like a bird of prey, as if impatient of all human obstructions. His nose is not handsome, but imperial. He was keen, restless, and a little despotic. I said: "Is there any chance of Repeal?" "Not an atom," said he, with enthusiasm. "O'Connell is backing already;" and reading a passage from an Irish paper, his whole nature fired up, his mouth contracted, and he ended in a victorious chuckle. It was very fine, and just the expression I wanted. There was a good deal of sarcasm upon Lord Melbourne, Sir James Graham, Lord Goderich, Lord John Russell, &c., which seems to indicate that the sympathies of the future Earl are not wholly with the Whigs. The Duke of Richmond came in while he was sitting, and said the new Members of Parliament were very ill-regulated, jumping over the seats, &c. &c. Mr. Stanley said they wanted "hunting like a pack of hounds, and would soon come into order." Mrs. Stanley, who was with us, said, "Didn't Lord Melbourne fall asleep when he sat to you, Mr. Haydon?" "No, no," I said; "he was very entertaining." Then she turned to the head of Graham and said, "Well, if I were Lady Graham, I should not like that head." "Why, not?" I asked. "Why," she said, "because it is *so extremely like him*." It is odd how the women all make a dead set at Graham. Miss Eden sneered at him in the tenderest way, and the Duke of Cleveland said he looked "as if he had taken a couple of bottles of claret."

Apropos of this, I heard afterwards that Lady Graham said, "Only think of Mr. Haydon making Stanley handsome, who is not, and not doing justice to my Jemmy, who is." But the fact is, I hit Graham's head exactly. While I was painting him, I saw a tender expression come over his face. I turned suddenly round, and caught Lady Graham holding up the sketches of Lord Goderich and himself, and evidently quizzing "my lord," and preferring her "Jemmy." This was a beautiful touch of nature, and produced exactly his best expression.

When painting the 'Reform Banquet' the Whigs —— Attwood for a Radical and a fool, and begged me not to put him in. I appealed to Lord Althorp. "Oh yes," said he; "Attwood was prominent in the cause; he ought to be in." This was a remarkable evidence of his goodness of heart. All party feeling vanished in his honest heart.

O'Connell asked me: "What did you think of me when I first started Repeal?" "That you were mad," said I; "do you not think that Ireland, being the smaller, must always be subject to England the larger island?" "No," said O'Connell. "Is not Portugal a smaller country than Spain?" "Yes, but she is a separate country."*

"One great mistake of the Liberals," said O'Connell to me, "is their infidelity. Now there are no infidels in Ireland." "No," I said; "they are too poetical." He looked at me as if the thought was new, and true. I said: "It was somewhat ungrateful after getting Catholic Emancipation in 1829 to turn round and ask them for Repeal." "Not in *me*," said O'Connell; "I always said Repeal would be the consequence of Emancipation, and I always avowed such to be my object." "Do you think you will carry it?" said I: "Not a doubt of it," said he. "If you get Repeal what will you do?" "Have an Irish Parliament directly." "But an Irish Parliament was always corrupt?" "Yes," replied he, "in borough-mongering times, but now there is a constituency. Besides, corrupt as it was, it carried important measures."†

The motives of all parties (which I happen to know) on the question of Lord Durham's conduct in Canada are laughable evidences of the farce of principle being the stimulus to public men. The Tories hate him because he framed the Reform Bill. The Whigs fear him because he is a Radical, and because he is liked by the Queen; and the Radicals sneer at him because he has deserted the extreme principles with which he began political life. Lord Melbourne sent him off to Russia to get him out of the way. The King dies, and Melbourne supersedes Lord Durham with the Queen. Home from Russia, the Whigs dread his stay in England, and they

* When the "House of Braganza" had ceased to reign, a deputation of Portuguese nobles waited on Napoleon to secure the ancient privileges of the country. The Emperor was brusque with them. "What is it you Portuguese want? Do you want to become Spaniards?" The leader of the deputation (whose name ought not to be forgotten), a grand man, over six feet high, drew himself up to his full height, clapped his hand upon the hilt of his sword, and, looking down upon the little Emperor, thundered out, "No!" Napoleon was delighted, and treated him with marked respect from that day.—ED.

† "The most corrupt people under heaven," so says Lord Cornwallis, who carried out the Union. "Adieu!" said the Duchess of Richmond, on leaving Dublin. "Adieu! dear, dirty, Dublin, where there is so much bribery, and corruption, and so little said about it. Adieu!"—ED.

excite his ambition by the offer of Canada, feeling morally certain that if left to his own bad temper, ill-conditioned liver, and despotic will, he would be sure to commit himself. And so it has turned out. But how he could commit himself so far is to me astonishing. What a despicable picture it all is of public life!

Of Arthur, Duke of Wellington, it may be fairly said that for once a great warrior can be held up to youth as a model for imitation, of honour, good faith, and manly heroism.* What his enemies consider his want of genius, his want of feeling, I consider the essence of his superiority over Alexander, Napoleon, and Caesar. With such talents for war they would have made themselves thrones. He returned home and took his place as a subject of the constitutional monarchy under which he was born.

The law of arrest for debt must have had its origin in savage times, when the novelty of money and the wish to gain it was of more consequence than the blood of man. For how can any one reconcile on any principle of justice greater power given to society to receive the repayment of money than to seize the murderer or the thief? But, say some, the power of arrest puts a stop to extravagance! On the contrary, the power of arrest is a bonus on unlimited extravagance in the shape of credit. While a tradesman has the power of arrest,

* Niebuhr, in his 'Roman History' (vol. v. p. 17), gives a similar opinion in regard to his successful strategy in war. Speaking of the blunders of Hannibal, Pyrrhus, Mithridates, Frederick of Prussia, and Napoleon, Niebuhr says, "The Duke of Wellington is, I believe, the only general in whose conduct of war we cannot discover any important mistake." I do not know that the military critics are quite so agreed in the Duke's favour as against Marlborough, but in 1811, the Lord Mayor and Common Council of London, if their opinion on military matters may be quoted, were of opinion that Wellington had committed a very great blunder in fighting the battle of Talavera. Taking their cue from Mr. Perceval, who was for starving the Peninsular Expedition, they petitioned Parliament, in February 1811, against the grant of any pension to Lord Wellington for his victory at Talavera, and took upon themselves to pass severe strictures upon him, as the General in command, for fighting a battle where, in their opinion he had "exhibited with equal rashness and ostentation, nothing but a useless valour." As being spoken of a General particularly careful of the lives of his men, and with profound aversion to "useless" conflicts, this petition deserves to be remembered, if only as a flagrant illustration of that propensity to draw conclusions to the disadvantage of our responsible public servants, before every circumstance could have been known, or possession obtained even of the necessary data.—ED.

he is careless of giving credit; because the power to lock up a man is so great, and the being locked up such an annoyance and disgrace to the debtor, that there is nothing he and his friends will not do to pay the debt which the speculative rascality of the tradesman entrapped him to incur. The whole mass of petty credits in London is fraudulent.

Nelson was certainly a most extraordinary character. I had no idea of his powers of mind and things till I saw his correspondence. How persevering he was in pursuing an object! How restless and miserable under a chance of missing it, how prompt and clear, cool and wary! Having conceived a purpose, he was rapid, energetic, unconquerable; keeping a steady eye, bending his whole soul, his whole body, his whole powers to carry it. With all the simplicity and enthusiasm of fiery youth, he had all the wisdom and experience of suspicious age. He had the power which all truly great men have, of making others in his society forget their own inferiority. All who came in contact with him,—midshipman, lieutenant, captain, or admiral, ambassador or minister, all loved him, for none in his presence lost their self-respect. He had the keen feelings of genius. To make captive did not satisfy his soul. "We have done very well, and we must be content," said Hotham. "Content, and well done!" replied Nelson. "If we had taken ten sail and let the eleventh escape, I should not have been content, or have called it well done." This is the man who will not wait for opportunity, but makes the most of what he has.

Nelson is an illustrious example to show what a persevering undivided attention to one art will do; how far a restless habit of enterprise, the never relaxing, or taking an indolent enjoyment after exertion will carry a man. He began the war an unknown commander of a 60-gun ship, and concluded it the greatest naval captain of his country, and famous throughout the world.

He died the very moment he ought; for if sympathy can be added to admiration, what stronger hold can you have on human nature!

When his voice was almost inarticulate; when his sight was dim; when his pain was excruciating; as life was quivering on the borders of another world, and his gallant soul was almost

in the presence of the Almighty, he muttered: "I have done my duty; I thank God I have done my duty." At such moments if human beings are melted, and forgive injuries and errors, will not a Being of perfect Mercy, of perfect Benevolence, and of perfect Purity, receive and forgive too? It must be so.

Nelson's life was so compressed that one is actually forgetting his earlier glory in the splendour of the latest. He exerted himself to the utmost possible degree in the shortest possible space. He is an example to all.

No nation in Europe will ever permanently secure a constitutional Government which does not first rescue the minds of the people from the thralldom of priestly dominion and degrading superstitions. The basis of our liberty was our religious reform;* and neither France, nor Germany, nor Spain, nor Italy, nor South America will ever secure theirs without proceeding on the same principle.

France is a noble country, and the French are a fine race, a grand people; but they must learn to limit their improvements to themselves, or Europe will soon be in a flame. We have no desire to see France interfered with; but then France must not talk about the Rhine and Belgium being her natural boundaries, or interfere with other nations, or she will be reconquered and possibly divided. Europe may serve her as she did the works of art in the days of her Continental successes.

"What does it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" From this it seems as if the object of God was to save as many as possible; and if sickness, affliction, or suffering will do it, rather than riches, health and peace, they are used as instruments of salvation.

The ancient artists were idolaters, and believed on the perfection of their works depended their ultimate happiness. This

* Archbishop Whately objected to the term "Reformation" as applied to the great religious event in our history. He thought "Restoration" would have been a much more effective name.—Ed.

is the great reason of their vast superiority. Every touch was a compliment to a deity, and a chance of translation to heaven. So it was with the Roman Catholic painters of the fifteenth century. They were also animated by religious enthusiasm, and worked under its powerful influence. The enthusiasm of the English people is of another description. It is political, not religious. But I see no reason why he who is animated by an awe for the liberties of the human race cannot be actuated by the same elevation as the ancient Greek or more modern Italian.

Attractive as beauty is to all of us, there are yet many people, far from being handsome, whose intellect and manner reconcile us, at last, to their want of good looks.

Lord Morpeth said a true thing to me of the Irish members. I said that they seemed to be the great bores of the House. He replied: "They talk so fluently with so little thinking," which is exactly their defect, twenty words to one idea.

Cobbett's speech on taxation (Feb. 1833) was tedious and unfair. I deny that one shilling to the wages' class is as much as 50% to the wealthy. If taxation went on at that ratio there would be no rich people; and no object in saving a fortune if, when you have got it, it is to be diminished by one half to preserve the remainder. Our whole system of taxation is empirical, and Cobbett has not found the true theory which exists somewhere. What we want is that, the relations of taxation to property and person should be scientifically determined, and the revenue raised accordingly. The next fifty years will see great fiscal changes.

Driving home one night (9th March, 1833) from the play with Lord Melbourne, we got upon Art. I told him that Art and manufactures would decay if Art was not aided by Government support. I said my ruin has hindered the youth of the country. He confessed that if his advice were asked in any one choosing to practise High Art as a profession, he should say, "You will starve." "But is that fair?" said I. "No, certainly not," said

he. After a bit he said there was enormous private patronage; was not that enough? I said, "No; it was not of the right kind; it did not tend to elevate Art, or to improve Design." He seemed interested. But they are all afraid to act; they are so ignorant, and they feel their helplessness in Art.

The Italians are the keenest, cleverest, and acutest people in Europe. They would probably make head against the whole world if ever firmly again welded into ONE NATION (1827).

Would anybody believe out of England that in the new University* just started up to supply all defects of former institutions of the kind, Art and Religion have been entirely left out?

Leigh Hunt, in his 'Lord Byron,' says: "If I know anything in the world, and have any too good qualities to set off against many defects, it is that, I am not vindictive, and that I speak the truth. I have not told all, for I have no right to do so. In the present case it would also be inhumanity both to the dead and to the living." In my humble opinion there is in this affectation of abstaining more of the essence of the most mangling vengeance than in the furious stab of a maddened lazzarone. This is your true "gentleman of the press."

I think it may be laid down as a moral axiom that the first seed of depravity is parental disobedience. I have talked with villains of every kind, and have always found that the confession.

There is in England a democratic hatred of all superiority, rank, wealth, talent, or worth; a morbid dislike of innovation; a mean envy and tendency to deny the qualities of mind or morality that enable the individual to produce it; or a contemptible desire to depreciate the value of any discovery that will elevate the discoverer above the ordinary man, or give evidence that he has what others have not, extraordinary talent. There is more vent for these bad passions in free States than under despotic Governments. They exist in human nature,

* The London University.—ED.

and where they are suppressed in one way, they show themselves in another. If we had not that common sewer for our passions, the public press, the stiletto or the hemlock would again be in vogue.

April 11th, 1832.—I told Lord Grey the whole story of Art and manufacture, and impressed on him the necessity of Government support by a vote of money. He said, "If it is done, what will be the result? *a job!* everything is a job in England!" Then he said: "Where is there room for historical paintings?" I said, "In the House of Lords a series of pictures might be placed to illustrate the glories of England, with portraits of the great men between." He smiled. They all smile. If they would put the House of Lords in my hands, in two years I would let them see if they ought to smile. I told him that the portraits in the Royal Academy for the last forty years had invariably been painted "standing upon their toes." He asked how. I showed him. He looked half-annoyed at not knowing it.

I can never forget the scenes I have witnessed in the House of Lords when Brougham was Chancellor. His utter apathy to other peoples' feelings; his inordinate assumption of extraordinary elevation; the restless, irritable, grossness of his allusions; his indifference, his callous indifference to facts, which I repeatedly heard, were shocking. If he had remained in office he would have been—if he had "been endured," as Napoleon said of himself—"lui seul une révolution," but he was not endured, he could not be; and in my conscience I believe latterly his brain was over-excited.

The worst of the Whigs is they do nothing but "enquire," listen to both parties, and leave them worse off than where they found them.

Why are the English people to be "inferior" to any other nation in matters of Art? Why "must" their taste be compressed to Dutch boors and dead herrings, and their industry confined to the production of articles useful, but without a sense of beauty? It was not so always. No country on earth

has so many depressions as England. But the "People" are getting above this, and will ultimately beat down all suspicion of their genius.

I saw a great deal of Sir Robert Peel during the fierce debates over the Reform Bill of 1832; and, as a specimen of a human being seeking trouble without reason, I never saw the like before. With every means of happiness in his power, he was restless, worried, harassed day and night, and looked more fagged than a bill-clerk at a banker's. The only time he seemed relieved was just after he left office; and yet the hankering for power poisoned all the sources of happiness within his reach. He soon began to feel the rabies again, valuing only that which gave him anxiety to get, and costs him acute mortification now he has got it. This is a true picture of human nature.

Mr. Coke (of Holkham) is full of reminiscences. He told me he remembered a fox killed in Cavendish Square, and where Berkeley Square now stands was a capital place for snipe. He told me a story of Fox. One night at Brookes's, Fox made some remark upon Government powder, in allusion to something that had happened. Adam considered it a reflection, and sent Fox a challenge. Fox went out and took his station, giving a full front. Fitzgerald, his second, said, "You must stand sideways." "Why?" said Fox, "I am as thick one way as the other." "Fire!" was given. Adam fired. Fox did not; and when they said he must, he said: "I'll be —— if I do," and so they shook hands. Adam's bullet had hit Fox below the waist, and fell into his breeches. "Adam," said Fox, "you would have killed me if it hadn't been Government powder!"*

Mr. Coke said that when Burke was dying, Fox went down to see him, but Burke would not see Fox. When he came

* This was the famous Adam and Fox duel. It took place in 1779. The Westminster Play of that year was 'Phormio,' and the Epilogue was spoken by Phormio in the character of a Government Powder Contractor. It ended with—

"Quin cum privatis certetur ubique duellis,
Nemo perit,—pugnat pulvere quisque meâ."——

Which, the author of 'Our Public Schools' says, was received with "shouts of laughter by Westminster Whigs and Tories."—ED.

back, Mr. Coke was lamenting Burke's obstinacy. "Ah!" said Fox; "never mind, Tom. I always find every Irishman has got a piece of potato in his head."

When I looked at Sir George Cockburn, I used to think this is the man who said to Napoleon, "*Eh bien, Général, je serai prêt demain à midi!*"—and served Napoleon right. He had not an atom more delicacy, even to women.

Lord Andover, who is (1833) a very fat man, was greatly plagued at a fancy bazaar, lately, to buy some trifle or other from the ladies' stalls. At length he rather rudely said, "I am like the Prodigal Son, persecuted by ladies." "No, no," retorted Mrs. —, "say, rather, the fatted calf." Since then all the other fat men, Lord Nugent, Lord Althorp, &c., have called on Mrs. — to beg her to explain it was not they who offended.

Men wane first in love, especially in England. They get fond of eating, drinking, hunting, shooting, and soon after marriage leave their wives to nurse, and read novels. A woman, on the other hand, remembers when her husband was her lover; never forgets that delicious time, and always regrets it. In most cases where the sacred circle of domestic happiness is broken, if the husband had been commonly attentive it would never have been touched. If, after marriage, men and women would but keep up a little of the art and romance they used so freely before, they might live longer in delusion, in tranquillity, and in peace.

As a matter of curiosity, what a spectacle the Day of Judgment will be! When all disguises will be torn off, when all concealments laid open! where nothing will be but what is, and what ought to be, and Truth only reign. Where husbands, wives, daughters, fathers, friends, enemies, and lovers, will see each other as they really were on earth. What a scene! What a terrific exposition!

The world sees only results, that is leading points; and when a man gains more than he loses by any conduct, the world

never attributes his conduct to principle. So that if a man refuses a duel on principle, the world suspects his courage because he saves his life. And when a scoundrel challenges such a man, the scoundrel renders his rascality respectable in the eye of the world, because he exhibits a contempt for his personal safety.

Any attempt to lower a man's reputation in that one point where he is ambitious to be distinguished is never forgotten, or forgiven.

Oh! if my mind and soul could but once get clear of that leaden clog, "pecuniary difficulty." If my mind could but once act without anticipating obstruction, it would act with more power than it has ever done yet.

Why do not French pictures, or hard high-finishing, give one the pleasure of a Vandyke? Because there is no evidence of an abstracting power in the mind of the artist; a power of conveying results, and letting the mind of the spectator fill up and unite.

Never disregard what your enemies say. They may be severe; they may be prejudiced: they may be determined to see only in one direction; but still in that direction they see clearly. They do not speak all the truth, but they generally speak the truth from one point of view; so far as that goes, attend to them.

There was something about Sir Walter Scott—foxy. Amiable, delightful, dear man as he was, he had something of a look as if he had been "p'aying fox."

From reading the daily journals you get an insight into the history of your own time, but you neglect the epochs of past times. I know the period of Buonaparte well, but not those of Cæsar, Alexander, Hannibal, or Cromwell. The present day always appears so full of immediate interest, that other and perhaps greater periods of time are neglected.

Just before waking on Saturday morning (22nd September,

1832), I dreamed, and awoke considerably agitated, that I lived in a square, and that Sir Walter Scott lived opposite, on the right side of it—that I went to my window early in the morning, and that I looked across and saw Sir Walter's house shut up, except *his* bedroom windows, which were a little open, just as they are when a corpse lies in the room. I called out to my wife, "Sir Walter is dead," and so loudly that I awoke. On the 24th I received the following letter from Abbotsford:—

"Abbotsford, Sept. 21.

"Sir Walter Scott died here this afternoon at half-past one."

How often do the uneducated tell us similar facts, and how often do we laugh! But here was a palpable intimation where no human communication could have taken place within a few hours of his death.*

Charles Gore told me he saw Lord Wellesley the day before he went to Ireland, and that Lord Wellesley said of the Duke: "Arthur is a great general but a ——— bad statesman:" and alluding to the Duke as a public speaker, said: "Arthur can't speak the English language intelligibly—there is only one phrase he can speak, '*our old friend*,' and that he can't speak plainly." Gore said it was a rich scene. Lord Wellesley also told of his sending out reinforcements to Spain when Foreign Minister, and of the opposition of Perceval, &c., all of which I

* At Rio Janeiro, on 22nd June, 1846, while walking the deck of H.M.S. 'Grecian' in the forenoon watch, I was suddenly seized with an inexplicable presentiment of evil, of misfortune, of grief of some kind I could not explain. My spirits became so affected, I made a note of it in my Journal: and after a day or two vainly struggling against it, I obtained leave, crossed the harbour to Boto Fogo, and I remained for a week in seclusion. It was on the morning, about 11 A.M., of the 22nd June, 1846, that my father had destroyed himself at his house in London. I had not heard for some weeks from home and then the news was good. But the day previous I had been ashore, and walked out with Sir J. (then Mr.) Hudson, our Minister at Rio, to the cemetery, and there we accidentally saw the dead-cart from the hospital being unloaded of its unlovely burdens. I remember the attendant pulling the bodies out by the legs, and as he hurled them into the pit, shouting, "um, dous, tres." The fourth was a baby, which he tossed up in the air caressingly. I turned away sickened, and had a taste of earth in my mouth for days. But I had no spectral illusions, nor did I dream of my father, nor dwell at all upon what I had seen in the cemetery, though it did occur to me now and again; but on the 22nd I suffered the most extraordinary and intense depression of spirit, to which I am never subject. There are numerous cases on record of similarly unaccountable immediate intimations by sense-impressions occurring to friends at a great distance from the scene of death.—ED.

knew to be true from hearing it related at the time by well-informed official men.*

The great defect in Lord Grey (1831) was a want of decision. He was a vain man, easily flattered, and even the Reform Bill of 1832 went further than he intended. His accessibility, his tenderness of heart, his consistency, his truthfulness, were contrasted by weaknesses which almost rendered them negations. But on the whole, he had a beautiful character, the basis of which was amiableness, truthfulness, and affection. Posterity alone will appreciate and admire his consistency and his moral courage in carrying Reform. Like other men similarly placed, he has been the first victim of the great moral revolution his consistency produced.†

IB.'s absurd caricature of Brougham climbing up the sign-post was founded on fact. Lord Plunkett told me it was perfectly true that, he and Lord Brougham had dined with the King—they lost their way coming home, the post-boy was drunk, and Lord Brougham got out of the carriage, and as it was foggy, climbed up the sign-post to spell out the direction.

April 12th, 1833.—Hume called on me and said, he “*gave up*” the Ministry. They were losing ground, and not willing to meet the wishes of the people; “And see what a mess,” said he, “we are getting into in Holland and at Constantinople.” “Oh,” said I, “Mr. Hume, do not be low-spirited, we shall pull through.” Troubles in life, natural or individual, are like the crowd in Cheapside; you think you will never get through:

* Lord Wellesley was very angry at his brother, Arthur, making himself Prime Minister instead of offering the post to him.—Ed.

† It may be doubted whether posterity will confirm this view of Lord Grey's conduct over the Reform Bill of 1832. Every fresh contribution to the history of that event seems to point to the fact that Lord Grey's desire for Reform did not extend further than the removal of one or two ancient abuses, and that he but imperfectly comprehended the circumstances with which he had to deal. He certainly did not correctly estimate the effect of the Reform he did carry, for he complained to Lord Ebrington of that “constant and active pressure from without,” which was its immediate effect, and which he did not know how to deal with. Then he became alarmed for his order, and like Swift's spider, thought the world was coming to an end because the ceiling was being brushed over. Lord Grey was an amiable but not a far-sighted statesman, and came into office thirty years too late to achieve a great reputation, and went out of it a remarkable illustration that nothing is ever got by a policy which you merely carry out by halves.—Ed.

as you approach, one goes to the right, the other to the left, and you are astonished to find yourself at the end of the street. The fact is, Hume is extremely mortified at the ill-success of his opposition to Lord Grey. He flattered himself he was to have had a large majority, and it is only a petty one; and he has lost the confidence of the House by having no objection to any expenditure when he has a "hobby" of his own (like a new House of Parliament), and being niggardly over that of any other member.

Joseph Hume was a remarkable man. He sat several times to me, and we had many interesting conversations. He was active minded, restlessly conversational, and intelligent—hard, but honest, merciless on corruption, and very persuasive. He was perfectly unaffected and with great good sense, had imagination and enlarged and original views. It is extraordinary the native freshness there is in a man like Hume, unburdened with rank, and not troubled with the refined delicacies of high life. In the House he must have been like a bit of granite. He said many bitter things of Brougham. He accused him of insincerity, selfishness, and ambition; and said he was without principle or heart. He said that Brougham kept the charter of the London University merely to have the establishment depending upon himself. I asked him if he had seen IB.'s 6s. 6d. caricatures? He said, "One or two." I showed him my collection, among which was one of him—the whole House asleep, and he with *one* eye open! He laughed, and asked what they cost? I said, "I get them at first-cost, and you may have this for 2s." "I suppose *now*," said Hume, looking archly at me, "I may get 'em *hawk-price*!" It was a bit of character. We talked of war. I told him while the risk of life was considered a proof of noble spirit, war would never be extinct. He replied, "There was no moral courage in risking life; but real courage was shown by him who braved public censure, who refused duels, and bore moral attacks nobly for the sake of a national good." Hume said, "Captain York told him, 'You'll see the Whigs are the Tories, *we* mean to do nothing!'" Hume said, "The nobility of England have become corrupt. Instead of bringing up their sons to get their own living, they think of this or that place wherein they may be paid well out of the public money, and do little."

He said he had dined at Hampstead at a public dinner of working-men, where the carpenter said, "I'm a friend to Reform, but I must not say so; I will fit up the room, charge nothing, but I can't dine with you or I should lose my custom." He wanted me to dine with him at 'The Prince of Wales and Feathers,' near St. Luke's, but I declined. The sad truth is, I do not relish dining with the (uneducated) wages' class. I am very happy to work for them, and to do my best to educate and enlighten them, and to improve their condition, but not to *dine* with them. I prefer Tasso and Virgil, champagne and the Order of the Bath. This is, I dare say, wrong, but I cannot help it. There is poetry in the people, but there is also poetry in nobility, and—*the ribbon paints well*. Hume said, "I do not wonder at public men becoming disgusted with public life and retiring for ever. I expect nothing from this Ministry but what they are driven into—nothing!" Lord Cavendish told me afterwards, that "Hume was impracticable, and had better remain as he was, for he would never do in any Cabinet." This was the general feeling.

Having made a very successful head of Hume, I made him a present of the sketch, but I told him a frame and glass would preserve it. He accepted the sketch with every expression of thanks, and begged me to order a frame and glass; I did so, and having mounted the sketch, sent it over to his house by the frame-maker. He kept the man waiting for an hour, then sent him away without paying his account, and three days after returned me the sketch, saying, "It was not considered like;" leaving me to pay the frame-maker's bill, which I have done. This is "Joe Hume" all over. I told this afterwards to the Duke of Sussex, who agreed with me that Hume was deficient in gentlemanlike feeling—the common defect of such men. The Duke added, that "Hume would never get over the business of the Greek Loan," and it sticks to him certainly.

Lord Duncannon told me that Lord Farnborough entirely agreed with me in opposition to the proposed union of the Royal Academy and National Gallery under the same roof, and quite shared my apprehensions as to the ill-effect it would have on native art. In time others will also see that I am right. At present Lord Grey sees nothing. Spring-Rice and

Shce,* by misrepresentation and insinuation, have completely outmanœuvred me, and have carried their darling plan. Before fifty years are over the Royal Academy will have to be turned out of the gallery, if only to make room for future bequests. Yet Lord Grey will see nothing but that the President of the Royal Academy has no human imperfections. Poor Lord Grey!

March 27th, 1833.—Lord Plunkett has an arch humour. “When do you sketch O’Connell?” said one of his daughters. “There is one thing,” said Lord Plunkett, “if you could take his head entirely off you would do great good to society.” He looked at the picture (*Reform Banquet*), and said, “You have put Hume between the candles. I’ll lay my life he will be thinking of the expense of so much wax.” I thought I should have died with laughing, for Hume actually said, as he looked at the candles, “That’s bad wax.” “Why?” said I. “Because,” said he, “there’s too much snuff; no good wax has any.”

Sir John Hobhouse,† when sitting to me (7th Nov. 1832), said Lord Byron was not naturally a melancholy, but a merry person; that his melancholy when in London was owing to his pecuniary difficulties, that he often wanted 50*l.*, and that he would have been often arrested but that he was a peer. Sir John agreed with me that Lady Byron was not fitted for Byron. There was nothing between them but pecuniary necessity, and that was the sole cause of their separation. He did not like to agree with me as to my suspicions of Moore’s regard, though he did not contradict it.

He said Moore, in his ‘*Life of Byron*,’ had certainly pretended that Byron’s early life with those amiable girls in Nottingham had been virtuously passed, and that had he continued such female connections his vices might have been less; and that had he followed the advice of Hodgson, the parson, it would have been better for him, &c. “Now,” said Hobhouse, “this Hodgson was, on the whole, the most dissipated of the set;” that Byron came to college perfectly

* Sir Martin Archer Shee, an accomplished Irishman, President of the Royal Academy, but not remarkable for his power as a painter. — *Ed.*

† Sir John Hobhouse, afterwards Lord Broughton. — *Ed.*

initiated after these innocent experiences in Nottingham; and that neither he (Hobhouse) nor Mathews could teach Lord Byron anything, for of the three he was certainly the most advanced. He said, "Hodgson was a man always borrowing money of Byron; and when he (Hodgson) married, he wrote to Byron, saying, 'Inveni fortune!'" Byron read the letter to Hobhouse, and on coming to this said "I'm glad of it. I hope you'll now drink your own *port*, for, — me, you have been drinking mine these five years."

Hodgson was very fond of giving Lord Byron religious advice. Byron used to say, "As soon as he pays me my 1200*l*. I'll listen to him."

He said Byron was no scoffer, not in the least, and repressed it in others. He had investigating doubts, but never scoffed.

Hobhouse said he was one of the Newstead party; and Hodgson, I think he said, was the clergyman dressed like a monk. There was nothing to be ashamed of; they drank a great deal of wine, ran after all the girls, and had a great deal of fun—as young fellows of twenty-four used in those days.*

We then talked of the curious habit of the English people for breaking off relics, instead of being content to let things remain perfect, and to share the pleasure of contemplation with others. He said the English were, in this respect, the oddest people in the world; and after heartily abusing them for this atrocious vice of relic-making, he said, in a moment of abstraction, "I have lost three great curiosities I valued very highly—a bottle of water from Castalia; *the sling of Buonaparte's carriage, which I was allowed to take as a relic*;" and something else! Was there ever anything like this? The sling of Buonaparte's carriage! What hope for cure is there?† We then talked of William Hazlitt: Hobhouse said that Hazlitt swore he would never forgive him for striking out a passage wherein Lord Byron had attacked Hazlitt. "Now," said Hobhouse, "I meant to do Hazlitt a service, but *he* said it would have been of the greatest service to him to have been attacked by Lord Byron." "The truth is," said Hobhouse, "between you and me, I thought Hazlitt beneath Lord Byron's notice." I told

* In these days nobody knows what the young men do.—Ed.

† This is not quite fair, for B. R. H. was himself as fond of relics as most of us, though he would never have injured a beautiful fragment to get one.—Ed.

him I thought in case of a Revolution, Hazlitt, like Robespierre, would have sheared off heads by the thousand, on a metaphysical principle.

Speaking of Napoleon, Sir John said that more knowledge of him had shaken his previous esteem.

I asked him what he thought of Walter Scott's denial, on his honour, to the Prince as to the authorship of 'Waverley.' Sir John said he thought the Prince had no right to allude to the subject, though he did not approve of such a voluntary denial. He had heard Sir Walter say to Lord Byron that he (Scott) was *not* the author, and that without being asked.

We then talked politics. He said, had not the Reform Bill been passed, the people would have rolled over the aristocracy and have crushed them—there would have been no fight. Speaking of the Birmingham Unions, he said Attwood was dethroned, and Dr. Wade the man now. I never had any doubt that Wade was sent down by the Government to start a new Union, so as to divide and distract.

Attwood always seemed awkward when he met me after the failure of the Birmingham Radicals to support the proposal which they had accepted of a painting of the Newhall Hill meeting. The fact was, that one hundred of these gentlemen put down their names as subscribers, and never paid their subscription.*

The longer a man lives in the world the more he must be convinced that all domestic quarrels had better never be obtruded on the public; for, let the husband be right, or let him be wrong, there is always a sympathy existing for women which is certain to give the man the worst of it. And it is right that this sympathy should never be chilled; for taking into consideration that men are more used to bear the attacks of the world, and are better prepared for them, it is as well that the weight of sympathy should be on the side of the woman. And it certainly is so; for, as no ground is safer than that taken by the world to defend a woman, and as there is no suspicion more keenly felt by men than that of not being

* Attwood explained this laxity of principle and conduct by attributing it to the "rascally Tory system," and so did Scholefield. 'L'homme est feu pour le mensonge. Il est glacé aux vérités.'—ED.

alive to gallantry and love, so, in such cases of domestic quarrels, as that between Lord and Lady Byron for example, all men who have a character for gallantry to keep, and all others who are ambitious to acquire such a reputation, join in the hue and cry against the husband.

In thinking over Lady Byron's unhappy case, I have no doubt she deserves all the handsome things that have been said of her, but still I am of opinion that it is much to be regretted she ever left Lord Byron in the depth of his misfortunes. It is a pity she did not stay and console him, as she had failed to correct him. I say it is a pity; and if she had really and truly and passionately loved him could she have left him? I ask this of any woman who has passionately loved. She married Lord Byron with the romantic notion of reforming him. Alas, this was not love! it might be ambition, vanity, virtue, principle, but it was not love. Love first, and then correct. Every woman knows how differently she corrects the man she first loved, instead of first correcting him to render him worthy of her affections. These are very different modes of proceeding: and every woman may depend upon it, that if she marry a man with a notion predominant of correction, she takes into her heart from the altar the rooted seed of domestic misery.

Nor can I think Lady Byron's treatment of Lord Byron fair. Her method of accusing him dreadfully, and keeping the public in ignorance of the nature of the accusation, is a more artful way of destroying his character than by telling the truth, let it be ever so horrible. The only excuse she had was, that he was mad; and when she found he was not mad, *she left him!*

Mr. Ellice, another early friend of Byron, told me, that after Byron was married he asked Byron how he got on? Byron told him that when he came home he would find half-a-dozen old blues with Lady Byron, who, if a man made a joke, thought he was sure of damnation. Mr. Ellice said Moore knew little of Byron till he was advanced in life. He said also that Hobhouse was always quizzed by Byron, both in letters and conversation, though he (Ellice) believed Hobhouse was more attached to Byron than to anyone else. I said to Mr. Ellice, "There were dreadful reports about Byron and Lady Byron?"

He laughed at the calumny, and said she "used him ill." I said, "She married him to reform him." "Yes," said Mr. Ellice, "not only to *reform* him but to *refuse* him." . . . It is just what I always thought.

The noisy mobs of the Reform Bill period were nothing, in my opinion, in comparison with the secret, quiet, sapping approach of the Ballot. The people are yet not sufficiently educated to be free of the influence of the property and moneyed class, and they ought not to be until they are. When every man can read, write, and reason, I have no objection to his having the suffrage, but not till then. Open voting, with all its risks, is less dangerous to the Monarchy; and a limited constituency is the safest of all. The question between Aristocracy and Democracy is rapidly approaching in England, but unless regulated and controlled by the aristocracy, the evils the people would bring on themselves are not to be believed.

Who would believe that the Whigs, with whom originated the abolition of West Indian slavery, are now (1838) by Orders in Council sanctioning slavery, under another form, in the East Indies? Yet they have done it; and in reply to Brougham's magnificent indictment what is Lord Melbourne's defence? That it is the interest of capitalists; and so long as men can get eight per cent. for their money by slave-trading they will put their capital into it. What would Burke have said to this? Is there no such thing as feeling or sympathy? Are human beings but bales of cotton? Why, if the interests of the capitalists predominate, make it their suffering? Hang every man found guilty of embarking his capital in this inhuman traffic. It would soon stop. Lord Melbourne, in this matter, has shown more of his hard iron-headedness as to human suffering than he ever did before. Originally he was not so, but Lady Caroline's infidelity scathed his sensibilities. There is in Lord Melbourne the sarcasm as of a wounded spirit, though he can no longer consider himself a "disappointed man."

O'Connell said one day, in talking over the decay of England's navy under the Whigs, "And to think of Eng'and's

navy being left in the hands of that 'man in buckram'—
C***** W****. What a delusion!"

Lord Burghersh told me that once at Florence he lent his book to Soult's son, at the same time explaining to him that he (Lord Burghersh) had said Soult was beaten at Toulouse. "Oh," said the son, "*my father thinks so!*" This refutes the French writers who claim the victory for Soult.

Cortez was, perhaps, as remarkable an instance of decision of character as ever existed. He always relieved himself from apparent ruin by attempts which would have been more ruinous if unsuccessful than the situations he got out of by their success. This is the true nerve so essential to the completion of all schemes where great decision and energy and self-will are requisite.

The Duke of Somerset told me, as an instance of Napoleon's personal vanity that, after he had sat to Gerard for his portrait, when the picture was finished, the Emperor looked at it, and said peevishly to Gerard, "You ought not to paint me as I am. Do you think Apelles painted Alexander as he was?"* When Cromwell sat to Sir Peter Lely, he said, "If you don't put in all the scars and wrinkles I won't pay you a farthing." This was the finer of the two.† Cromwell was a grand fellow.

In talking of Court etiquette, Lord Melbourne once told me that in 1782 Mr. Burke went to a levee, wearing gloves. He was stopped, and compelled to unglove before entering the presence.

* If this was Gerard's portrait of the "Emperor" in 1804, no one need feel surprise at Napoleon's remark. My father, who saw the picture in 1814, describes it in his Journal as "an infernal portrait; a horrid yellow for complexion; the tip of the nose tinged with red; his eyes fixed, stern, and watery; his mouth cool, collected, and resolute. I never was so touched by human expression. It had not the least look of mercy, breeding, or highmindedness. It was doubtless like Napoleon at the time, for he was not then in good health."

† But the cause of difference between Cromwell and Napoleon is overlooked both by the Duke of Somerset and my father. Cromwell desired to be painted as Nature had made him; and Napoleon's objection is that Gerard had painted him as Nature had not made him, but as a horrible cutaneous disease he had contracted at Toulon periodically altered his natural appearance. Napoleon had a grand head and fine features, and Gerard need not have made him quite so repulsive; and this, even with a fit of his disease upon him, Buonaparte probably felt as he looked on the portrait that was painted for posterity.—**ED.**

One of the most curious features of English society is the rapid rise of men from obscurity, into which they sink again. Take, for instance, Attwood, Hunt, Cobbett, and now (1845) Cobden and Bright; though, perhaps, Cobden may remain.*

One of Lord Egremont's married nieces, when in an interesting condition, used at Petworth to sit for hours looking at the baby in my picture of 'Alexander.' Lord Egremont asked her mother why she did this. Oh! said she, "don't you know? She thinks that baby the very picture of what a baby ought to be, and she wants hers to be like it." This was a charming compliment to both baby and painter. The baby was my dear boy Alfred, who died some years later.

It should be laid down as an axiom in our policy that the great foreign ambassadors are leagued in a conspiracy to render as nugatory as possible the power and predominance of Great Britain. What is the use of talking of the eight hundred millions of debt? It is the price we paid for keeping our inde-

* This cannot be justly assumed of Cobbett. He was a far superior man in many respects to Attwood and Hunt; and when they are forgotten he will long be remembered as the man who courageously fought against the efforts of official authority to put down the freedom and independence of our public press, and that, too, at a time when a ruinous fine, imprisonment, and transportation, was the common lot of writers hostile to the measures of the Government, or who ventured to criticise the public acts of any member of the administration. Cobbett fought this battle out to the end, and won it, as the failure of his last prosecution virtually established our present freedom of criticism which Lord Castlereagh, there can be no doubt, had intended to suppress. But Cobbett has other claims upon our affectionate remembrance. He is the only man who ever made "Grammar" amusing, and language easy, and he wrote and spoke remarkably pure English. But what one likes most about Cobbett is his thorough good hearty English feeling. That he was a man of high talent is unquestionable. That he did not make a reputation in Parliament is true enough, though he left his mark there. But then he never entered Parliament till he was seventy-six years of age, and yet, old as he was, and wholly unused to the oppressive forms and critical coldness of the House, he took his place at once in the front rank of the best Parliamentary debaters of that day, when able debaters were not so rare as now. But Cobbett was something more than a mere debater. Had he been true to his party, whichever it was, he would probably have been returned to Parliament years before, and have left a great Parliamentary reputation behind him. But he was so inconsistent with himself, so wanting in definite opinions, and so unwilling to ally himself with any party, or to deny himself the pleasure of attacking every party or person as they rose up in turn, that he dissipated the power his great abilities might have won for him under an accepted leader. Possibly, like Mr. Cobden, who once explained to me as his reason for not taking office under Lord Palmerston that he "declined to pay the price," so Cobbett loved his independence, and aspired rather to be courted by all parties than identified with any. Beyond this nobody knew where to have him.—ED.

pendence, and not too dear. My politics are the energy of Cromwell, the nationality of Nelson, and the fierceness of Blake. We are becoming too fine gentlemen, and shall lose our manliness of character if we do not take care.

Poor Lord Grey! he has been completely taken in. Warburton told me that he dined with Spring-Rice a day or two ago (20th December, 1833), and that when he alluded to the probable want of space if the Royal Academy were allowed to occupy any part of the gallery, Spring-Rice said, "Oh, if we want room we will pull down the barracks behind!" So they are building a National Gallery for a specific purpose, and with the option of choosing a plan, and then so acting by placing the Academy within the Gallery, that they are obliged to acknowledge the probability of destroying a barrack built at a great expense for another specific purpose. Good heavens! and this is the way a great public measure is jobbed, and a large sum of public money wasted!

After thirty years' struggle to get the Government to do something for art, in which the Royal Academy as a body hung round the neck of art like a millstone, all the Whig Government consented to do was not to provide opportunity and bestow employment upon artists, but to give 25,000 *l.* of public money to the Royal Academicians to build a new Academy, and this while the Royal Academy had 40,000*l.* in the funds.

Lord Melbourne told me that George IV. was fond of riff-raff, with whom he could take liberties. I told him of Seguiet's conduct towards me, and he said directly that, he had no doubt the King had asked for me.*

Painters should not be talkers, except with their brushes, or writers upon their art, because the display of too much power, when others know something, is apt to excite envy

* All the men George IV. preferred to have about him seem to have had a spice of vice in their composition. "Kings are inclined to favour those," says Tacitus, "in whose vices they see a reflection of their own secret depravity." I do not know that this weakness is confined to kings. It seems common enough among men and women. The odd thing is that the reverse rarely exists. Virtuous people seldom are attracted to one another by their virtues. They seem, on the contrary, to be constantly on the look-out for the weak points in each other's armour, and to be animated rather by a love for antagonisms than identities in thought and feeling.—ED.

and injure a painter's development of his art. Men are content that you should know more of Painting than they, but they do not like that you should know as much of any other thing.

The secret of portrait painting for men, is the secret for women; mingle love in every woman's expression, and tender submission in men, and it will do. Women see their lovers in their husbands, and are never satisfied with any portrait that does not give them an association of that description. Sir Thomas Lawrence knew this, and carried it to effeminaey. A painter who makes it a principle will be sure to succeed, but you lose all the higher qualities of character, fortitude, elevation, intellect, &c.

When you have an opportunity of putting a human being on his back, never, from charity, give him the opportunity of putting you upon yours. Remember this through life. Floor him first, and then let him rise without obstruction—but floor him first.*

Nothing is more simple than a man's duty—or call it policy, if you like—in life. Industry, virtue, and religion produce a temperate patience where we are in doubt, and give a relish and enjoyment to what we comprehend. Idleness, vice, and infidelity render us, where in doubt, more distressingly dejected, and take off the relish and enjoyment from what we might otherwise draw comfort and delight. Let every man bend his faculties to do that which his faculties can do, and he will be happy; but let him not bend them to discover that which human faculties cannot discover, and then mutter at his Creator for not giving him faculties which are not adapted to the sphere in which he exists. Work hard, wait patiently, yield to age, depend on your Creator, and the curtain which now conceals all will, one day, be lifted.

Milton exhausts human means in describing a grand idea, and yet leaves your imagination to finish it.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, from ignorance of the forms of objects,

* This seems scarcely in accordance with his previous injunction to "Do unto others as we should wish them to do to us," but it is very human and excusable in a man so generous as Haydon.—Ed.

always painted with hesitation. Payne Knight says that he raised himself gradually by undertaking at first whatever was offered. The fact was he undertook what was offered and the easiest; and after painting thirty years he found he must do something more to secure a reputation, and he attacked great works unprepared; whereas had he at first wrestled with the highest difficulties he would have secured a foundation to build on for the remainder of his career.

Perhaps the most effectual way of interesting all human beings is to make human beings the agents of sublimity as well as pathos.

The Duke of Sussex (1833) when he first sat to me talked much upon the Greek Tragedies, which he admired as much as myself. He said he did not, on the whole, approve the violation of the writers in our drama.* He spoke very well, quite like a literary man with a great deal of feeling. When I described to him the opening of Agamemnon in Æschylus he was visibly affected. He seemed to feel as if he was *but* a Royal personage, and said in an impassioned tone—"Ah! those are brilliant flashes of genius—genius!" I thought this candour very fine.

Jeffrey once said to me, *à propos* of William Hazlitt, "He always reminds me of the tireless in the desert, without occupation, profession, or pursuit."

In talking of royalty, the Duke said he did not think it quite fair that after the bargain of giving up the Royal domains for an equivalent the Royal Family on every occasion of coming of age or a marriage, &c., should be obliged to come before Parliament "*in formâ pauperis*" for an allowance. He said, "We begin in debt. I did not get an establishment till I was thirty. The Royal Family of England were never beggars, but possessed demesnes, and after having parted with these for an equivalent, that which they now had from the public purse

* Archbishop Whately asserts that it is a "common mistake" to suppose that the unities of time, place, and action, were derived from the practice of the ancient Greeks! "The supposition," he says, in his *Table Talk*, "is entirely gratuitous." In many of the Greek Tragedies, "unity of time and place is entirely disregarded." The mistake seems to have arisen from a misapprehension of a passage in Aristotle.—ED.

ought to be considered their right." This seemed just and reasonable from the royal point of view, but on subsequently mentioning the matter to Lord Durham, he said at once, "What the Duke says is very true, but before the Royal Family gave up their land they maintained the army out of their domains, like other landed proprietors. When the present arrangement was effected the public took the burden of the army with the Royal domains, and allowed the Royal Family an income instead." *

I went to the House of Lords to-night † (3rd June, 1833) to hear the Duke of Wellington make his attack upon Lord Grey relative to Portugal. The Duke looked fresh and well, and wore his star, but there was throughout his whole speech an evident consciousness he was doing a dirty action. He looked down, I never saw his eye once, and he seemed as if on the watch lest he should commit himself. For the very first time I doubted, and shall ever doubt, his political integrity. He seems to have become the tool of a faction. When he sat down Lord Grey replied, and certainly a more effectual refutation never came from the mouth of a man, yet the bishops voted against him.

After the debate, as I was sending him the lithograph of Lord John Russell, I wrote a line—

To the Right Hon. Earl GREY.

MY DEAR LORD,

I send you Lord John, which is further carried than Stanley. I was in the House, and how any man could vote against you after your irrefutable refutation to the Duke, a BISHOP (don't be angry) only could explain.

Believe me,

B. R. HAYDON.

P.S.—Priests are always the same, Catholic, Protestant, Pagan, or Hindoo.

* This explanation hardly seems to meet the case. The objection of the Duke of Sussex was not so much to the amount as to the manner of granting it. But the whole question, as put by the Duke of Sussex, is full of difficulties, not the least of which would be the primary one of finding a standard epoch from which to value the measure of the property of the Crown. But as a matter of fact, I have reason to believe, no large change in the present system of Royal Grants is considered possible.—ED. † 3rd June, 1833. Debate.—*Hansard*.

I asked Mr. Coke* (10th July, 1833) if it was true that Lord Castlereagh had the bad taste to allude to his marriage in the House. Mr. Coke said that, soon after his marriage, on some important Whig question, he made a point of being present at the division, and that Lord Castlereagh pointedly alluded to his being present in the House during his honeymoon. Mr. Coke said, "I replied that if I had not proved myself a better man than Lord Castlereagh had ever done, I should be a very poor one indeed." As Lord Castlereagh was known to be constitutionally feeble in certain points, the House laughed heartily.

While the Duke of Sussex was one day (22nd August, 1833) sitting in my painting-room looking at 'The Reform Banquet,' which I was then painting, he said he considered this great Reform dinner as of more consequence than the meeting of the Holy Alliance. "For my part," he added, "I respect this assembly of talent and rank much higher than the assemblage of monarchs." This was very fine of him. He seems a real friend to liberty, and man of extended views. Afterwards, we talked of Bulwer Lytton. "He is one of those," said his Royal Highness, "to use a homely phrase, who *doesn't think small beer of himself*."

Old Sir Eardley Wilmot was a delightful sitter. He used to amuse one immensely with his recollections and anecdotes. He told me the Queen knew a little of everything, and nothing thoroughly. He used to see her, when Princess Victoria, often drawing from wretched prints not worth sixpence. He asked her if she knew Houbraken's heads? She had never heard of them! He found her, on another occasion, reading Phædrus. He asked her if she knew Tacitus. She said they told her it was too difficult. He advised her to read the 'Agricola.' She promised she would, and did so; and the next time expressed great delight. He complained to Sir John Conroy of her not having the means to acquire a finer taste in art than the miserable prints put before her were likely to create. This bore out Sir John's remark to me as the Princess and her mother were leaving my exhibition-room of 'Xenophon,' "They know

* The late Earl of Leicester.

nothing of High Art." But whose fault was that? not the Princess's. There is no reason why members of the Royal Family should not have their faculties as highly cultivated as the best of their subjects, and every good reason why they should. But I hope better times are coming.

When the beautiful Mrs. — was, one evening, coming out of the House of Lords, said —, "She looks like a Babylonish beauty." "Egad," said his friend, "it's a kind of Babylonish captivity I should be very proud of."

Dr. Lushington had a fine head; his expression was judicial: looking out as if he saw results. He told me Lady Byron was *perfectly justified* in leaving Byron even in his troubles, and that if I knew all the circumstances of the case I should think so. He asked me if I had read his letter to Moore. I said "No." He said there he had spoken out.

He told me he had been at Eton with Lord Melbourne; and he said, as Lord Durham had before to me, that he would *never send a boy to any public school, such was the vice and abomination*. I told him I was in favour of public schools. See what a race they produce as statesmen, generals, admirals.* Boys should be brought up with each other. Vice is inherent, but they should be taught to resist by early precaution and warning. Boys should never be kept too ignorant.

Dr. Lushington told me that, in France, Odillon Barrot had immense power. I told him I thought there was no security for any nation which relied on France, and that she would sooner or later have to be dismembered. He said he was inclined to submit to a great deal rather than war. That there was so much commercial intercourse, so many inter-marriages, and the two nations had become so completely interwoven, that he believed all the respectable part of both nations wished peace, and the other nations of Europe also.

* This assertion will hardly be borne out on inquiry. The public schools have produced no "race" of the kind. Most of our greatest men have owed nothing to public schools, and the few great men who were educated at a public school became great, not in consequence of their school training, but in spite of it.—ED.

I said, "You must remember Venice: she was so long in peace, and relied so long on the forbearance of her great neighbours, that when war touched her she crumbled in from sheer decay." He agreed, but added that war could not be supported. Property would be so lowered that the means could not be obtained.

We then got upon Lord Brougham. Lushington said he was a most careless man as to application, and never over-tired himself. He said on one morning he brought him an "express," that required an answer by six. Brougham was asleep, and then swore he would not *wake*. Lushington said, "By Heavens, if you don't get up I'll throw this jug of water over you;" on which he turned out, growling at Lushington all the time, and set to work.

On the night before the opening of Queen Caroline's trial, Brougham dined at Lord Holland's, and when he came down to the House found he had forgot his notes! He said, "Lushington, you are the only man I'll trust; go to my chambers, break open the door; here's the key of my desk, bring me my papers." Away went Lushington and got the papers.

I asked William Hamilton if Lord Castlereagh spoke good French. Hamilton said, "No. I heard him once, at dinner, say to the Spanish ambassador, '*Votre Roi Ferdinand n'est pas en belle ordure (odeur) dans ce pays-ci.*'" This is as good as d'Orsay's story of Lady — saying to him, when he had a boil on his neck, "*Eh bien—aujourd'hui comment se porte votre queue (cou)?*" *

All that the Radicals want is movement. They should occasionally remember that false movements lose battles.

The day after Lord Melbourne was dismissed from office in November, 1834, I was at Lady Blessington's in the evening, when in came Cutlar Fergusson full of club news. The Duke of Wellington was to be premier; Peel, "home secretary;"

* Lord Liverpool, it is said, was nearly as bad as Lord Castlereagh. An accomplished Frenchman one day at dinner remarked to him that in England any man might rise to eminence. Lord Liverpool assented, and instanced Whitbread as a man who had raised himself to a very high position from being a mere "braconnier" (poacher). (He meant "brasseur," brewer.)—ED.

Ellenborough, "foreign." "Pour les affaires étranges," said D'Orsay; at which there was a hearty laugh. Fergusson said it was a most extraordinary *coup d'état*. The death of old Lord Spencer was a mere pretext, and after the King* had dismissed him, he said to Lord Melbourne, "Melbourne, you may as well take the Duke's letter to town with you;" and Lord Melbourne brought it! Lady Blessington said it was "all Brougham's fault." I think it is Lord Durham's fault. He has frightened the Royal Family by his speech at Edinburgh. On the Sunday previous to Lord Melbourne's dismissal I was with him in South Street (November 1th), and in the midst of an interesting conversation when suddenly the door opened, and in stalked Lord Brougham, unannounced. Lord Melbourne looked embarrassed and shocked at such a violation of all decorum to a man in his own house; but my impression was that, Brougham knew Lord Melbourne's exact weight with the King at that moment, and so it seems. I took my leave, and just as I was going out of the room, I heard Brougham say, "By-the-bye, I want to put off our little dinner with Mrs. Lane Fox."

Lady Blessington said that on the evening Lord Melbourne returned from Brighton after receiving his dismissal from the King, not knowing how to get ministers together, he bethought himself to send his carriage down to Mrs. Lane Fox, with a note, saying, "Dear Mrs. Lane Fox—*Send up any of the ministers you have,*" and up came two, Lord Mulgrave and Lord Palmerston.

The Peel and Wellington Cabinet has resigned (9th April, 1835). The King has not sent for Lord Melbourne, whom he had dismissed a few months before (November, 1834), but for Lord Grey. While Lord Grey was with the King, I sent Lord Melbourne the following prescription, which I'll be bound to say he laughed over and showed to Lord Grey.

"Pulv. Melbourne, q 3 Lij.

Statim et repetatur omni hora si opus sit, usque ad nauseam.



B. R. HAYDON, M.D."

* The King made the removal of Lord Althorp from the Commons to the Lords the ground of his withdrawing his confidence.—ED.

On the 11th, Lord Melbourne administered the above to his Majesty, and returned to office as Prime Minister. I saw Lord Grey a day or two afterwards. He had declined to return to office. He looked arch and foxy, and shook my hand so warmly, and laughed so heartily, I feel sure Lord Melbourne must have shown him my prescription.

Lady Blessington, who is fond of a little scandal now and then, declares Tom Duncombe, Lord Thynne, Mdme. Vestris, and Mrs. —, are all allies, and that Mrs. —, who has a liaison with F—, has got his brother to advance to Duncombe 36,000*l.* on security.

She told a good story of — having fallen desperately in love with Grisi, and finding out that she was sitting for her portrait, made an excuse to call on the artist. On being shown into his painting-room he found his divine "Giulia" making her luncheon, with half a loaf on her knees, a German sausage in one hand, and a pint pot of porter in the other. His love vanished.

Lady Blessington told me that Byron was not sincere. That when she asked him about the Hunts, he always affected never to have seen them above once or twice a week, "a notorious story, Mr. Haydon." She said his nose was not handsome, one eye decidedly larger than the other, but his mouth exquisite.

Colonel Stanhope told me that Byron agreed with him about the press in Greece, though he argued for mere argument's sake.

Mrs. Leicester Stanhope told me (on the other hand) she had seen a letter from Byron, saying, "Can any one relieve me of Lady Blessington, or rather of Count D'Orsay?"

She said the Guiccioli used to watch Byron through a telescope when he went out riding. So one day she asked him why he did not take the Guiccioli out with him. He drawled out in his usual way, "Consider, consider what a fright she would look in a habit!" "Do you think her handsome?"

Lady Blessington asked him. "Handsome?" he replied, "she is a horror; she has *red* hair." (Which was not true.) She said then, "Why don't you take her out walking?" He answered, "Because she shuffles like a duck, and I am lame; a pretty couple!" "Do you ever tell her this?" she asked. "Yes." "What does she say?" "She scra-a-atches me," replied Byron.

I met the Countess Guiccioli subsequently, and she was certainly not handsome. She had small eyes, large nose, long upper lip, and weak mouth and chin. —'s beautiful head would have demolished her.

Godwin told Lady Blessington that he well remembered meeting Lord Grey in his early days, and Canning, then a youth of fifteen, to whom he took a great liking. He said he remembered that Lord Grey was dressed in the extreme of dandyism, with large, square, gold buckles on his shoes. He kept arranging his buckles, and when all was right, got up, and surveyed his legs in a glass.* Lady Blessington said that one day, as she was taking Godwin in her carriage to drop him somewhere, they passed Buckingham House.† "There," said he, "is a place worse than useless for a thing worse still." She thought it a good joke for such republican sentiments to be uttered in a carriage that bore a coronet.

Godwin dispraised Shelley, and said his imagination was not sound, but false.

Lord Melbourne, when sitting to me (1822), said he knew that Lord North often endeavoured to persuade the King not to continue the American War, but that the virulence of the old King's feelings obliged him. Lord Melbourne added that the King patronised West against Reynolds, because the latter was too intimate with Fox and Burke.

Lord Althorp is not so conversational as Lord Melbourne,

* The late Earl was remarkable for the symmetry of his head, legs, and feet, and was naturally vain of these gifts of nature and of race. I remember on his coming one day to sit to my father, seeing the noble Earl admiring his own legs for fully two minutes, on the landing, before he allowed the paint-room door to be opened. —Ed.

† Now Buckingham Palace. —Ed.

but the essence of good nature. He said nothing remarkable. He seems heavy. I said to him, "My lord, for the first time in my life, I scarcely slept when Lord Grey was out during the (Reform) Bill.* Were you not deeply anxious?" "I don't know," said Lord Althorp; "I am never very anxious."

Jeffrey (Lord Advocate) amused me much by his description of Lord Althorp's reception of him (May, 1832) when he called to ask what he should do about his resignation. Lord Althorp's secretary could give him no information, and Lord Althorp desired he would walk upstairs. Up Jeffrey walked. Lord Althorp had just done washing, and one arm was bare above the elbows, and rather hairy; his razor was in the other hand, and he was about to shave. "Well, Mr. Advocate," said Lord Althorp, "I have the pleasure to inform you that we are no longer his Majesty's ministers. We sent in our re-signations, and they are accepted." When the Whigs returned to office, Jeffrey called again. Lord Althorp was looking over his fowling-pieces, and said to Jeffrey in his usual, grumbling, lazy way, "Confound these political affairs, *all my locks are out of order.*"

November 27th, 1832.—Spent an interesting hour with Lord Althorp. He said an annual vote of money for the support of High Art would imply a necessity of always buying when there might be nothing to buy. He said Government did nothing for painting because it was not the practice. I instanced sculpture, and he acknowledged; I begged to assure him I had no paltry view in recommending commissions to the most eminent painters, but asked either for that or some other plan, so that pursuing art from feeling and not for gain might not bring ruin to those who attempted it. I said, "Sooner or later it must be done." He said, "Would premiums be a good plan?" "No, my Lord, commissions are best." "Sometimes," said he, "pictures make a great dash, and are forgotten. Government might commit itself. Fifty years, I think, ought to pass before a picture is bought." "And the painter," said I, "starves in the meantime." He said, "Who is to judge—patrons in matters of taste and per-

* Lord Grey resigned on 9th May, 1832, to return to office on the 18th, after the fruitless negotiation between the King and Lord Lyndhurst, &c.—ED.

sons of technical knowledge?" I said, "No, my Lord; all the world can judge if an expression be true or a story told. All the world would be impressed with a national series of pictures to illustrate a principle; but all the world are not judges of technicalities. This is exclusively professional."

Before the election of Speaker for the Parliament of 1835 took place, odds were freely betted on Manners Sutton against Abercrombie. At Crockford's, on the 16th February, D'Orsay told me six to four was laid on Sutton freely. Sir Francis Burdett's vote was considered of some consequence, and Lady Blessington, liking to be mixed up in politics, wrote to him. Burdett replied, very diplomatically, as I thought, and said he was not likely "to alter his opinion of Sir Charles." Lord Strangford and some one else dined, and after dinner in came Sir Robert Wilson—a trimmer to the marrow—who all his life has been playing *fast* and loose with Whigs, Tories, and Radicals. He was so delighted, he asked her leave to show Burdett's letter. Lady Blessington gave him permission, and away toadied Wilson to the Duke of Wellington—whom he used to abuse—to Peel, and to Lord De Grey. The 'Morning Chronicle' got hold of it, and next day out came a violent article on her '*circean arts*' in seducing Sir Francis Burdett.

She liked this; Wilson liked it; the Duke was happy; Sir Robert Peel dignified; Lord De Grey bowed gracefully; and all parties went to bed that night to sleep, before another day of struggle to get up an excitement.

On the 19th February the election of Speaker took place; Manners Sutton was beaten, and Abercrombie elected in his place. The night after, I went down to Lady Blessington to see how she took it. There I found D'Orsay, Dick, Wilson, and some others. She read Burdett's letter to us, insisting that it was a promise, and that the Duke and Sir Robert Peel thought so too. There was a dead silence, which I broke by saying I thought the letter an evasion; and Dick ventured to agree with me. I asked them if they had seen Wakley's speech? No, they had not. I told them he had said to his constituents: "At a conference between the two Houses, the Lords keep their hats on and *sit*, and the Commons stand, uncovered. Shall I do so? (No, no.) No; I will not. I will put on my hat and sit also." "If he docs," said Dick, "he

will be turned out." "That may be," I replied; "but it is a remarkable symptom that the question should be raised." And then I told them, of which they all seemed ignorant, that when Les Etats-Généraux met in 1789, they all rose as the King entered; the King sat and covered, the nobility and clergy sat and covered too; and then, to the astonishment of King, court, nobility, and clergy, the Tiers Etat *covered and sat too*. "Le temps était passé," says Mignet, "quand le Tiers Etat se tient *dévoût et à genoux*."

When the debate, as to the election of Manners Sutton or Abercrombie for Speaker, was going on (19th February, 1835), Lady Sutton was hiding for some hours behind the curtain to hear the result. "Ah!" said D'Orsay, "she was wrong. She is von weak woman. If he had gained, she would have fainted; if he had lost, she would have —— fainted too." Lady Blessington assured me that in the May interregnum of 1832, she knew that Manners Sutton had kissed hands as Premier.*

I met that patriarch of dissimulation and artifice, Talleyrand, but once, and once only, and I never shall forget him. He looked like a toothless boa of intrigue, with nothing left but his poison. To see his impenetrable face at a game of whist, watching everybody without a trace of movement in his own

* Lord Mahon confirms this. Certainly if Manners Sutton did, that showed he was quite unfit to continue in the chair, and justifies the motion for putting him out of it. The history of his rejection in 1835, is curious also as a bit of Parliamentary precedent. The Right Hon. Manners Sutton was originally elected Speaker by the Whigs in the first Reformed Parliament, because they did not dare oppose him, apprehending defeat from a coalition of the Radicals with the Tories; but on the Meeting of the Second Reformed Parliament on the 19th February, 1835, the Conservatives then being in office but in a minority in the New House, on the Conservative proposal for the re-election of Mr. Manners Sutton as Speaker, Mr. Denison as a Whig-Radical opposed the motion on the ground of public principle. He argued it was incumbent on the House to place in the chair a gentleman "assimilated in principles and opinions" to the great majority of the House, and he proposed as an amendment the election of the Right Hon. J. Abercrombie. Mr. Ord seconded this amendment, and Lord John Russell supported it, quoting the conduct of Lord North, who, on a similar occasion, had a majority, and very rightly and properly said, "Let me have a Speaker who suits the majority." On a division Mr. Abercrombie was elected by 316 to 306 votes. Mr. Abercrombie had formerly been legal adviser and agent to the Duke of Devonshire, and although without any important practice at the bar was, out of friendship for the Duke of Devonshire, promoted by the Duke of Wellington (1828-9) to the post of Chief Baron of Scotland, which he held for two and a-half years, and then retired on a pension of 2000*l.* a year. He barely held the Speakership for this one Parliament, being succeeded by Mr. Shaw Lefevre. —ED.

figure or face, save the slightest perceptible twitch in the lip, was a sight never to be forgotten. It was the incarnation of meaning without assumption. He was sent over by Louis Philippe to sound the depths and shallows of the Whigs, and to divert the natural foreign policy of England, which regarded France always with watchful suspicion with one of mutual affection, and extremely well he did his task. He quickly enveloped the Whigs in his web of inextricable diplomacy, and won them over to regard jealousy of France as an antiquated and unjust prejudice. The French and English fleets were soon after to be seen sailing together out of Portsmouth into the North Sea, capturing Dutch barges, in order to cut off from Holland her best province, that it may be more easily absorbed by France, when the European pear is quite ripened once more. Lord Palmerston thought he saw through Talleyrand, and called him "Old Tally." I dare say "Old Tally" had his own opinion of Lord Palmerston.

But it would be unjust to say the Whigs were not sincere. They were sincere; but they were deluded. They were led away by the vanity of doing something different from the Tories, and in cultivating the friendship of France, they believed they were originating a "policy," when secretly they were the merest tools of Talleyrand.*

* This is neither fair to the Whigs nor to Talleyrand, whose great life has yet to be truly written, and who will probably come out of the ordeal, like the proverbial Devil, not half so black as he has been painted. But with regard to the foreign policy of the Whigs in 1833, Haydon's views as expressed here are somewhat strained. It was a natural bias with him to see everything connected with our French policy through the smoke of a captured French frigate, with the tricolour trailing over the stern and the Union Jack flaunting proudly above. He forgot, or he would not choose to remember that to cultivate the friendship of France and to maintain a good understanding with her is a policy that has always been supported by a strong party in England. It was the policy of Walpole and of Fox to go back no further, and it is quite a question whether a really good and friendly understanding with France is not better calculated to restrain her passion for military glory, and prevent her undue aggrandizement, than a policy of abstention, or jealous suspicion on our part, which would only stimulate without controlling that national restlessness, it is for the interest of the world should at least be turned into other channels than war. After the Revolution of 1830, Talleyrand came over to London to settle the New Government of Louis Philippe successfully amongst us, and through our alliance, amongst the great Monarchies of Europe. But the foreign policy pursued by Lord Grey and Lord Palmerston as the organs of the Whig Cabinet was not diverted one moment by his astuteness from the interests of England. When the Belgian question came to be settled, Talleyrand had various schemes for the disposal of Belgium. Sir Henry Bulwer asserts that to obtain possession of Belgium was as much the object of Louis Philippe as it had been of Charles X., and to some extent it was so. But Charles X. before his deposition had designed a great scheme for a new partition of Europe, the chief object of which was to aggrandize

September 24th, 1855.—Called on Lord Melbourne: was very glad to see him, and he me. We had a regular set-to about art. I went on purpose. I said, "For twenty-five years I have been at all the Lords of the Treasury without effect. The first lord who has courage to establish a system for the public encouragement of high art will be remembered with gratitude by the English people." He said, "What d'ye want?" "2,000 *l.* a-year!" "Ah," said Lord Melbourne, shaking his head and looking with arch eyes, "God help the minister that meddles with art." "Why, my Lord?" "He will get the whole Academy on his back." "I have had them on mine," I said; "I, who am not a minister and a nobleman, and yet here I am. You say the Government is poor; you voted 10,000*l.* for the Poles, and 20,000*l.* for the Euphrates." "I was against the 10,000 *l.* for the Poles," said Lord Melbourne. "These things only bring over more refugees. What about the Euphrates?" "Why, my Lord, to try if it be navigable when all the world knows it is not." Then Lord Melbourne, turning round full of fun, said, "Drawing is of no use; it is an obstruction to genius. Correggio could not draw. Reynolds could not draw." "Ah, my Lord, I see where you have been lately." Then he rubbed his hands and laughed again. "Now, Lord Melbourne," I said, "at the bottom of that love for fun you have a mine of solid sense. You know the beautiful letter you wrote to me.* Do let us have a regular conversation; the art will go out. "Who is there to paint pictures?" said he. "Myself, Hilton, and Etty." "Etty! why he paints old —," said Lord Melbourne. . . . "Well, come on Sunday at eleven." "I am going out of town, and will put my ideas clearly on paper."

France and to weaken the force and lower the reputation of England. Louis Philippe had no scheme of that kind. What he wanted was the settlement of the independent (?) Crown of Belgium upon a member of his own family. But this was contrary to England's interest, and Lord Grey would not listen for a moment to the proposal. The Crown of Belgium "should not be conferred upon the Duke de Nemours," and to that he held. The French army which had entered Belgium to besiege Antwerp was withdrawn faithfully according to agreement, and Lord Grey and Lord Palmerston in face of the Holy Alliance conducted the negotiations which ended in the selection of Leopold and in the establishment of the independence and neutrality of Belgium. So far, therefore, there was no "reversal" of the policy of the Tories, who had no policy as to Belgium, and as to Talleyrand outwitting the Whig Cabinet, Talleyrand's projects were rejected. Subsequently, indeed, Louis Philippe was unfaithful to the English alliance, but that does not prove the Whigs to have been outwitted at any time.—*Ed.*

* I have not yet succeeded in finding this letter.—*Ed.*

"Well, Sunday week; will that do?" "Yes; now my dear Lord, do be serious about it." "I will," said he, looking archly grave. I said, "Do you occupy Downing Street?" He said, "No;" with hesitation. I fancy he fears his lease.*

October 19th, 1845.—Called on Lord Melbourne. He looked round with his arch face, and said, "What now?" "Now, my Lord," said I, "I am going to be discreet for the rest of my life, and take you for an example." I got up and was talking eagerly away, when he said, "Sit down." Down I sat, and continued, "Do you admit the necessity of State support?" "I do not," said he, "there is private patronage enough for all that is requisite." "That I deny," I replied, at which he rubbed his hands, and said, "Ha, ha!" He then went to the glass and began to comb his hair. I went on, "That is a false view; private patronage has raised the school in all the departments where it could do service, but High Art cannot be advanced by private patronage." "But it is not the policy of this country," said he, "to interfere." "Why?" "Because," said he, "it is not necessary." "Ah, you say so, but I'll prove the contrary." "Well, let us hear," said Lord Melbourne; "where has art ever flourished?" "In Greece, Egypt, and Italy." "How, by individual patronage?" "No, my Lord; by the support of the State alone." "Has it flourished in any country without State support?" "No." "Then how can you expect it to flourish in this?" He did not reply. I went on, "If, then, it has flourished in every country where State patronage accompanied it, and it has never flourished where there is no State patronage, what is the inference? And High Art does not end with itself, it pre-supposes great knowledge which influences manufactures. Why is France superior in manufactures? Because at Lyons by State support she educates her youth to design. You say you cannot afford it. In Lord Bexley's time the same thing was said, yet 30,000*l.* was spent to build an ophthalmic hospital. It failed; 5,000*l.* were fetched by the sale of the materials, and 4,000*l.* were voted to Adams for putting out the remaining eyes of the old veterans." "No doubt," said Lord Melbourne, "a great deal of money has been uselessly spent." "I take the excuse of poverty as a nonentity," I said. He did not reply. "Now, my Lord, a new house must be built.

* Lord Melbourne's Administration was dismissed by the King in a few weeks.—*Ed.*

Here is an opportunity that never can occur again. Painting, sculpture, and architecture, must be combined. Barke said it would ultimately rest on a minister. Have you no ambition to be that man?" He mused, but did not reply. "For God's sake, Lord Melbourne, do not let this opportunity slip; for the sake of the art, for your own sake, only say you will not forget art. I will undertake it for support during the time I am engaged, because it has been the great object of my life. I have qualified myself for it, and be assured if High Art sinks as it is sinking, all art will go with it." No reply. "Depend on my discretion; not a word shall pass from me; only assure me it is not hopeless." Lord Melbourne glanced up with his fine eyes, looked into me, and said, "It is not. There will be only a temporary building till Parliament meets. There is time enough."

November 9th, 1835.—Sent down to Lord Melbourne to know if he could see me. He sent me back word he would receive me at once. At 1 p.m. I called and saw him. "Well, my Lord, have you seen my petition to you?" "I have." "Have you read it?" "Yes." "Well, and what do you say to it?" He affected to be occupied and to read a letter. I said, "What answer does your Lordship give? What argument or refutation have you?" "Why, we do not mean to have pictures; we mean to have a building with all the simplicity of the ancients." "Well, my Lord, what public building of the ancients will you point out that had not pictures? I fear, Lord Melbourne, since I last saw you, you are corrupted. You meet academicians at Holland House, I am sure you do." He looked archly at me and rubbed his hands, "I do; I meet Callcott. He is a good fellow." I said, "But an academician." "Ha, ha!" said Lord Melbourne. "Now, my Lord, do be serious." "Well, I am. Callcott says he disapproves of the system of patrons taking up young men to the injury of the old ones; giving them two or three commissions and letting them die in the workhouse." "But, my Lord, if young men are not to be taken up, how are they to become known? But to return. Look at Guizot. He ordered four historical pictures for the Government to commemorate the Barricades. Why will not the English Government do that here? What is the reason, Lord Melbourne, that no English minister is aware of the importance of art to the

manufactures and wealth of this country? I will tell you. You want tutors at the universities."

I was talking eagerly with my hand, the door opened, and in stalked Lord Brougham. He held out his two fingers. "How d'ye do, Mr. Haydon?" While I stood, looking staggered, Lord Melbourne glanced at me, said, "I wish you good morning." I bowed to both and took my leave.*

November 28th, 1834.—Lord Melbourne said he had talked to several artists about a vote of money, and they all said it had better "be left alone." "Who," said I; "portrait painters in opulence? Why do you not give me an opportunity to meet these fellows? The fact is," I said, "you are corrupted; you know you are, since I first talked to you. Callcott (R.A.) after dinner at Lord Holland's has corrupted you, sneered you out of your right feelings over your wine." He acknowledged there was a great deal of truth in this, and laughed heartily. He advised me to attack Peel, and told me how to proceed to get a sum on the estimates. This is exactly Lord Melbourne.

February 1st, 1835.—Called on Lord Melbourne. He was lounging over the 'Edinburgh Review.' He began instantly, "Why, here are a set of fellows who want public money for scientific purposes, as well as you, for painting! They are a set of ragamuffins." "That is the way," I said, "nobody has any right to public money but those who are brought up to politics. Are not painting and science as much a matter of public benefit as political jobbing? You never look upon us as equals; but any scamp who trades in politics is looked on as a companion for my Lord." "That is not true," said he. "I say it is," said I; and then he roared with laughter and rubbed his hands. "Lord Melbourne, will you make me a promise?" "What is that?" "Pass your word to get a vote of money for Art if ever you are Premier again." Not a word. No old politician ever speaks of politics so as to give you a notion of what is going on. After chatting a good while about everything, I bade him good-bye.

October 13th, 1835.—Called on Lord Melbourne. "Is there

* This was the day Lord Brougham was supposed to have some knowledge of the mischief brewing, which put out Lord Melbourne by the end of the month. But it did not make Lord Brougham Prime Minister.—ED.

any prospect of the House of Lords being ornamented by painting?" "No!" he thundered out, and began to laugh. "What is the use of painting a room of deliberation?" "Ah," said I, "if I had been your tutor at college, you would not have said that." He rubbed his hands, looking the picture of mischief, and laughed heartily. I then said, "Let me honour your reign." He swaggered about the room in his grey dressing-gown, his ministerial boxes on the table, his neck bare, and a fine antique one it was, looking the picture of handsome, good-natured mischief. "Suppose," said he, "we employ Callcott." "Callcott, a landscape painter!" said I; "come, my Lord, that is too bad." He then sat down, opened his boxes, and began to write. I sat dead quiet, dead quiet, and waited till his majesty spoke. "What would you choose?" "Maintain me for the time, and settle a small pension to keep me from the workhouse." He looked up with real feeling. "Let me," said I, "in a week, bring you one side as I would do it." He consented and we parted.

October 28th.—Sent down the sketch. Lord Melbourne saw it. . . . He objected to the picture of 'Revolution' being taken from the French; said the subjects ought all to refer to the House of Lords and the English History. I replied it should be an abstract idea, illustrated from the history of the world. After musing some time he said, "It certainly does express what you mean, but—I will, I will have nothing to do with it." He then went on bantering me, and I replying in the same strain. It was an amusing duel.

Edward Ellice told me a good story of old Lady Rosslyn. Mrs. ——— was announced. The ladies began to bundle off. "Sit still, sit still," said old Lady Rosslyn, "it's na' catching."

There is nothing a certain class of men will not forgive if you accept their views; and nothing they will if you do not.

Lough the sculptor told me that he had spent a day recently (January 1834) with the Duke of Wellington, that the Duke told him he had corresponded with me, and that he had intended to rescue the art from its degraded condition of portrait, but that he was upset before it could be accomplished. This at least should be some consolation to me.

Lady Holland took an intense pleasure in wounding your self-esteem. One day when I had got Lord Grey in the best of good humours and was making a capital sketch of his fine head, she and Lord Lansdowne were announced. She came in, looked at my sketch and said, "I won't say." "She doesn't like it," said Lord Grey snappishly. "Why, Mr. Haydon," said Lady Holland, "Lord Grey's expression is a very sweet one. I don't like your nostrils and mouth." This vexed me, for it was not true, and put dear Lord Grey out of temper. Lord Lansdowne came over and begged to see, and as if to nullify the absurdity of Lady Holland, said *sotto voce*, "It is extremely like," and so it was.*

In proportion as you refine the virtues, so do you the vices of mankind.†

Johnson never said a finer thing than this, viz., "That an

* This Lady Holland was noted for her delight in saying disagreeable things. Moore in his Diary writes of her, "Poets inclined to a plethora of vanity would find a dose of Lady Holland, now and then, very good for their complaint." The late Sir Henry Bulwer once told me (he repeats the anecdote in his 'Characters') that she asked him whether he thought she said "disagreeable" things. Sir Henry told her he thought she did occasionally indulge herself in that attractive caprice. "Ah!" she replied, "but you know I only want to poke the fire." I said I thought she must have been reading Swift, who likens putting fresh coals on a fire, "to a gentle stirring of the passions, lest the mind languish." "Yes," said Sir Henry, "but she always poked her fire with a red-hot poker." Her ladyship certainly practised the art so successfully on her first husband that he "put" himself "out," to avoid the nuisance. And nothing but the *bien-veillance imperturbative* of her second probably saved him from a similar happy dispatch. But she was a fine, clever, accomplished woman, and most hospitable. With so many virtues we may well forgive one defect. Like Waller's wit, her talent and her hospitality were enough to cover many infirmities. She could not help it I believe. One night the lamps got dim, and the old butler had to bring steps and arrange matters. Lady Holland kept on "poking the fire" at him, till at length goaded to madness he roared out at her before the whole room, "G— it, my Lady, how can I do the thing right if you go on bothering me in this way?" Talleyrand used to say of her, "Elle est toute assertion, mais quand vous en demandez la preuve! Oh, c'est la son secret"—Ed.

† I do not know that this would hold good upon investigation. Certainly there have been well-known individual cases of men of the most refined virtue indulging, breaking out occasionally, and then indulging in the grossest vice. "It is impossible to believe," writes Taine of one distinguished living example, "in the coarseness of his tastes." Chateaubriand and Lamartine were notably examples of this, and I think I have heard my father say something of the same kind of Turner, the landscape painter, who used to take the pleasures of a Wapping sailor on the spree. There is no estimating what gross evil lurks latent in the hearts of the most refined and virtuous people, nor what wild license it will manly take in an unaccustomed atmosphere. Every man has imprisoned within him the evil of his lower self, and happy is he who passes through life without the opportunity of giving it a license it is never slow to seize.—L.D.

excuse for violated morality was generally the principle of all perverted notions of religion." No man certainly had the power of making other minds think to a greater degree than Johnson. Sir Joshua Reynolds said this of him, and in it I cordially agree. Every pause in Johnson's conversation is preceded by a deduction.

Without the love of praise or of ambition the highest qualities are of no use to the world. A cobbler lately died who had taught himself several languages and was a deeply read man. Just before he died he offered his books for sale. The auctioneer was surprised among other valuable works to find seven different and rare editions of Euclid. The cobbler said in explanation that he had maintained himself by cobbling, and literature and mathematics had been his amusement, but as he was now too infirm to work he must sell his books. He grew melancholy at their loss and died shortly afterwards, having never got "beyond his last." Perhaps he was wise, but perhaps also, if the love of praise or ambition of distinction had animated him, the world might have been more benefited by his labours.

Let no man ever make a girl an offer if he does not feel inclined to marry without *reflection*. If there is one moment's reasoning whether her beauty, or her wealth, or her good disposition predominate, let him stop, he is heart whole, and will only embitter his life by marriage, or destroy her prospects by extrication.

One day when I was lounging after dinner at Petworth with Lord Egremont, I began to think to myself can *he* be jealous of anything? He has a clear 80,000*l.* a year, five men-cooks, stables for sixty horses, and he can put up a hundred people in his house. He has a grand estate, a fine house, some of the finest pictures, and every luxury about him that money can buy, inheritance transmit, or good taste acquire. Is there one single thing he can be envious of? At this moment from some turn in the conversation I happened to mention Cowdray Castle. "Castle," said Lord Egremont, "what castle? Cowdray is no *castle*, it was only an old monastery." Here was human nature. He was quite pettish, and evidently

objected to anything like a country seat to interfere with him.

There are degrees of immortality. On leaving Petworth, and when waiting for the coach to return to Brighton, a man of the village came up, looked hard at me and said, "I beg your pardon, Sir, but are you the great painter?" "Well, I don't know about that exactly." "But, Sir, did you paint the picture of Christ entering into Jerusalem?" "Yes, my friend, I did." "Ah, Sir, that was a picture—that was a picture—and—*what a donkey!*"

How many men we meet of that nature of mind who would rather be relieved of the burden of original thinking by executing the thoughts of others than their own.

Seguier, the keeper of the king's pictures, detailed to me the whole story of Theodore Hook's attack upon Watson Taylor in 'Sayings and Doings.' When Watson Taylor suddenly came into his immense fortune, Theodore Hook's father, who had some previous acquaintance with Watson Taylor, wrote and offered professionally to conduct any concert that Watson Taylor might think of giving, and requested an advance of 500*l.* to enable him to make the necessary preparations. Watson Taylor refused; the Hook family were angered, and Theodore having learned all the history of Watson Taylor's family from a relative and old college chum of Taylor's, worked the whole story, which required very little colouring to make it attractive, into 'Sayings and Doings.' Such is the origin of human works: pique, envy, and hatred. Seguier described to me with his usual humour, how Watson Taylor's bookseller had sent 'Sayings and Doings' with other new publications to Taylor's house, and that it lay on his table for some weeks before he opened it. One morning Seguier called and saw that something was wrong. Watson Taylor after some delay asked him if he had read 'Sayings and Doings.' Seguier said "Yes." "Do you think," said Taylor, "that I am alluded to?" "Certainly," said Seguier. Watson Taylor then said that he would prosecute. Seguier advised him not. Taylor's fate is a fine moral to those who think to obtain by profuseness the gratitude or respect of the world. He was a perfect Timon in

squandering money. To many people he gave pieces of plate which had cost him a thousand pounds, to others rouleaux of notes containing several hundreds, diamonds to some, jewels or money to another, and yet all were discontented, for all thought he might have given more. He was advised to buy my picture of 'Jerusalem,' yet because he was advised he declined. Yet if he had, it might have been his least folly, at least so think I. Peace be to him!

Between the years 1834 and 1837 the most amusing contrasts might be drawn in parallel columns between the expressed opinions of the 'Times' then and now, on the same subjects. For instance, in 1834 the House of Lords was described as "old and useless lumber, and it is high time the peers were deprived of the means of doing mischief." In 1837 "the Lords have saved the country by their wisdom and firmness. It is indeed an established fact that their usefulness to the State was never so gloriously manifested as at the present time." Sir Robert Peel and Lord Lyndhurst underwent the same metamorphoses. In 1834, "No man with the least comprehension would pronounce Sir Robert Peel anything but a shallow, red-tapeist, and Lord Lyndhurst a designing knave." In 1837 the time is changed. "He must indeed be either an arrant knave or a fool who denies the established fact that Sir Robert Peel is the greatest of living statesmen, and that Lord Lyndhurst is the most honest and learned politician of his time." The Conservative party, the question of church rates, and Oxford University, all are submitted to the same process. In 1834, "the monks at Oxford are the most narrow-minded of ecclesiastics." In 1837, "the pious and learned divines of the University of Oxford are the bulwarks of Christianity. It is an established fact beyond all doubt that to their liberal feelings it is owing that all religious disabilities have been removed." And in 1834 what were church rates in the opinion of the 'Times'? "Church rates were the most nefarious exactions." Yet in 1837, "those who choose to secede from our Established Church—and it is an established fact that it is the only true church—ought to be made to pay the penalty of their backsliding." In 1834, what were the Conservatives but "the most inveterate obstructives; what do they seek to gain but power, at the expense of honour, justice, and the welfare of the

people?" But in 1837 what a change comes o'er the spirit of this writer's pen! He rejoices—so he tells us—at the spread of Conservative principles; "we rejoice at finding the cause of Conservatism so rapidly advancing. We can almost assert that the spirit of Providence is directly visible in that advancement.* It is an established fact that the Conservatives have ever been eager to promote all such reforms as tend to the benefit and happiness of the community." The 'Times' seems partial to established facts, but certainly one fact seems to be clearly established, viz., that when the 'Times' is certain it is right, it is almost sure to be wrong.†

I believe I can with safety assert that the greatest admirers of the British School of Painting lament its general ignorance of drawing, and in consequence, in all matters of manufacture depending on correct knowledge of design for their superiority, the proofs of such ignorance are both lamentable and disgraceful. (1835.)

There is no doubt that in originality of character, varied power, colour, light and shadow, and nature, the British School is the greatest school since the time of Rubens. But with all this excellence it has a defect which can never apply to any of the great schools of the Continent, a want of real knowledge of the construction of any object represented.

The great mischief in our British School of Painting is the absurd and overwhelming authority of the Royal Academy in all matters of art. Our statesmen, totally ignorant of all principles of art from want of art professors at our universities, when matters of art come officially before them, lean of course

* After this, it must be admitted Sir Archibald Alison can no longer claim the credit of being the first to assert that Providence was always on the side of the Tories. —ED.

† The folly of forming an immature judgment upon uncertain grounds, and before you are in possession of the necessary data, is the disease of our daily press. A man who has to write his leading article on the spot before he has time to form a correct opinion, is like a courtier questioned by his prince. He dare not admit his ignorance, nor leave the question in doubt: so he falls back on his imagination, and puts forth as a decided opinion, founded on evidence and fact, that which, as Faraday says elsewhere, is "little else but the fruit of his own incertitude." But as concerns the inconsistency alleged here, there is to be remembered in the case of the 'Times' that, it is the reflection of popular feeling for that day, or it would not be the 'Times.' —ED.

upon the Royal Academy, and the President and Members, just as of course, insinuate to the statesman who consults them that, the only way to advance the art is to keep up the dignity of the Royal Academy. If the art advances, well and good; and if it goes back, well and good also, so long as we have a Royal Academy. The mischief of it is that the Royal Academy is a corporate body with all its vices, and yet screened from public responsibility by having *no charter*.

I do not despair, but it is perplexing, and that it is highly injurious to the best interests of the art, no impartially-minded man can doubt or deny. Lord Melbourne said to me one day when speaking of the Royal Academy, "Ah! they made a great mistake in founding *that place*." They certainly did.

The great characteristic of my dear country is the perception of moral right. A fact is a moral truth. A portrait is a fact, so is a view, but a poetical composition of a great event is not a fact to them. Hence the English people prefer portraits of individuals and views of places on the principle of indisputable evidence.

Power is ever ready to reward those who sacrifice principle to its supremacy, and ever ready to punish those who uphold principle in opposition to power.

The Tory party is like the Romish party, one and indivisible; the Whigs like the Protestants are on an intermediate principle, and are split into a thousand ramifications on the same point.

Lord Castlereagh cut his throat, because he was overworked, his digestion out of order, and his brain full of blood. He was forbidden to eat hot buttered toast, to a healthy stomach indigestible, to a diseased one ruin. His servant the last morning brought it to him ignorantly; Lord Castlereagh ate heartily of it; his brain filled with more blood, he became insane, and cut the carotid artery. The moment the blood flowed he recovered his reason and said, "Bankhead, it's all over." So of Romilly. The moment his brain was relieved of the excess of blood, he asked for pen and ink. Both these remarkable cases prove that reason returned on physical relief being given to

the brain, and that the power of the mind was interrupted by its physical irregularity. Now, was the mind here distinct from the body, or did it depend on the body?

Some women are so thoroughly corrupt in mind, as well as heart and body, that everything in nature, light and darkness, solitude and society, beauty and deformity, every object that seeing, smelling, touching, or tasting, could reach, are to them sources of licentious gratification. The perfume of flowers has to them an amorous smell. The richness of a summer sunset, the silence of a cloudless night, affect their vitiated fancy only as affording more refined means of gratification.*

Lancaster and Bell's system of education, though doubtless a benefit to society, and a great blessing in thus distributing knowledge, and thereby correcting vice, will, nevertheless, take off the fiery edge of nature. Men will be better regulated, and there may be less crime; but will they not also become more humble, more awed at the great, and more terrified at authority? I feel convinced that the principle of their system is submission to authority and power. Boys will be so educated in a belief of the infallibility of kings, and brought into life with a horror of opposition that another hundred years will have prepared the national mind for submission and slavery.

September 30th, 1836.—Dined with my dear friend, William Hamilton, who read me a pamphlet of his on the 'New Houses of Parliament,' and in which *he* talks of the *ignorance of the upper classes in art!* I told them this twenty years ago in 1816. But I had not a pension of 20 *l.* a year as retired Ambassador, and I was ruined accordingly. But it is well to tell the great their faults, for the very height of their position involves the consequence that no fault of theirs can be trifling. On the whole, therefore, I do not regret my ruin if it has brought men like William Hamilton to adopt my opinions.

* This seems severe on the more susceptible sex. Such extreme sensibility may arise from a highly nervous organization in which the power of self-control is weak. Ninon de l'Enclos used to declare she was so susceptible her soup absolutely intoxicated her. Delicate people of both sexes are subject to extraordinary exhilaration from a very slight stimulus.—Ed.

One evening (1836), when sitting by myself in my room in prison, there came a knock at my door. I opened it, and the head turnkey (a worthy man, for I have found him feeding the poor prisoners from his own table), after making sundry apologies, begged a few minutes' conversation. He sidled in and sat down, big with something. "Perhaps, Sir," said he, taking out and putting across his knee a blue cotton handkerchief, "you would scarcely suppose that from seven years old divinity and medicine have been my passions." "Certainly not, Mr. Colwell." "Ah! Sir, 'tis true, and I know, I assure you, much more than most of the doctors or parsons. Why, Sir, you would little think I always cured the cholera! You may wonder, Sir, but it is a fact. I never lost a case, and in twenty-four hours they were as well as ever. I do it all by *harbs*, Mr. Haydon, by *harbs*; you are a public man, Sir, a man of genius they say, and perhaps you will laugh at a man like me knowing anything. But, Sir," said he, looking peculiarly sagacious and half-knowing, yet trembling I should quiz, "I gather my *harbs* under the planets, Sir; aye, and it's wonderful the cures I perform! Why, there is old Lord Wynford, he is as bent as an old oak, and if he'd listen to me I'd make him as straight as a poplar." "No, Mr. Colwell!" "I would, though," he said in a loud voice, re-assured on finding I did not laugh. By this time he had got courage. He assured me he had a wife who believed in him, and that he had cured her often and often; and here his weather-beaten face quivered. "Ah! Mr. Colwell," said I, "your wife is a good motherly woman. It is a comfort to see her face among the others here." Colwell grew solemn, assured me he had out-argued Taylor, the Atheist, before the people; that he had undoubted evidence Joseph of Arimathea landed at Glastonbury, for at that time the sea came up to the abbey, and "What was to hinder him? And Mr. Haydon," said he, drawing his chair closer, and wiping his mouth with his blue handkerchief, which he spread again over his short thighs that poked out, as it were, from under his waistcoat. "Would you believe it, I can prove Abraham was circumcised the very day before Sodom and Gomorrah were burned!"

Mr. Hodson, of Leicester, told me that after Waterloo, in 1815, he dined at the British Ambassador's at Madrid, and sat

next to the Bishop of Toledo. They were all jubilising over Waterloo, and the Bishop said, "The Duke should fight no more now, but be kept as a stallion to beget heroes."

Hone, the infidel,* who published the 'Apocryphal Testament'—he afterwards repented and became religious—was a very clever fellow, and got his repute by his victory over Lord Ellenborough (Lord Chief Justice), who thundered out to him as he was defending himself on his trial, "Pooh, Sir, experience makes fools wise!" "No, my Lord," retorted Hone, "experience makes wise men wiser, but experience does not make fools wise, or I should not have been indicted three times for the same thing I have been acquitted of twice before."

Hone was one day telling Godwin how much he admired his essay on 'Truth,' but complained to Charles Lamb afterwards that he couldn't tell why, but Godwin ever since had been cool to him. "Don't you know why?" said Lamb;" "No," said Hone. "Why," said Lamb, "Godwin is known to be the greatest liar living; he thought you were quizzing him."

Lord Burghersh told me that when Sir Humphry Davy was in Italy, he spent most of his time shooting—of which he was passionately fond—in the pine-forest at Ravenna. The Italians, thinking he had come to work on chemistry, were astonished at his conduct. He died at Genoa, of eating too freely of pike. He was "an epicure," Daubeny told me. Daubeny seemed to think that high life had done him harm.

Lord Essex asked Lady Holland the other day to come down to Cashiobury. She wrote back in her insolent way and said, "Before I say yes or no, send me a list of your guests."† Lord Essex made no reply, which served her right.

Somebody once asked Hazlitt about his father. "Say

* Hone was indicted and tried in 1817 for "bl sphemous libel." He was tried first before Mr. Justice Abbott, and then tried before Lord Ellenborough, but the brow-beating of Lord Ellenborough had its effect, and the Government failed to obtain a verdict.—*Ed.*

† Lady Holland possibly had heard this of Swift. Lord Bolingbroke once trying to persuade him to come and dine, said, "I will send you my bill of fare" "Send me your bill of company," replied Swift.—*Ed.*

nothing about my father," said Hazlitt, "he was a good man. His son is a devil, and let him remain so."

Dominic Colnaghi told me that on one occasion, when the Trustees of the British Gallery were discussing whether they should buy an oil picture of Raphael's for 36 0*l.* or not, Shee (President of the Royal Academy) said, "They had much better spend their 360*l.* at the Royal Academy. As for his part, he never saw any picture by an old master that would assist him." Rogers, who was standing by, muttered to Charles Bagot, "I believe him"—(et ego).

On the day Sir William Beechy was knighted, Lord Mulgrave, who liked to worry Hoppner, who had used Beechy ill, called to tell Hoppner, but Hoppner was out. Mrs. Hoppner looked over the banisters: "Tell Hoppner," said Lord Mulgrave, "that Beechy was knighted to-day at Court." She thundered out, "It's a lie." She was a violent woman, and felt the intended insult to Hoppner.

When I was painting the 'Anti-Slavery Convention' in 1840, I said to Scobell, one of the leading emancipation men, "I shall place you, Thompson, and the Negro together." This was the touchstone. He sophisticated immediately on the propriety of placing the Negro in the distance.

Now, a man who wishes to place the Negro on our level must no longer regard him as having been a slave, and feel annoyed at sitting by his side.

David Wilkie was as fine an example as I ever witnessed of love of Art. Wherever he was it never left him. He had all the novelty and originality of genius. With a man of real genius you know not what he is going to come out with next. He does not know himself. With a man of no genius nothing comes. Every word Wilkie said on composition should be treasured up. Young men may study his rustic groups with as much certainty as Raffaele's.

After the investigation of the Convention of Cintra, and when the Duke had proved his genius to my mind, I lay in bed one morning and clearly saw in my mind's eye his triumph

in Spain, and his crossing the French frontier. I got up, determined going as I was, to write to him to tell him my conviction, and to add that, if it turned out as I believed, as my views in Art were as grand as his in military matters, I hoped he would allow me in the hour of victory to remind him of my prophecy. Subsequent reasoning made me believe this to be absurd, and, to the regret of my whole life, I gave up the intention.*

Colonel Gurwood told me that the Duke of Wellington complained that liberties were taken with him at Court. When he went to Court after William IV.'s death, the Duke of Cambridge said, "Why, Duke, why d'ye have your hair so short?" Directly after, the Duke of Sussex said, "Why are you not in mourning, Duke?" The Duke said, "I ordered black, your Royal Highness." "Ah!" replied he, "it is not black, it's what the French call *tête de nègre*." The Duke said to Gurwood, "The Duke of Marlborough, because he was an old man, was treated like an old woman. I won't be. And the reason why I have a right never to have a liberty taken with me, is because I never take a liberty with any man." Gurwood said that the Duke, although he had known Lord Fitzroy Somerset from a boy, always called him "Lord" Fitzroy.

The Duke of Wellington told me that in the coldest weather in the churches in Russia, he never heard a single cough.

* "When I lay in bed one morning." Every one must have experienced the clearness of thought which so commonly accompanies these delightful half-hours of a morning. I am convinced the charge of laziness against poets and literary men arises from their habit of lying awake in bed of a morning thinking out their conceptions. It is not that the horizontal position has much to do with the clearness of thought at this time, but the previous repose, giving freshness to brain-action, and the absence of anything to distract the attention. The elder Pitt framed out all his great speeches in bed of a morning, and so did his son. Brindley, the engineer, who contracted the Bridgewater Canal, when he met with any particular difficulty would take to his bed, sometimes for three days, to think it out. Saxe and Vendôme, the famous French generals, did the same in a campaign previous to commencing a movement of troops. Napoleon never did it, by all accounts. The moment he awoke, and that was generally about 2 A.M., he would shout out, "Call D'Albe" (his private secretary). "Let every one arise," and the whole staff, secretaries, aides-de-camp, marshals, and personal guards, were turned out, if on a campaign, without remorse, and set to work, while the Emperor walked up and down the centre tent in his dressing-gown and white night-cap, sipping his coffee, and dictating orders and dispatches. When he had done, he called out, "To horse! To horse!" put on his boots and coat, and was off across country at a hard gallop. He hated riding along the road. At the Tuileries the staff enjoyed longer repose.—ED.

Of the two men—the Duke of Wellington and Lord Grey—I prefer the Duke infinitely. He is more manly, has no vanity, is not deluded by any flattery or humbug, and is in every way, much as I admire Lord Grey, a grander character; though Lord Grey is a fine, amiable, venerable, vain man.

At dinner at Walmer the Duke talked of the want of fuel in Spain, of what the troops suffered, and how whole houses, so many to a division, were regularly pulled down and paid for as fuel. He said he found every Englishman who has a home goes to bed at night. He found bivouacking not suitable to the character of the English soldier. He got drunk, and lay down under a hedge. Discipline was thus injured. But when he introduced tents, every soldier knew his own tent, and, drunk or sober, he got to it before he went to sleep. I said, "Your Grace, the French always bivouac." "Yes," he replied, "because the French, Spanish, and all other nations, lie anywhere. It is their habit. They have no home."

The Duke said the natural state of man was plunder. Society was based on security of property alone. It was for that object men associated. He thought we were coming to the natural state of man very fast.

Breakfast at Walmer Castle was at ten. The Duke, Sir Astley Cooper, Booth, and myself, breakfasted. In the midst of our breakfast six dear, healthy, noisy, children were brought to the indoors. "Let them in," said the Duke, and in they came, rushed over to the Duke. "How d'ye do, Duke? How d'ye do, Duke? I want some tea, Duke," roared young Grey. "You shall have it," said the Duke, "if you promise not to slop it over me as you did yesterday." Toast and tea were then in demand. Three got on one side, and three on the other. He hugged them all. Tea was poured out, and I saw little Grey try to slop it over the Duke's coat. After breakfast they all rushed out on the leads of the cannon, the Duke romping with the whole of them.

Amelia Opie told me she had heard Fuseli say of Northcote, "He looks like a rat that has seen a cat."

July 11th, 1840.—I rallied Charles Barry* on his joining the Royal Academy after having beat the Academicians in competition and established principle. I said, "You have been talked over at coffee." He smiled and replied, "The hour after dinner." He said many people had remarked he ought not to have gone in. I told him by so doing he sacrificed the results of his victory.

May 29th, 1841.—Dined at Mackenzie's with Murray Gladstone, Ward, and ladies, and a furious political evening we had. Mackenzie said he met the Duke at the Panorama of the Bombardment of Acre, and the Duke said, with his usual correctness of mind, "He wondered Napier, in all his speeches, had made no allusion to the Government which had put such means in his hands to accomplish such objects." How fine this is; how correct in feeling, and what a mild reproof!

June 4th, 1841.—Mackenzie breakfasted with me and told me some pleasant anecdotes of his government agencies at Morlaix, in 1811, when trying to effect an exchange of prisoners of war. He said all went well until the Battle of Busaco, when Napoleon became angry. Yet he ordered cannon to be fired in honour of a victory, and the French officials impudently said that, if Mackenzie wished the Duke of Wellington and his army should come in under the exchange. Afterwards, at Lisbon, he had the Duc de Valmy on parole. The Duc found Lisbon dull, and wished a ball to be got up that he might see the women. Mackenzie told him he had better go to church. The Duc asked how long he should have to remain quiet? "About an hour-and-a-half," said Mackenzie. "Une heure et demie!" he cried out; "je n'ai jamais été tranquille pour une heure et demie depuis la Révolution."

Sir Robert Peel, in his Tamworth address, says the French Revolution of 1830 was "the triumph of physical force over constituted authority." I deny it. It was the instinct of a great people against authorities who violated the Charter they had sworn to maintain, in order to establish a despotism of Conscience and Thought.

* Sir Charles Barry, the architect of the Houses of Parliament.—ED.

The misfortune of John Bull is that, the moment war is over he believes it to be all *done with*, and suffers his power and habit of war to sleep, till roused to another war by repeated insults. This is a serious error. If he would consent to keep himself in training and always ready and prepared up to a certain point, capable of rapid improvement, another war would not so easily happen. It is by showing yourself ready at any moment you prevent the necessity.

What Walter Scott said of Rogers was very true: "He cracked his jokes like minute guns." Once after he had looked long at my picture of 'Christ Blessing Little Children,' he said, "When all the figures in the picture get up to walk away, I beg leave to secure the little girl in the foreground." A pretty compliment!

The Germans with their tendencies will never be an example in art. They are not a school, but a sect. Diamonds and chaff are all mixed. They have invention, they are a rich mine of original ideas, but their mode of putting their ideas forth is, seeing Nature through a false medium, and they cannot be a guide like the Venetians, the Spaniards, the English. They are a great, a glorious nation, but with all their vast genius there is a vein of affectation, which, although not theatrical like the French, is still affectation. The modern German painter paints more from a natural impression than classic recollection. To use their own phrase, they seek "to represent Truth, and not Fancy." Here is the kernel of German infatuation and error. The unalterable principles of the perfection of the human form, as shown in the Elgin Marbles, is "a classic prejudice," a mere "Fancy," and to copy the imperfectly formed nineteenth century human being before you, is the only Truth. This sophistication began with the monks of the second and third centuries, who, on account of its Pagan association, considered the perfection of the outward form as inconsistent with the inward purity of the Christian Soul.

But painting conveys its associations only by form and colour, and beauty of mind must, as a principle, be considered, in art, always as an adjunct of beauty of form, and beauty of form as a necessary symbol of inward perfection.

That the modern Germans have reverted to the prejudices

and absurdity of the monks of Early Christianity is a sophism in art, which, from its refined and mystic singularity, is sure to get hold of all those in Europe who are disposed to be bitten, and never yet, in my recollection, did man or woman, once bitten, recover the "German bite."

The German painters define objects by line, the Venetians, Spaniards, Flemish, Dutch, and English define one object by the contact of another without line. There is no *line*. The line is an imagination. Substance is not imaginary, but real. This is the reason why definition by the contact of realities is preferable to line. Line, in progressive study, is, however, the first step to the correct imitation and the production of the effect of realities.

The aristocracy is the intermediate power between tyranny and democracy. It saves the people from violating the law, and the king from oppressing the people. If ever aristocracy be destroyed in England, the crown and the people will come into inevitable collision, and destroy each other.

The more decoration can be regulated by the principles of art, the more beautiful will be the decoration and the more will it be found in unison with human sensibility, and in proportion as this principle is departed from, will the deviation be inconsistent with our sympathies, and distressing and disturbing to our minds.

I have no objection to the young artist seeing Munich, but only after he has studied at Rome. I am no friend to the suffocation of young students with the luxuries of study.

Sound imitation on the principles of the great masters of imitation exists at this moment (1842) nowhere but in England. All other European countries, though teeming with talent, are totally deficient in the abstractive power of conveying thoughts by seizing the leading parts of objects by a touch. This power has descended to the British, and yet they are so silly and shortsighted they will not acquire (what every noodle abroad has at his fingers' ends) the power of defining anatomically the human figure, which would place them at the head of the artists of the world. When Wilkie was in Spain,

again and again in trying to make the Royal Academicians of Spain understand this power of touch in Velasquez, and its soundness in principle, they would reply, "No, no, *Velasquez was in a hurry!*"

May 25th, 1842.—I have been six years now without a single commission from any of the nobility or aristocracy, with the exception of two little things I painted for Sir John Hanmer, and one for Rogers. Thirty guineas a-piece, or, at the rate of fifteen guineas a year. This is magnificent patronage, but thank God! I have lived to see the principle of State support of the art of painting conceded.

Grant's picture of 'Lord Cardigan and his Horse' is not worthy of the painter or the peer. The milk-and-water action of the horse is just such an action as a timid horseman— which Lord Cardigan is not—would put a horse in to try if he might venture a leap without tumbling. The horse is feeble in bone, blood, sinew, vigour and drawing. It has never lived in a stable, but in a boudoir, been groomed by a *femme de chambre*, and sent into the field for his Lordship, bedewed with "*eau de jasmin*." If Grant could give Lord Cardigan a little of his horse's distrust of himself, and his horse a portion of his master's spirit, what a perfect picture it would have been!

I see what is coming on in the Art of this country, painful obtrusion of equal definition, equality of parts never seen even in a single object, much more in a variety of objects, bounded by a hard line which does not exist. The difficulty will be to *retrace*. The French have found out their folly of pursuing the middle ages—they are getting rid of it. Our young painters are taking it up. What absurdity!

Nothing can be more foolish than the system of the Germans in beginning the Art as Massaccio left it. The state of Art in Massaccio's time (fifteenth century) was the natural and not intentional state. Massaccio carried it as far beyond his predecessors as he could, but if he had gone back to Cimabue's system, and had confined himself to their limits, how could he have advanced the Art? Do the Germans and their admirers imagine that by going back to the beginning instead of

advancing from the ending, they will carry the Art further than it has hitherto been carried? Do they think that by affecting the ignorance of simplicity, knowledge will be the result? With finer art before their eyes, and from which they ought to start, they go back again to that period from which Raphael started. At most, they can only hope to equal Raphael. But by starting where Raphael ended, and by adding what he did not add, they have a chance of extending the limits of the Art itself, and of leaving it as far advanced beyond him as he left it beyond Massaccio.

There is a German sect arising who wish to introduce Gothic art.

The mind gets fatigued looking at a picture so painted. There is no prominent object to rest on. All objects, and all parts of objects, are equally detailed, and offensively attractive, and hence a strain on the mind by opposing one of its most intense appetites—a desire for variety. There is nothing left for the imagination. Reason, Fancy, Imagination must be supplied with food. If either be forgotten there is an intellectual craving even in the imitation of natural objects.

Lord Duncannon, in talking over with me the ridiculous conduct of Cobbett, saying publicly that “Providence had interfered to prevent his leaving town that he might procure a member for Coventry,” told me Lord Erskine once told him, in a particular manner, that on one occasion, in a very dry season, when the turnip crop was failing, a shower of rain fell directly over *his* fields of turnips and over no other, which event Erskine believed as a direct interference of Providence in his favour. Lord Duncannon said that Erskine believed always in such trifles. I told Lord Duncannon that every man believes this more or less, but had not the courage to say so.

Danger is the very basis of superstition. It produces a searching after help supernaturally when human means are no longer supposed to be available.

Lockhart, meeting me one day, said, with a relish, “Hogg met Black of the ‘Chronicle’ yesterday, and they both got

dead drunk as old friends." This is hearty, but savage. It is what the negroes do on the Coast of Africa, only they carry it a little further.

The worse a man is used in this world the more likely he is to lean on, and love, and hope in his Creator.

The Duke of Wellington, in speaking of the death of George the Fourth said to Sir Thomas Hammond, who told me, "He died like a man, as I always said he would." Hammond added that no one was in the room with the King when he died but two valets. This was the exact truth. The doctors said they were there, but they were not. The King was dead before they came in.

Chantrey made his fortune by those two children in Lichfield Cathedral. One day, calling on him, I was shown into his work-room, and, on a table, I saw a design for these very children by Stothard. I could swear to it.

A friend of mine was at a lock-up house to be bail for another ; while he was sitting there in walked Stothard arrested by his coal merchant for a bill of 34*l*. He was on his way to the Academy as Visitor when it happened. My friend went up to him, said, "I know you, what can I do?" and got Stothard out in time to attend his duties. Chantrey was then drinking champagne at luncheon, had employment for life, and will leave a large fortune at his death, all in consequence of Stothard's genius, while the possessor of the powers by which Chantrey rises is arrested by his coal merchant, and escapes into the Academy as librarian to eke out a living. What singular apparent injustice appears in the fate of some men of genius and the fortune of others!

I never saw any man so ignorant of perspective and composition as Sir Thomas Lawrence. He never puts his "feet" at the right angle.

It is of no use to affect what I do not feel. I have little or no sympathy with the modern painters. The communion I feel is with Titian, with Rubens, with Veronese for execution and colour; with Raphael and Michel Angelo and the Elgin

Marbles for form and expression; and with Nature for all these, with the addition of humour, fun, and satire. I see nothing in modern exhibitions from which I can learn, and which I can look at with that delight and confidence I feel before an ancient work. This is not from conceit, for I reverence my superiors; but there is in English art an inherent ignorance of the frame and structure—a vulgar ruddiness of colour—an ignorance of harmony of action as well as its contrasts—a lack of repose that leaves the mind in a state of excitement and fatigue, till one hurries away to a Titian or a Claude for relief and consolation, just as one looks out of a heated ball-room at daybreak and listens to the lark, and scents the cool freshness of the dewy grass, and forgets the passions and frivolities within in the peace of heavenly repose of renewing nature.

It is curious and melancholy to see the struggle a man of real talent will often make to impose on himself and others that he is “vastly respected.” I have one in my eye just now. All the cards of every one who calls on him are stuck in around the looking-glass, and when you call, you find him, on entering the room, sticking in yours with careful pomposity. If you invite him to come and see you, he must first look over his invitations, consult his wife, talk to his wife's sister, and arrange it so that it shall not interfere with Sir Somebody This, or My Lord That. It is painful. Southey has this same tendency. When in town he always affects never to sleep in the same bed two nights, he is in such request! I remember, when passing a day with him at Keswick, he feared, in case of a revolution, he should be the very first man hanged by the Radicals! Coleridge is a finer fellow. He proves, with all his eloquence, a man ought to change and meet his enemies like a genius.

Nothing delights women and children so much as the pursuit of guilt and the exercise of power.

The two points of Christianity are charity and forgiveness of injuries. Of the last the less said the better. As to charity, the allowances of all of us to the poor are not enough. Do we really think of their distresses? No, we do not. We think

how we can obey our Saviour with the least possible inconvenience to our own enjoyments. A shilling won't interfere with our wine, or our fruit, or our going to the opera, or a concert, but 10*l.* would. If we only used what was necessary we should have much to spare.

I feel perfectly satisfied in my own mind that before half a century is past the great Powers of Europe will have to reduce France for their own security. The Duke says in his despatches that she was left too powerful at the settlement of 1815, and the way she has recovered her strength since is remarkable, and so Austria and Prussia will one day find. The foreign policy of the continental nations should be based on the question which is the most beneficial to the world, the predominance of England or of France. Surely the predominance of England can never endanger the liberty or independence of any European nation. We want nothing. We fear nobody. But can that be said of France? Look at her at this moment (February 1840). *Young France is raging for the Empire again*, and not twenty years will pass without another outbreak and another war.*

How difficult it is to get men to believe that any other man can or does act from disinterestedness!

Liddell, member for Durham, told me that Canning was very kind to him on his first taking his seat in Parliament, and pointed out all the members as they came in. When Sir John Nicholl took his seat, "That's Sir John Nicholl, the lawyer," said Canning; "he has to do with the exclusive in-delicacies of the season." He said Canning one night wrote an impromptu on Phillimore and Wynn:—

"Oh, Phillimore
Is such a bore,
He makes me cry.
But tho' a bore
Is Phillimore,
He don't spit in my eye."

Which Wynn, in speaking, always did.

* The above paragraph appears under date of February 10th, 1840. By the 10th February, 1860, the revolution of 1848 had occurred, the Empire had been restored, and the Crimean and Italian wars concluded. By February 1871, France had been invaded, and reduced by a great European Power for her own security. Haydon's political foresight here deserves credit.—Ed.

It is amusing to think how completely Lord Ebrington was bamboozled and befooled by Napoleon at Elba. At the very time that his arrangements for landing in France were being completed, Napoleon, taking Lord Ebrington into his familiar confidence, talked to him philosophically of the happiness of retirement; that he was better off than he had any right to expect; that he was but an adventurer; and, that weary of the world, he was content to cultivate asparagus; all of which, good Lord Ebrington devoutly believed.

The great curse of Whiggism is that it is the intermediate principle, playing at "Hawk and Buzzard" between liberty and despotism. This is why we owe some of the noblest as well as some of the most despotic laws of our Constitution to the Whigs.*

Moore's 'Life of Sheridan' is a delightful work, but the excuse of an admirer. It is the life of a politician and a man of genius by a poet. There should now be published a life of Sheridan by a great politician; and both being bound up together, each would supply the deficiencies of the other.

How cautious men should be not to take offence too readily, or to show they feel a mortification, but to bear and forbear! While painting the Reform Banquet, Alderman Cowan offended me, and I put in the *back* of his head. He is now Lord Mayor, and has to receive the Queen (1837), and he refuses me admission to see the sight. He might let in the back of my head!

When a man is no longer anxious to do better than well he is done for.

Now the Whigs are in (during William IV.'s reign), "commissioners" are swarming over the land like vermin.

* This does not fairly allow for the great difficulty of regulating the democratic element. Democracy never rests, and if not held in check, advances to predominance; and if uninstructed and unintelligent, to despotism; and then follows loss of liberty, reaction, and disorder. In a mixed constitution like ours, the balance of constitutional proportion is a delicate instrument to keep level. The Whigs have at times committed great errors both ways; but it may be fairly said of them that, although they have not always shown confidence in the people, they seldom lost sight of their constitutional rights, and have generally admitted the necessity of proportioning popular power to popular intelligence.—ED.

All professors of fine arts, all those who contribute not to the necessities of life but to the enjoyment of society, hold their position only by the severe tenure of exhibiting excellence in their several departments.

A man like my friend George Walker of Leeds, a man with talent of no ordinary kind, would have made a figure in London if obliged to work for his living. His power of sketching, and his Dutch humour for character were exquisite. How many men of this nature are lost to the world—ruined by 50*l.* a year!

At the Polish Ball the Lord Mayor said to Lady Douglas, who squints, "Which do you prefer, my lady, Gog or Magog?" "Of the *three*," said Lady Douglas, "I prefer your Lordship!"

Dean Swift said, more than one hundred years ago, "that when the dragon on Bow Church kisses the cock behind the Exchange, great changes will take place in England."

Just before the Reform Bill of 1832, the dragon and cock were both taken down at the same time to be cleaned and repaired by the same man, and were placed close to each other. In fact, the dragon kissed the cock, and the Reform Bill was passed. Who can say there is no virtue in predictions after this?

Count d'Orsay said one evening, "It will be a pity to spoil old England, but it will be spoiled" Whose fault, say I? The extreme Tory faction are alone the cause. By their obstinate opposition to all Reform they gave the nation an impulsion it will not lose for fifty years. What might have been granted gradually and peaceably has been taken forcibly and rapidly. They first provoked the nation, and then accused it of unreasonable desires.

When Sir Fowell Buxton sat to me (1840) for the Anti-Slavery Convention picture, I was vastly amused and then bored to death at his air of weighty importance, as if the whole of Europe rested on his shoulders. He brought a clerk, to whom he dictated letters, and he had appointed two American delegates to hold forth to him on the advantage of the Coloni-

sation Society in America. These men so bedimmed my brain, that what with Buxton's dictating, and correcting, and reading, and signing letters, and talking, I passed a most distracting morning. Conceive a man coming to the studio of a painter with all his paraphernalia of business! I had painted the Duke of Sussex, Lord Grey, Lord Melbourne, and all the ministers, and never had I seen among them a symptom of that vast importance of occupation which precluded the possibility of devoting two hours to a painter without interruption. Buxton has a singular expression of tenacity of purpose and irresolution, yet he keeps to his object in spite of his own conscious weakness of self-will.

November 3rd, 1842.—Lord Goderich sat. I told him there was no hope for High Art but by a moderate and regular vote to support History. "But how?" said he; "we have no houses." "My Lord," I said, "there is the mistake; we do not want houses; we want public support for public objects in public buildings, or, you may depend on it, the Art of the country will sink. No young men will devote themselves to acquire the power if ruin and a prison are to be the result of studying the Art as a science, instead of making it what it is—a trade, and a means of getting money and sitters."

Rogers told me that on coming out of the Vatican with Mr. Lock of Norbury Park, he said to Lock, "Let us go in again and have one more look." "Why," said Lock, "you have finer things at Hampton Court—the cartoons!" "Is it not odd," said Rogers to me, in relating this, "that the Elgin Marbles and the cartoons are finer than anything abroad!" Not in the least, I think.

Lady Blessington gave me an account of Lady Morgan and her marriage, which was at least amusing. Lady Morgan (like Lady Blessington) was an Irish girl, a Miss Owenson, and Morgan was an apothecary, who fell in love with her. I forget how Miss Owenson became a fixture at the Priory, but at all events it was very disagreeable to Lord Abercorn, who hated her, but could not get quit of her. One day the Duke of Richmond was coming his rounds as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, when it was the custom to make a knight at every seat he

visited. He came to the Priory, and before leaving he said, "Well, Abercorn, do you want any one to be knighted?" "By ——!" said Lord Abercorn, as the idea flashed into his mind, "the very thing. Knight Morgan, the apothecary, and I'll soon get rid of my plague." Morgan was sent for, and told if he would marry Miss Owenson off-hand he should be knighted. He was knighted, married Miss Owenson, and Lord Abercorn gave her a substantial "present" to get rid of her. "And that," said Lady Blessington, "is the real history of 'Sir Charles' and 'My Lady.'" I should like now to hear Lady Morgan's history of Lady Blessington's early life, and marriage.

Those who oppose corruption, or begin a reform, should be particularly careful not to endanger their schemes by foolish neglect of the ordinary duties of life. Because a failure or an embarrassment from their neglect is instantly attributed to the wildness or extension of their schemes to its consequent risk, and thus an injury is done to noble attempts irreparable for years.

Against a woman of *embonpoint* with an artful, persuasive, honey-face always be on your guard. If she has daughters you will be sure to be entrapped to marry one. If she be young herself you will be entrapped to marry her.

I am convinced the generality of women eat and drink much more than is necessary for health. The wants of nature keep within a certain limit; but if you once go beyond the limit, the desire to transgress increases with the indulgence. Gunter said to me one day, "You would be surprised, Sir, if you knew what the ladies eat between breakfast and dinner:" though this was hardly fair of Gunter, who profited by it. I am surprised sometimes at what I see them eat and drink at luncheon and at dinner. Medical men are much to blame for this. They should be careful how they tell a woman in general terms "to keep up her strength," to "take plenty of nourishing food," and "drink wine," &c. All this creates an artificial appetite proportioned to the artificial stimulus, and destroys health. Women require to be guided by the most exact definitions, or in their ignorance they run to excess.*

* Hawthorne, the American writer, remarks upon this weakness for strong meats and drink, which, he declares, distinguished English ladies in his time—

The Lord Advocate (Jeffrey) told me many amusing things about Lord Brougham. He knew Brougham from very early years, and at one time, for about eight months, Brougham gave way to all kinds of luxury and extravagance. He had a great notion of giving grand dinners, and, like the ancients, of perfuming his rooms. He would get all sorts of perfumes, so that when they came in the suffocation was dreadful, and they were obliged to open the windows. Then he used to smoke hookahs, and use the hot bath at the same time; and one night, being very tipsy, he smoked till he fell asleep in his bath, and was nearly drowned. He was found sound asleep with his lips just touching the water, and the water cold. This cured him of that indulgence. Then he used to make bets how he would come on the race-ground, and give a sealed paper to a friend before betting. Sometimes he would come on in a wheelbarrow; sometimes in a coffin; sometimes in a basket on a man's shoulder; but he always won his bets. Jeffrey said he belonged with Brougham to a little society, where they had apparatus for chemical experiments, and that Brougham in time by his daring experiments blew the whole apparatus to pieces.

I asked him if it were true that Lord Grey had offered Brougham the Attorney-Generalship, and that Brougham had torn up the letter, and said, "*That is my answer.*" Jeffrey said he had not heard. Jeffrey said the person who influenced Lord Grey to give him the Chancellorship told him (Jeffrey) that he had told Lord Grey his salvation depended upon making Brougham Chancellor, Lord Althorpe Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Ministry was formed that afternoon in consequence.

After Brougham's acceptance of the Chancellorship he took

of course they never do it now—and to that degree that he could never look upon a massive English matron without inevitably thinking of her "as made up of steaks and sirloins." Unfortunately for his theory, it is not fat people who eat most, or much of animal food. Besides, I think the Americans equal us even here. I chanced one day, at the Imperial Hotel, Cork, to overhear an American lady order her breakfast. It was as follows:—"Waiter!" "Yes, ma'm." "What can *yew* git me for breakfast?" "Brakfu-t, ma'm? ham and eggs, grilled chicken, chop."—"Hev yew no fish?" "Yes, ma'm; salmon cutlets." "Salmon whar do yew git salmon from?" Waiter (in a tone of pique, "Sure, and isn't the river full of them!" "Ah! wall; I'll hev some salmon cutlets, and I'll hev—some broiled bacon, and I'll hev—some grilled chicken, and I'll hev some fried bread, and I'll hev some dropped eggs, and some English brakfast tea—and" (after a pause)—"and that's all."—ED.

Lord Grey's house in Berkeley Square; and when he gave it up in 1834, Bromley, Lord Grey's agent, told me that never was a house left in such a filthy condition. The bed-rooms were simply unendurable; and hidden in the handsome satin curtains in the drawing-room, he found a kitchen candlestick, and black lead for the grates. The furniture was nearly all ruined by ill-usage and neglect; and although Lord Grey gave Brougham two months in excess of his term to move out, it was next to impossible to get him out; and when he went, instead of paying up the arbitrated sum—for he had insisted on "arbitration" as to damages—he sent a cheque short of 15*l*. The cheque was returned, and in three days the full amount was sent. Brougham was certainly wanting in delicate feeling in all the common transactions of life.

As marking the difference between England and France, the following from their respective "Court Circulars" is suggestive:—

ENGLAND.—Yesterday her Majesty sat to Sir David Wilkie for her state portrait.

To-day her Majesty sat to Mr. Hayter for her portrait.

On Friday her Majesty sits to M. Pistrucci for her portrait.

FRANCE.—Yesterday his Majesty commissioned M. Horace Vernet to paint a picture of the storming of Constantine, and M. Horace Vernet starts immediately for Algeria to make sketches.

His Majesty has also ordered designs to be laid before him for the decoration of the Grand Palace at Versailles. His Majesty has also resolved upon illustrating the life of the Great Condé by a series of historical pictures.

If men would only take the chances of doing right because it is right, instead of the immediate certainty of the advantage from doing wrong, how much happier would their lives be!*

* The conduct of men is a very complicated structure, and in general not strongly built upon the solid foundation of sound early training. It is there the mischief is.—ED.

The English people are base-minded where money is wanting, or rank concerned. They reverence rank from the belief wealth is implied; but when they have evidence wealth is wanting, away goes all their respect for "my Lord." This is base. But property is either acquired by inheritance or industry. In either way it is respectable to possess, and merit is inferred by the possession. This is the principle, but still it is base, as the English do, to place all virtue in money.

"Everything here is a job," said Lord Grey to me just before his resignation, as he sank into my arm-chair looking the picture of worried hopelessness and wounded benevolence. At that very moment he was burdened with fears and suspicions, surrounded by apparent friends who, it was quite clear to me, when in his presence were suppressing their pity, and plotting his expulsion. No man could be deceived, and *he* was not.

February 22nd, 1837.—The Whigs are evidently sinking after being in seven years (with one brief interregnum), and when they go, they will go without regret from anybody. This comes from playing *Trim*. *They have meddled with everything, and messed all.** As for myself, I have been rightly served for belying my real heart, and rushing forward to honour them because I believed they passed the Reform Bill, when I found out on close contact they were almost as much annoyed at being obliged to do it as the Tories. If the Tories come in and press too fiercely, there will be a reaction, and then will come Radicalism with its sweeping violence.

The explanation of the propensity of the English people to portrait painting is to be found in their relish for a Fact. Let a man do the grandest things, fight the greatest battles, or be distinguished by the most brilliant personal heroism, yet the English people would prefer his portrait to a painting of the great deed. The likeness they can judge of; his existence is a Fact. But the truth of the picture of his deeds they cannot judge of, for they have no imagination.

* This is curious. The late Lord Derby's famous "meddled and muddled" was not spoken until some quarter of a century after Haydon penned this excellent description of Whig policy, though it is hardly fair of a Government that passed more than one good measure.—Ed.

Lord Darham told me that he did not say exactly that "Intelligence only" ought to predominate; but that "Property only ought not to predominate. It should be combined with Intelligence."

Leigh Hunt, in talking to me of Byron (1833) undervalued his poetry, saying, "He wrote poetry, yes, *such as it is*." This is of a piece with Sir Thomas Lawrence not replying to Hobhouse's first letter on the subject of a monument to Byron, and when pressed for an answer, saying, "that he did not think Byron of sufficient consequence to deserve a monument."

The safest principle through life, instead of reforming others, is to set about perfecting yourself.

Sir Thomas Hammond told me that the crown at George the Fourth's Coronation was not bought, but borrowed. Rundell's price was 70,000*l.*; and Lord Liverpool told the king he could not sanction such an expenditure. Rundell charged 7,000*l.* for the loan, and as some time elapsed before it was decided whether the crown should be bought or not, Rundell charged three or four thousand pounds more for the interval.

April 5th, 1832.—Dined at Childron's Hotel with Major Campbell, who was imprisoned by Lord Eldon for thirteen years for contempt of court. Campbell told me the whole story. He ran away with a ward in Chancery. Lord Eldon said, "It was a shame men of low family should thus entrap ladies of birth." "My Lord," retorted Campbell, "my family are ancient and opulent, and were neither coalheavers nor coalheavers' nephews," in allusion to Lord Eldon's origin. Lord Eldon committed him, and would never forgive the reply. On Lord Brougham's accession, Campbell petitioned, and by a special order was discharged. When Lord Eldon committed him to prison, his wife, who was only a girl of fifteen, went to his mother's in Scotland. They allowed him on his word to see her to Gravesend. She cried incessantly, and died soon after the birth of her child from a broken heart. . . . He was at the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo, Burgos, Badajoz, and St. Sebastian. As early remembrances of his campaigns, his loves, his vices, his triumphs, and his disgraces crowded his imagina-

tion; his face, heated by wine, shone out, his eye seemed black with fire, his mouth got long with revengeful feelings. He looked like a spirit escaped from Hades wandering till his destiny was over. He said he had never loved any woman but his first wife. I thought I saw something like a tear fill his tremendous, globular, demoniacal eye, as he said, "She was a splendid creature;" but he clenched his mouth and it passed. "By —, Haydon," he said, "I have seen all the real pleasures, all the humiliations, all the miseries. Death will come; I know it. I never curl myself up in bed but I pray never to wake again." He sits to me on Tuesday; I will make three studies of his head for Satan.*

Attwood said to me, "After poverty, there is nothing so much hated as independence. We are become a nation of petty, paltry, corporations with a love for wealth. The five-pounder adores the ten, and the ten the twenty." During the Reform agitation (1832), he told Lord Melbourne, "If the people don't get their bellies full after this, I shall be torn in pieces." "And so much the better; you deserve it," said Lord Melbourne. "Yes, my Lord," retorted Attwood, "but they will begin with you. I do not despair of seeing you all tried for your conduct, Commons and all."

Invention is totally independent of the will. If I have a day of repose and of undisturbed leisure, and I sit down deliberately to compose, I often do nothing! whereas on some subsequent occasion, harassed by interruptions and noise, and pestered while I am working, by some unconscious operation of the brain, I find all the previous obscurity cleared away, I think and arrange, and in the middle of it all I seize a brush and some old colours, and alter or make a sketch with great effect.†

* I remember the Leads well: three heads on one long canvas—three of the most handsome but evil heads I ever remember to have seen, full of character.—Ed.

† Many curious instances of this unconscious exercise of the inventive faculty are related in physiological works; but the late Sir W. R. Hamilton's description of his great mathematical discovery, Quaternions, is among the most curious:—"They started into life," he writes, "on the 16th Oct. 1843, as I was walking with Lady Hamilton to Dublin, and came up to Brougham Bridge. That is to say, I then and there felt the galvanic circuit of thought close, and the sparks which fell from it were the fundamental equations between i, j, k ; exactly such as I have used them ever since . . . I felt a *problem* at that moment *solved*, an intellectual want relieved, which had haunted me for at least fifteen years before." (*North British Review*, vol. xlv. p. 57.)—Ed.

No man, perhaps, is so wicked as to commit evil for its own sake. Evil is generally committed under the hope of some advantage the pursuit of virtue seldom attains. Yet the most successful result of the most virtuous heroism is never without its alloy. How, then, can men be so weak as to anticipate a joy from crime which is denied to virtue? And how can they be so foolish as to expect the usual alloy to all human enjoyment will not be doubled when crime has been committed, if no human happiness under any circumstances is ever without it, be the virtue what it might?

A boy, whose father is intimate with Lord Lyndhurst, said a most extraordinary thing to my son. "Do you think your father would take a bribe?" Try me; I will accept the bribe of employment and purchase of my great works. No other bribe will have any effect upon me, and that will bribe me to work harder than ever, and attack the authorities whenever they make asses of themselves in matters of Art.

A very pretty prospect of employment in the new Houses have I. Peel cannot endure me because I developed him to his own conscience; * * * * dislikes me because he owes to my gratuitous instruction his knowledge of the principles of Art; and to the Royal Academy I am a perpetual indigestion, because I first shook their roots in public estimation, and left them, like a set of teeth loosened by a blow, unable to chew the most impalpable bouilli without a twang in the nerves.

Religion and education are not a match for evil and organization without the grace of God, His Holy Spirit, and constant prayer, and then they are. And this is the meaning—evil is original sin; God will counteract it by His Grace and Spirit, if the individual in whom original sin exists will sincerely ask for aid. Religion, education, grace, and holy inspiration from constant watchfulness and prayer, are enough to baffle organization, and inherent evil, if prayed for with belief.*

Eastlake, by his "Report," is bringing back the English

* "*Knock* and it shall be opened unto you, *seek* and ye shall find." Most of us content ourselves with "thinking" that if we "want" we shall "find" and if we are in need it will be opened to us. But the words of Scripture are definite.—ED.

school to the insanity of "Vehicles" in the practice of their Art, and which it was the great object of myself and Wilkie to destroy, and which in great measure we did accomplish by restoring the purity of simple oil.

November 15th, 1844 — Poor old Lord Say and Sele is dead. No man took more trouble to keep himself alive, but I have come to the conclusion although a man may make himself more or less comfortable by excessive care, that he does not prolong his existence an hour.*

The only legitimate artists in England are the architects.

"Nurture your mind with great thoughts. To believe in the heroic makes heroes." See Coningsby, which I have read right through. There is very high talent in Coningsby.

How often temptations cross an embarrassed man!† Five hundred guineas were once offered to me when I had not a sixpence, if I would say a copy from Raphael was an original. "It is *not* an original," I said, "it is a copy, and you know it." I never got another advance of the kind, thank God; but I never did or would belie my conscience for any reward.

At a pleasant party at Mrs. Leicester Stanhope's one evening (her house was a great resort for expatriated Poles), we were talking of Pozzo di Borgo, whose health was failing. I said, "He cannot snuff a candle." "Without a lie," added a Pole. This was severe but capital.‡

* But if Lord Say and Sele had *not* taken the care he did, he would certainly have died ten years sooner. The above rule may apply to healthy, but not to diseased men — Ed.

† St. Augustin says, "It is the devil's part to suggest, but ours not to consent." — Ed.

‡ Pozzo di Borgo was then Russian Ambassador in London. He is a curious instance of a man carrying the hatred of his youthful days, and "nursing his wrath to keep it warm," into almost every action of his varied life. Expelled from Corsica by Buonaparte when quite a youth, he vowed the ruin of the Buonapartes and escaped to Elba. From thence he came to London, where, through Paoli's influence, he obtained an introduction to Pitt. Lord Grenville, then Foreign Secretary, sent him on a mission to Vienna. From thence he passed into the diplomatic service of Russia, and was sent to Naples. At the peace of Presburg he found it wiser to return to St. Petersburg, for had Napoleon caught him, his scrift would have been short, and his fate certain. After the peace of Tilsit, he found it convenient to leave Russia and seek a refuge

Raphael's women are certainly not handsome, when one thinks of our lovely English beauties.

A knowledge of the human form is the basis of the knowledge of the form of all other objects. The anatomical construction of man is the cause of his motion, and a knowledge of that construction is the great basis of all power of representing his figure by imitation, influenced by passion or will. Dissection is the basis, and the only basis.

At the opera one night, to hear 'Parisina,' Hugo, after receiving Parisina's handkerchief as an emblem of her love, walked to the side scenes and flung it behind! He ought to have been beheaded on the spot.

I heard Lord Brougham say a beautiful thing in his speech on the Poor-Law Amendment Bill. He said, "While Providence cursed man to labour by the sweat of his brow, He blessed labour with its attendant happiness of the sweet sensations which accompany its exercise. The nausea of idleness, the hypochondriasis of lazy wealth, were unknown to wholesome exertion." How beautiful, and how true!

Lord Ebrington told me that Napoleon acknowledged to him the massacre at Jaffa, and justified it as a necessary measure; but that he (Lord E.) did not think Napoleon bloodthirsty.

Lord Ebrington told me that he overheard, at a fair in Ireland, where a very fine bull was being led about for sale, one Paddy say to the other, "Shure, now, an' who's got that bull?" "Why, another bull," said the other. "An' thin there's two bulls," said the first. "An' jest no bull at all," said the other. All this passed as quickly as written, and is an amusing

at Vienna. After the battle of Wagram, Napoleon insisted on his banishment from Vienna, and he came to London in 1810, where he incited Lord Wellesley to assist a grand scheme for an insurrection in Italy, and a combined attack by Prussia and England on France. It fell through, but the seed for the great Coalition of 1815 was laid, and Pozzo di Borgo lived to see his work succeed. "I did not bury him," he said of Napoleon, "but I helped to fling the last shovel-full of earth on his head." He passed once again into the service of Russia, and died in 1842.—Ed.

instance, if one were wanted, of their ready wit. Sir Walter Scott told me that one day, when in Ireland, he flung a half-crown to the man who opened a gate. The fellow looked up and said, in an instant, "Ah! shure, now, an' may God bless yer honour and let you live till I pay you!"

Lord Melbourne had more knowledge, and made less pretence of it, than any man I ever knew, or desired to cultivate.

Every one in Europe, Asia, Africa, and the antipodes advises me against writing on art. But I am convinced that the want of taste in art which distinguishes the English people above all other civilized nations on earth, and their non-perception as to what is their duty towards art, require pointing out. The people of this country are not aware of the vast importance to our manufactures, and to our position as a nation, of a just and due encouragement of High Art and historical design; and this is my reason for writing.

Soldiers and sailors are requisite that John Bull may guzzle his beer and eat his beef in security, but poets, painters and travellers are not; he can do without them. Therefore, "let them go and be ——."

Davis, the painter, tells me that in Italy he has seen poor Italians come up to the window of a print-shop to look at some fresh caricatures, and heard them say, "Ah! niente di bello!" and turn away. Beautiful expression of the taste and feeling of this gifted people.

When Englishmen go abroad they not only lose their heart and feeling for England, but they lose their common perception.

Jeffrey agreed with me that Beauty could be reduced to One Principle.

High Art will never flourish in this country until professorships are established at the Universities, and the young men of rank and fortune, before they issue out in life, have the

opportunity of becoming instructed in taste. Lord Goderich told me that in the House, whenever he wanted to get advice on the arts, he was astonished how little he could get from people in office. Of course. But let professors read annual lectures on art at each University, and the present ignorance will be greatly dispersed. Unless the House of Commons appoint an authority higher than either the Royal Academy or the British Institution, such as a Committee of the House, High Art will never flourish in England. In a fortnight a committee would get all the requisite information.

Rumöhr, in his letter to-day (9th April, 1842), says, "Of academies of art I think like you. They are a kind of hot-houses for art's winter-season, unfit to reap seeds, but excellent for nursing every kind of sickly plant." This is good, and true.

Of Cornelius, Overbeck, and Kaulbach, he says—

Cornelius's faults are revolutionary, and his errors mixed with truth and a very high flight of thought. There are fine talents in Germany, fostered by a splendid encouragement by princes and associations. There wants not so much to perfection but the most effectual facts of perfect art. More knowledge, more respect of nature, more interest in, and a more lively and spirited attention to, the richness and variety of nature; more application to the experience of old age, and to the fine examples of gone-by times, in all what is merely technical. And, over all, an uninterrupted stream of ——— [*illegible*].

Overbeck, Cornelius, and Kaulbach have the merit of a poetical conception, a fine disposition of groups and figures; the first and third, of drawing naturally and, on the whole, correctly. All, together, could do much more if not restrained by the prejudices and singularities they share with their brother artists of secondary merit.

The greatest curse to society is the delicate irritability of medical men. Many a wife, many a mother, many a child, and many a sweet girl have been sacrificed, from the apprehension of their relatives to offend the medical attendant by hinting

at a wish for further advice. Never hesitate; it is better to offend your medical man than risk a loss of life.*

No man, says Burke, can live in the world without some trials of his patience, and if they have an ill-effect on your temper they will have the same effect on your interest. Never was anything more true than this truism. All young men should write it over their doors.

The Waterloo Gallery at Windsor Castle, from not being arranged as a gallery, is a disjointed failure. No one portrait has reference to any other. There is no composition as a whole; they are separate pictures, painted as several pictures, and it is melancholy to see so total an absence in King and painter of all comprehension of mind.

Wordsworth breakfasted with me this day (16th June, 1842). He was remarkably well, and we had a good set-to. I told him Canova said of Fuseli, "*Ve ne sono negli arti due cose, il fuoco e la fiamma.*" "He forgot the third," said Wordsworth, "and that is '*il fumo*,' of which Fuseli had plenty."

He said, once in a wood Mrs. Wordsworth and a lady were walking when the stock-dove was cooing. A farmer's wife coming by, said, "Oh, I do like stock-doves!" Mrs. Wordsworth, in all her enthusiasm for Wordsworth's beautiful address to the stock-dove, took the old woman to her heart. "But," continued the old woman, "some like 'em in a pie; for my part, there s nothing like 'em stewed in onions!"

I do not know if the pleasantest part of a London season be not the last fortnight after Parliament is up. Business is over; people lounge long and late after dinner; the arts, the opera,

* The worst of medical men now-a-days is that they never tell you the whole truth. They make "mental notes," which they reserve to themselves, and tell you only their hopes. Their real opinion, if it be unfavourable, they carefully conceal under the euphuism of "waiting for the disease to declare itself." They might as well order your coffin. The explanation of all this is a weak dread of responsibility. Hence frequent consultations, and five doctors, generally, being in at your death. The remedy for this state of things is for every boy and girl to be taught the principles of physiology, and to learn something of their own form and structure, and something of themselves in health and disease. The ignorance of the educated, unprofessional classes in these respects is astounding; and yet what subject more worthy of instruction, and even study!—ED.

the session, the Court, the intrigues, the courtships, the marriages, are all discussed; till, one by one, each drops away by the First of September:* and then takes place that lull—to use a word of Lord Palmerston's, which exactly expresses the thing—and London harass is succeeded by country duties, stewards' accounts, partridges and pheasants, hunting, and a vacant borough, till Christmas arrives, and then, hey for the New Year!

Napoleon crowning himself, and Wordsworth on his knees, unable to rise, before the Queen, after his early Democracy, are beautiful specimens of the consistency of genius, and an everlasting tribute to the Monarchical principle.

What sad patchwork the summer-house in Buckingham Palace is to the loggia of Raphael!

When it was quite uncertain whether Napoleon would or would not make peace at Chatillon (1814), my old friend, Sir Thomas Hammond, dined in town with the Prince de Condé and the Duchesse d'Angoulême. Their anxiety was lest peace should be made. Every horn that blew, the Prince de Condé sent out for a 'Gazette.' Frightened out of his life, he kept saying, "*Ah, Monsieur le Général, la paix est faite! la paix est faite!*" Hammond told me he tried to keep their spirits up, but the Duchesse kept declaring, "*Non, non, nous sommes de pauvres misérables; c'en est fait de nous.*"

The next morning Hammond was with the Prince Regent, and he was talking about Napoleon, when Hammond said, "Sir, if the fellow does not sign the Treaty it would be no bad time to shove in the Bourbons." "Ah," said the Prince, "you like them better than I do. Little, I fear, can be done." The next day Hammond saw the Prince again—"in nocte consilium." The Prince said, "'Gad, Hammond, I have been thinking of what you said, and I'll see if something can't be done for them; say not a word."

As Lord Liverpool was announced, Hammond went down to McMahon, who was writing in Hammond's room. McMahon went up to the Prince, and shortly after came down and said, "There is the devil to pay upstairs. What do you think?"

* It is now the 12th of August.—Ed.

Lord Liverpool will resign. The Prince says he will restore the Bourbons; Lord Liverpool says he won't hear of it." At this instant Lord Liverpool crossed the yard, in the dumps, and went away. Hammond's window looked into the yard and up St. Alban's Street (before Regent Street was built). Sir Thomas declared solemnly to me that this was the beginning of the return of the Bourbons.

May 28th, 1815.—My dear old uncle, Admiral Mordwinoff, is dead; as venerable and good a man as Russia ever produced. He was, as a child, educated with the Emperor Paul, by the Empress Catherine's order, and was that Emperor's playmate. After the Emperor Paul came to the throne, some act in his old playmate offended him, and Mordwinoff was exiled to Siberia; but the death of Paul brought Mordwinoff back to St. Petersburg. He entered the Russian navy, and was rapidly promoted; and when in command of a ship in the Mediterranean met with my aunt, Harriet Copley, at her uncle's house at Leghorn, fell in love with her, obtained the permission of the Emperor to marry, married, and carried his young wife off to St. Petersburg. He afterwards commanded the Russian fleet in the Black Sea, then became the head of the Russian Admiralty, and was subsequently made President of the Imperial Council. He was a most amiable and liberal-minded man, was the friend of Bentham, and is well known in Russia as a political writer. His liberality of sentiment annoyed the Emperor Alexander. After an interview, in which the Emperor overwhelmed Mordwinoff with favour, Mordwinoff found he had been previously removed from the post of President of the Council. Yet such was the respect in which he was held by the members of Council that, although he had left the chair, and was now seated among them as only an ordinary member, they turned to him for his opinion as if he was still at their head.

Mordwinoff was a distinguished man, had fine taste in art, a valuable collection of pictures, and he had great knowledge of European literature. Howard, the philanthropist, died at Mordwinoff's house. It was Mordwinoff who got my uncle Tom Copley into the Russian army. Copley served under Suwarow; was knighted for his gallantry in war by the Empress Catherine; and by Mordwinoff's kindness, was made Chamber-

lain to the last King of Poland. Cobley subsequently married, and was appointed to the post of Commandant at Odessa, in the neighbourhood of which he purchased a large estate—"Cobleska." He had a high reputation in the Russian army; was a favourite of the Emperor Nicholas; and died in 1831, leaving an only daughter, who married the Marquis of Paulucci, the Governor of Riga.*

Lord Melbourne, in conversation one day, told me that he considered Lord Stanley "the best Parliamentary debater since Fox."

"Had I attended," says Nelson, "less than I have done to the service of my country, I might have made some money too; but I hope my name will stand on record when the money-makers are forgot."

Glorious words to be cut into the bulkheads of every captain's cabin. Nelson's integrity, his disinterestedness, his public spirit, his glorious death, will live in the heart of England to the end of time. Millions do not compensate for the want of such a fame.

How much religious feeling there is in the world! If people did not fear the ridicule of scepticism, how much would be known!

There surely is in human nature an inherent propensity to extract all the good out of all the evil.

At the conclusion of any work beware of the freaks of invention. The mind long dwelling on one idea grows weary, and starts alterations. Immediately that begins, fly to a new subject.

March 26th, 1845.—A friend of mine called on Sir Robert

* Both my cousin and her husband died in 1844, leaving a large family. The old General's marriage was a very romantic one. A young lady of rank in the Crimea, about to be married against her will, appealed to General Cobley for his official protection. "Certainly," said Cobley, "if you will marry me." "That I will," she said, and kept her word. She was a very beautiful girl.—*Ed.*

Peel the other day. On coming out, he said to the old hall porter, "I am glad to see Sir Robert look so well." "Yes, Sir," replied the porter; "yes, Sir, Sir Robert looks quite well. We carry it with a high hand, Sir!"

April 5th, 1845.—Rogers called—the father of English poetry, or rather the grandfather. He said to me, on entering the dining-room and seeing the engraving of Lady Westmoreland's Duke writing the Waterloo despatch, "Why did you let her do such a thing?" "She wouldn't attend to me," said I. "Then she is a conceited hussy," said Rogers. "I'll tell her," said I. "Oh! no doubt," said Rogers, half-frightened.

Hazlitt used to say that it was Lord Brougham who wrote those sneering reviews of Wordsworth which appeared in the 'Edinburgh Review.' But not that beginning, "This will never do." This was Jeffrey.

Turner's pictures look to me as if they were the works of a savage suddenly excited to do his best to convey to his fellow-men his intense impressions of the scenery of nature. Without the slightest power of giving the form, he devotes himself to giving the effects and colour of what he sees. It is so much easier to give effects only, like Reynolds, than to combine correct form with effect, like Titian, that a man of genius whose want of education in the art obliges him to depend on his own resources to supply, or to correct his own deficiencies, is sure to be hailed with rapture by the lazy, the idle, the dull or the affected, the ignorant or the impudent in the art. Sir Joshua Reynolds was for years, and Turner is, the excuse for every caprice and every impertinence, for every unintelligible scrawl, for every indolent splash, to be considered as the effusions of genius" of an inspired being, too much elevated above mortality to condescend to be intelligible. Such inspired beings look with incredible contempt on the dull-headed correctness of Phidias or Michel Angelo, Titian or Claude, Raphael or Vandyke. This dropsy of the art, which, by the good sense of the English people, had by frequent tapping been reduced to its natural dimensions, is beginning again to pit and puff.

On what metaphysical principles genius can be proved to exist

in a picture, because every rational person mistakes an elm-tree for a cabbage; or how making the sun look like a brass kettle, or a man with a lighted torch like a bit of red ochre at the end of a porte-crayon, is undeniable evidence, for that reason alone that, the man who so painted is a great man, I have yet to learn.

Sir Robert Peel has not the manners of the nobility. He wants the *naïveté* and condescension of high birth. He always seems to me to possess the consciousness of a *parvenu*. One of the finest scenes ever witnessed with him happened once at the Royal Academy. Lady Chantrey was a lady's maid. It is no matter how Chantrey became acquainted with her; he married her, and in due time he was knighted, and she became Lady Chantrey. At the next private day before the Exhibition opened, Sir Robert and Lady Peel came up to congratulate Chantrey, who was there with his wife. Chantrey at once offered his arm to Lady Peel, and Sir Robert could not do less than take Lady Chantrey. Peel's face, as Chantrey paraded him all down the rooms, was a perfect study. The great people looked unutterable things, and whispered exquisite little asides as they passed. Peel was boiling over with pride and mortification. Chantrey, who was a Horne Tookite at heart, delighted in thus showing the power of station in a *parvenu* as well as himself, and had ample revenge, to the intense satisfaction of the R.A.'s.

Hogarth or I could alone do justice to the scene.

The most mischievous review I have read for some time past is the one just published in the 'Westminster Review,' asserting the principle that genius can exist and can develop itself without patronage; that poets have existed and do exist without patronage, and that patronage is not necessary to the perfection of Art. The obvious answer to this is that genius may *exist* independent of all patronage, but will it be able to develop itself to its full capability without it?

Our young soldiers are fine animals, most of them, and nothing more. They talk, act, and think as if they were young colts suddenly gifted with the power of expressing their not very

intellectual thoughts.* High spirits, but little cultivation. How few of them can talk of the campaigns of Marlborough!

One effect of Peel's Bank Charter Act must certainly be to contract the currency whenever a severe drain arises, no matter what the cause. Now the question seems to me to be, will not the dread of this contraction under some circumstances help to bring about the very panic Sir Robert says he wishes to avert? On the other hand if you throw the whole reserve open, might we not some day find ourselves without any? Why not have a floating and a fixed reserve, that would allow some elasticity? By Peel's Bill the hard line is always in view.

There is hardly another instance in the world of a great military commander under the authority of others being suffered to do all his genius enabled him to do, when holding his command at the mercy of those over him, as Lord Wellington did. Luckily, the apprehensions of his employers of the enemy he contended against were greater than any bad passions Wellington's success might excite, and they willingly sacrificed all envies and hatreds in their greater fear of Napoleon. Wellington's genius could alone save them, and this they saw.†

* The Duke of Wellington is said never to have encouraged discussion on subjects of interest, civil or military, or to have indulged in argument at his own table when commanding the army in the Peninsula; conversation being kept down, on principle, to the level of "hounds and horses." When General Picton arrived at headquarters, his arrival always produced a sensation, as he loved discussion; and being a highly cultivated man, would talk on matters not generally discussed at Lord Wellington's table. In order to check this tendency to serious conversation, an amiable young officer of the Guards, remarkable for his power of buffoonery and feats of agility, was invariably invited to meet Sir Thomas Picton. In the case of a man who had to do so much thinking by himself his dislike of discussion may possibly be explained upon the principle on which Talleyrand married an uncultured woman,—her ignorance was a relief to him.—ED.

† This is, of course, written before the publication of documents which would have modified the opinion here expressed. For it is impossible to read the History of the Peninsular War, the Despatches of the Duke of Wellington, and the Diaries and Letters of the Duke of Buckingham, and other contemporary authorities, without feeling a doubt as to whether the Duke was really so unfettered, or the conviction that the then Home Administration—always excepting the Marquis Wellesley—scarcely realised the value and importance of the Duke's military operations in Spain. A Government that denied him supplies, and seriously proposed to cripple him in his means of transport because it was "expensive," and to drive him to consider the propriety of embarking his troops to return to England, may have had some envy, but scarcely an appreciation of the genius of their General, or so great, so serious an apprehension of the enemy he was contending against, as to be willing to abandon the contest, which is in

The Duke of Wellington did not behave well in opposing a medal for the Peninsular army. There can be no question that the greatest danger this kingdom was ever in was from the genius of Napoleon. The Continental Sovereigns and armies, thoroughly beaten, had given up the contest, as if he were invincible; and though it was the Spanish people who first broke the charm by their capture of Dupont and his 16,000 French troops at Baylen,* yet Spain was lost, and nothing but the timely arrival of the Duke and the British troops saved Portugal and recovered Spain. It was the indisputable courage and endurance of these troops in battle for successive years, under the guidance of Wellington, which ultimately prostrated the reputation of the troops of Austerlitz and Jena, freed the Peninsula, and invaded France. And are we to be told that "for fear" every soldier and sailor who distinguished himself throughout the war will demand a medal, that the heroes of particular campaigns are to have none? We are the base slaves of officialism and heartless etiquette. To attempt to excuse such meanness by "custom" and "precedent," was to wash himself in official ink, and to make the refusal all the darker and dirtier. We are two centuries behind France in these matters. Would Napoleon have opposed such distinction to his veterans?

Lord Grev's talents were not of the highest order, but his virtue in public matters was unimpeachable. If from tenderness of heart he put relatives into public places, it was not

itself a serious accusation. In either case, the Governments of Mr. Perceval and of Lord Liverpool, by their conduct towards Lord Wellington, placed themselves in a position it is to be regretted an English Government should appear.—Ed.

* The number of troops which surrendered more nearly approached 20,000 men, as Vedel's corps was included. Dupont's surrender has never yet been satisfactorily explained, any more than Whitelocke's retreat from Buenos Ayres. Dupont was a man of high reputation as General of Division, and was selected by Napoleon for this expedition. The French Emperor rarely made a mistake in his choice of men. Yet Dupont, after plundering Cordova, hesitated to advance on Seville: and, like the woman in love, the man in war who hesitates is generally lost. He fell back on Andujar, where he wasted twenty days in inactivity, waiting for Vedel, who was moving up to his support with troops, stores and ammunition. They were to effect their junction at Baylen. Dupont, assured that Vedel was close at hand, fell back fighting to Baylen; and though Vedel heard Dupont's guns at Guaroman, only six miles off Baylen, he halted his troops all mid-day for repose, and had to surrender for his satisfaction. It is curious how frequently the French generals, when absent from Napoleon's eye, violated the very first principles on which he had educated them for the conduct of war.—Ed.

because he was reckless of the public good, but because he thought himself justified in choosing a relative when he found him as able as any other man. Nor do I think him wrong in that principle. He was fond of flattery, exceedingly vain of his fine person, very tender, very sensitive, very haughty, and had more of real aristocracy in his democracy than the most ultra-Tory who ever lived.

The iniquities of a favourite are pardoned, whilst the virtues of one who is not a favourite are treated like iniquities. True enough.

August 9th, 1845.—The Queen dissolved Parliament to-day; and the most extraordinary thing happened which perhaps ever happened before on such an occasion. In carrying the Crown of England it fell off the cushion and split! I hate such things. I put it down to watch the result, uneasy at the omen. The old Duke was much agitated, and kept telling everybody about it.

The Queen said to the Duke (before the accident with the Crown), "That is a very heavy robe your Grace has got on." "Not so heavy," said some one by her, "as his Grace's sword," meaning the Sword of State he carried. "Ah!" said the old hero, alluding to his own sword, "that is light enough now."

August 19th, 1845.—Called on Lucas, once the favourite painter of Royalty and fashion, but now almost deserted save by a stray lord or lady. He let out that Prince Albert told him Eastlake had said "*the young men must be the men to do the Houses.*" Lucas told me also that the Duke of Northumberland said, "What is to become of all these young men when the Houses are finished? We can't afford to maintain young students till they learn High Art." He said a noble Duke, whose portrait he is now painting, said, "The aristocracy do not want High Art. Nothing pleased them but first-rate specimens, and these they had of the old masters." All this is exactly what I have said. They do not want it. They do not care about it, and laugh at all who do. I do care about it; and the public voice will at last force justice and reward.

Lord Egerton's Titians have suffered a little by cleaning.

They are a *little* thrown out of harmony. The flesh is lighter, and the shadows, by comparison, darker. But they are beautiful productions. The 'Actæon' is best preserved. What tenderness, what clearness! All other pictures looked oily beside them, and Guido's 'Virgin' looked absolutely leaden. There is always this crisp look in Titian and the Venetians.

What an awful thing is a sick and dying chamber at break of day! The contrast between the dimness and closeness and horror inside, where the life of your darling is slowly ebbing away, and the saffron streak and freshness of the coming morn. The glorious sun breaking through the night mists, the birds chirping merrily, the trees gently waving to and fro, as if to welcome the fresh life and warmth of another happy day; and a human life inside, struggling with its last efforts to resist suppression; the clammy forehead, the terrible anxiety of the eye, the gasps for breath growing fainter and fainter, a wild stare, a lovely smile, the closing of the eye, a brief twitching of the lips, the head rolls back, and all is still!

Lord Brougham says, "The truths of Revelation are ill supported if the prop of natural religion were withdrawn. They would then rest on tradition alone." They would not. Is there nothing in the intrinsic virtue of a moral principle? Natural religion, more or less, always existed. The Christian religion wants no help and prop for belief; and he who wants any help or prop, in addition to the internal evidences of its truth, for his belief, never was and never will be a Christian.

With respect to dreams being evidence of the independent existence of mind, the first question is, What is the cause of dreams? Do they not arise from indigestion, or some form of ill health which prevents the repose of the brain, and the brain, being no longer under control, runs over the traces of previous recollections without order or thought? Did the dreamer when dreaming do all he does when awake, and as reasonably, collectively, and clearly, there might be something in the argument; but he does not. What he generally dreams or does is an incongruous, uncontrolled jumble of what he has previously done at different times in a different manner. How, then, can this be held as "evidence" of the independent existence of the mind from the body in this world, and of its

immateriality in the next? No one can prove the mind to be distinct and independent of the body, and to this complexion we had better come quickly. The mind appears to me to be a phenomenon developed by the brain, just as motion is a phenomenon developed by muscle. But this does not prove mind, any more than motion, to be material. Why, if the immaterial mind be not dependent on a material organ for the development of consciousness, does any affection of the brain disturb the sound conclusions of the mind?

It may be a distinct essence, but *we* are only sensible of its power by a material organ. If that organ be deranged by repletion suicide generally follows.

After all, the Bible account of the creation of man is incomparably the best. Man was physically formed out of the dust of the earth. He lay formed, but inanimate. The Creator breathed the breath of life into his nostrils, and instantly the lungs played, the heart beat, the brain quickened, the muscles acted, and man in conscious gratitude knelt to his Creator. Whether this "breath of life" be the soul, or the mind acting on the body and producing Motion, or on the brain and producing Thought—because the brain and the body are the vehicles respectively of its power—is that a reason why it is material? We are a compound of both *here* and hereafter; we shall be made responsible for the actions of both while here. Anything beyond this is beyond our power to prove, and would be of no real value if we could.

A Royal Academician said the other day (December 1835), "The sun of Art had set in England." The silly creature! It has never risen. The first streak of the dawn has but appeared. The morning star is still glittering. Those comets—Hogarth, Wilson, Gainsborough, Reynolds—were blazing, but irregular lights. The steady effulgence of the sun we have never had.

I do not wonder at Byron liking Trelawney. He is a fine animal. Civilised life seemed a bore to him. "There is nothing to be done here," he said to me; "first, there's your vested rights, then your corporations, then your Acts of Parliament, and Heaven knows what besides! Civilised society softens a man." This must be the man who had breathed the

air of the Pampas; who had hunted buffalo in the prairie; fought for Greek liberty amidst the mountains of Greece, and swam rivers in pursuit of the enemy. I like him exceedingly.

Lord Melbourne said to Bulwer one evening, in allusion to Bulwer's staying away from the House to pursue his literary work, "A little quiet voting is worth a ream of writing."

W. C. told me Lord G*** was so much in love with Lady Blessington, he offered to take her to America; and she told him G*** was so far gone, that if she quizzed him he would pout like a boy and stay away!

The Queen's summer-house in the gardens of Buckingham Palace is like nothing I can think of but a great Gunter's twelfth cake turned outside in. And is *this* a specimen of what Sir R. H. Inglis, Mr. Hallam, Lord Palmerston, and Sir Robert Peel, wish in their hearts for the Houses of Parliament? Not they; not one of them, if they had the moral courage to speak out.

I should not like to be rich. It makes you too forgetful of your Creator. Struggle, struggle. Seeing Him that nobody else sees is the thing for me.

October 19th, 1845.—Called on Bell, the sculptor. I liked his statue of Lord Falkland. Bell was croaking about getting no order for his 'Eagle Slayer,' and said he would do no more naked figures. He does not see that, though he gets no orders for the Slayer, its superiority gets him the order for Falkland.

Lady Holland at table one evening leaned forward and said to Allen (Bear-Allen), warden of Dulwich, "And are you *quite* sure, Mr. Allen, there is no hereafter?" "Quite, Lady Holland, quite," replied Allen, and went on with his dinner.

Let Fame precede Notoriety. Do not attempt to get fame by notoriety. Labour not to be public without being known, but rather strive to be known before you become public. "He was one of those men," said Johnson, "who has become public without being known."

The great art of colour is leaving the ground, and letting the ground in darks have its effect. The reason why the French never have colour is they never do this.

Art exhibitions of the present day are poor-law bazaars, where the greatest quantity of works are squeezed into the smallest quantity of space, to afford bread for the greatest number of painters, that they may not succumb to Whig unions, and so burden the parish.

February 4th, 1845.—Went to the House of Lords to see the Queen open Parliament. The Queen looked much altered, and was peculiarly nervous. She hurried everything; was scarcely ten minutes in the House, when she came out again; officers, heralds, and attendants, all obliged to scamper here and there to get into their places. One of the mace-men nearly knocked Lord Lyndhurst on the head, and he, lame as he was, scrambled with the rest to be in time. In the Robing-room the doors were hardly shut when they were opened again, and out they all fought their way, the Queen and Prince Albert following. The Duke looked old and bent; Lord Lyndhurst like a superannuated Mephistophiles; Lord Wharncliffe had lost his teeth; the Duke of Beaufort alone kept up the character of his order. All the women looked old and ugly except that sweet, feminine Duchess of Buccleuch. For forty years has this pageant now passed under my eye.

Sydney Smith was a man of great genius, but he was too careless of his wit where religion ought to have restrained it. I have heard him say irresistible things which ought not to have been irresistible on such a subject. Ridicule was his power, and he was not always scrupulous of principle or feeling. I do not remember one thing he ever said, thought, or wrote, which has added one argument in favour of Christianity, not one—not one feeling towards it—or removed one doubt, which at times all human beings feel. But he was consistent in politics, and adhered to his party.

If it were not for the anxieties of life, how few of us would think of our Creator!*

* "Complaint is the largest tribute Heaven receives, and the sincerest part of our devotion." (*Sweet's*, Ed.

I spoke to a sexton to-day who was digging a grave. He answered me like Hamlet's grave-digger. How true is Shakespeare! A grave-digger, a turnpike-man, and a butcher, from consciousness of power are all impudent—a grave-digger especially. He must and he does feel that he is digging the last habitation of another. The consciousness that he is alive, and the other, as it were, his victim, gives him a surly, healthy, witty independence.

Cobbett's 'History of the Reformation' is finely written, beautifully and clearly reasoned to the uneducated mind by the most familiar illustrations, but full of Cobbett's vice of warped thinking. Evidence brought to their senses, proofs to their convictions, and their prejudices enlisted in his favour to triumph over their understanding. The book is full of all his power of mind, his vicious exaggerations, his wilful suppressions, his unprincipled omissions. Moreover, he seems to me to mistake the means for the cause. Henry VIII.'s uncaged lust was not the cause of the Reformation. He might have pushed his divorce, and denied the supremacy of the Pope to no purpose, if the public mind had not been ready to back him. The King's appetite was the match, but not the magazine.* That is my feeling of the difference.

There can be little doubt, I fear, that the people were better fed, better cared for, and, generally speaking, better off before the Reformation than since. The Poor-laws are one result of the Reformation. But has not a "race" sprung up as a compensation—the keen, acute-minded mechanic? At least, if the monks filled the bellies of the poor, it was at the expense of their freedom of conviction. Would they have been allowed to read Cobbett?

They may talk as they please about the sufferings of humanity, but nothing so excites my sympathy as the helpless sufferings of a fine old oil picture of a great genius in the hands of your professional picture-cleaner. Unable to speak or

* The struggles between the Crown and Parliament on one hand, and the Religious Houses on the other, for the acquisition of land, and the clever evasion by the monastic clergy, since 1164 of successive statutes against their appropriation of land in mortmain, had probably more to do with the Reformation in England than historians on either side seem inclined to allow.—Ed.

remonstrate; touching all hearts by its dumb beauty; appealing to all sympathies by its silent splendour; laid on its back in spite of its lustrous and pathetic looks; taken out of its frame and fixed to its rack, to be scraped, skinned, burned, and then varnished—in mockery of its tortures, its lost purity, its beautiful harmony—and then hung up again for living envy to chuckle over; whilst the shade of the mighty dead is allowed to visit and sigh over its former glory, as a pang for sins not yet atoned for.

Rossi's daughter called to-night (2nd October, 1844) to beg half-a-crown of me! Rossi was a Royal Academician, and behaved with great cruelty towards me in 1823. He was subsequently ruined, and is dead. His widow has a pension of 16s. (!) a week from the Royal Academy, and the family are in great distress. Lord Ashley had promised her a sovereign on Monday!! never thinking how they could live in the interval.

How can anything be beyond our reason which we can prove to be unreasonable? I believe God descended in Christ to lay down His human life for the enforcement of a code of morality which should ultimately bring mankind to salvation. This is sufficient to believe, because it can be inferred indisputably; but this is no reason why that which is in itself contradictory should be taken as reasonable. The absurdities are human, the truths Divine.

One of our nurses made a good remark. One said, "Nobody knows the miseries of the poor." The other replied, "Well, the world knows nothing of the great but their wealth and happiness, it knows nothing of their *sorrows*." This was well said. She had been in Lord Stanley's family, and was alluding to their anxiety to rear a favourite child. But for all that the world knows something, or history belies them, of their sublime selfishness, their follies, their vices, their depravity—and when they have it, and sometimes when they have it not (for epitaphs and eulogies are not always to be relied on)—of their grandeur and their virtues.

Lord Palmerston, when he first came to me paid me the compliment of saying that I had the reputation of being the

pleasantest painter the nobility ever sat to. This was a high compliment; and if they are as much pleased with me as I am with them, I shall be quite satisfied.*

We talked of Ferdinand of Spain. Lord Palmerston said he was not a bigot, but fond of his indulgencies, and was popular.

* Lord Palmerston repeated this to me many years afterwards, and spoke of my father's life and death with much warmth and feeling. He seemed to have appreciated his good qualities, and to have liked him personally. I remember he said he "was a thorough Englishman," and loved the old country. "He might have made a greater name abroad, and have amassed money quickly, but he never cared for money, though, poor fellow, he was always in want of it. I was much affected by his death, for I remembered him well, and always regretted I was not rich enough to give him the commission I had intended, but I was myself a very poor man." Many other kind things he said of him, particularly as to his conversational powers, which, he said, were very great. "He was one of the few men," I remember his saying, "who knew how to 'causer, causer.'" Sir James Graham spoke about him in much the same terms. "So far as I can remember," he said, "he was a capital man to sit to; never let you feel dull, and could talk upon anything." I remember Sir James particularly laying stress upon his straightforwardness. "You were sure to get the truth from him," he said. "He never misled you. If he did not know it, he said so." I remember also asking Sir James what he thought of his views upon the public encouragement of Art? Sir James replied to this effect:—"That if Haydon's views were sound there could be no doubt, and that painting had as good a claim as sculpture and architecture; but the difficulty would be with the artists, they hated each other so cordially." I suggested that the decision as to choice should rest with the minister. "Oh, God help him!" said Sir James, "the fate of Actæon would be a pleasure to his!" With Mr. Cobden, after his last return from Paris, I had also some conversation. He knew Haydon well, and had been much in contact with him between 1836 and 1846. I asked him if Haydon was a good business man at committees, &c.? "He was the quickest man at seeing all round a question," said Mr. Cobden, "I knew." Then I asked him if he could remember what part Haydon had taken in the formation of the School of Design at Manchester, and with regard to the schools of design generally in Lancashire and Yorkshire? Mr. Cobden's answer was to this effect:—"The schools of design in their foundation owe everything to your father. Without him we should have had no schools of design for another twenty years. He worked hard to get them established throughout the great manufacturing towns. I have no hesitation in saying that if he had his deserts he would have a statue of gold raised to him in every manufacturing town in this country, for the good he did us. He sowed, others reaped." I asked what he thought of him as a business man when he met him in committee and conference? "Very highly," replied Mr. Cobden. "He was very rapid, with great grasp of mind." "Was he impracticable," I asked? "Not in the least" said Mr. Cobden, "that I ever saw." I often think that he would have done better if he had gone into the army, or got into Parliament; anything but painting in this country. "But his reputation will rise yet, you may depend on it," said Mr. Cobden. "His heart was in his profession, and when a man puts his heart into his work, he seldom lives in vain." "Do you think he would have succeeded in Parliament?" "In anything he undertook," said Mr. Cobden, "he *would* have succeeded. Parliament might have done him good, certainly. It's a good school for such a man as your father." He was alluding to his pugnacity here. I asked, "Do you think he ever would have been a minister?" "I don't think," said Mr. Cobden, smiling, "that he would have consented to pay the price. He loved his independence will too well." "Then there is a price to pay," I said. "Yes, indeed," he replied, "there is. I myself might have taken office more than once, and have had honours, but I never would consent to pay the price," &c.—*ED.*

He told me of Ferdinand's conduct to Aläva, which was infamous; and he said Calomarde got on with him by submission to Ferdinand's caprices. Ferdinand used to draw the pen through Calomarde's hands and ink them all over, at which Calomarde would laugh. Lord Palmerston told me an amusing anecdote of Talleyrand, who told him, when Napoleon quartered Ferdinand on Talleyrand, he was, of course, put to great expense, and naturally expected that Ferdinand would make him a handsome present on leaving. On his day of departure Ferdinand took out something carefully wrapped up, and told Talleyrand he could not think of leaving so pleasant a house without requesting Talleyrand to honour him by accepting what he, Ferdinand, esteemed more than anything else he possessed in the world, and he pressed into Talleyrand's hands—a fusty old Prayer Book! Under all the circumstances, Talleyrand being a Bishop of the Church, it was exquisite.

The Duke of Somerset told me that on meeting Talleyrand at Lady Grey's, the first evening of his return to England (1833), the Duke congratulated him on his arrival, and his health, &c., and all he could get in return was a series of elaborate bows, as if Talleyrand was afraid even to speak common thanks lest he should commit himself.*

Lady Durham† (1833) is to my mind the most interesting woman in society. Not regularly handsome, speaking as a pa nter, but sweet, graceful, full of sympathy, tenderness, submissive love, and maternal interest.

Lord Blessington used to say, "No Whig was a gentleman;" and it was extraordinary how it was remarked in the House the different manner between Whig and Tory.‡

Lord Willoughby D'Eresby told me that he knew Tom Sheridan well. One night he had got excessively tipsy at

* When the Army and Navy Club gave Louis Napoleon a dinner before he went to Paris in 1818, and drank his health with all the honours, he rose and said, "Gentlemen, I am very much obliged to you," and sat down.—ED.

† Lady Louisa Durham, a daughter of Charles, Earl Grey.—ED.

‡ By the Tories.—ED.

dinner, and the ladies were much annoyed. At breakfast next morning he did not appear. Suddenly the door opened, and he stood before them *in a sheet!*

It is the fashion to say that a Monarchy is the sacrifice of the people for the benefit of one man. I say it is a sacrifice of one man for the benefit of the people. Which is the more true?

I do not know if Croker has not overlaid Johnson, and made Boswell's delightful "Life" a "bore," which Boswell alone never is.

July 30th, 1840.—Poor Lord Durham is dead; a victim to mortified ambition, bad liver, bad temper, and the intrigues of his enemies. He should never have left England. By so doing he opened the door to Melbourne and Lord Palmerston, who understood one another, and who "floored" him. He was a Radical with a hankering for title; a Reformer with a reverence for aristocracy; and a Lord with no inimical feeling towards universal suffrage! His temper was uncontrollable; and at times he behaved harshly to the gentlest woman in the world, his wife, yet loving her sincerely. Such a combination of contradictions were never seen in any man before; and yet he was sincere, straightforward, and manly.

Lady Graham told me that one evening at dessert, and with Lady Durham (Lord Grey's daughter) at the head of "his" table, she (Lady G.) praised the eldest boy for his beauty. "Yes," said Lord Durham savagely, "and he's not got the — Grey mouth!"

Never let your love for your profession over-hadow your religious feeling. Depend on it that religion will strengthen, not weaken, your energies, and will not only make you a better sailor, but a superior man. Professional studies are not to be neglected, but, on the other hand, take care how you fall into the common error of believing that they are the remedy for all the ills of life.—(*Letter to his Son*, 1843.)

What cant it is for our public men to raise such an outcry about the advance of Russia into Asia! Have we not done the same elsewhere? and a lucky thing for Europe that we did. It is the natural, the inevitable tendency of great nations to expand; and it is better for the world at large that Russia, having no colonial possessions, should expand into Asia than into Europe. Russia will do us no harm in India for a century to come; by that time we should have so developed and consolidated our Empire over the interests and sympathies of the people of India that nothing should shake our authority. But do not let us deceive ourselves; at present our danger lives *in* India, in the disaffection of the people. We are guilty of cruel, and judicial abuses in our government of India, and we offer little in return but protection from foreign war. We make few roads, we allow their tanks to fall into decay, we tax the working man heavily, and do nothing to improve his condition as tenant. Lord Auckland told me he believed that torture was even practised in the local police courts, though exceedingly difficult to prove.* We have enough on our national conscience, surely, in connection with India, without our magistrates putting the wretched people to torture. If this petty tyranny be not rooted out, and a steady effort made to win the sympathies of the people to our rule, by developing the vast resources of the country, we may depend on it there are those in the country who will try to exasperate the people against our rule, and the result may be counted on, a revolt and a massacre, which shall make the massacre of the Protestants in 1646 light by comparison. It is curious that with the history of our rule in Ireland branded upon our memories we cannot apply the lesson it should have taught us in our dealings with the people of India—the most tractable, the most obedient people in the world. It is better to make friends than adversaries of a conquered race. The Romans possessed the art. We seem to despise it.

* I believe it to be literally true that "torture" was practised at our police courts in Bengal until within a short time of the extinction of the East India Company in 1858-9. Haydon's anticipations proved too true. I have often heard him say that such had been the cruelty and treachery of the East India Company towards the princes and people of India, a heavy penalty would have to be paid sooner or later. He looked upon a great revolt in India as inevitable.

—ED.

The contemptibility of the Jews, as a nation, is all in favour of their inspiration. Why has a nation so insignificant, so mean, so contemptible, as to political power, number, and possessions, been the origin of the religion of the civilised world?

Voltaire loses possession of himself when religion comes under discussion. The sublimity of Homer he feels not, because Homer has Gods; he hates Milton, and leaves out his best passages because Adam and Eve and Satan are connected with our belief; he sees no merit in Tasso, but prefers Ariosto to all, though there are greater absurdities in Ariosto than in any of the others. But then Ariosto's machinery has nothing to do with Christ or Christianity for principals. Milton's allegory of 'Sin and Death' Voltaire ridicules; but he makes no mention of Ariosto getting Orlando's wits from the moon of St. John bottled up in a jar, from which Orlando snuffs up his intellects again! This is not at all absurd! Nothing can be found in Homer, or Virgil, or Milton, or Tasso, one-tenth part so ridiculous. Yet the candid Voltaire never mentions this; but quotes Ariosto's best passages, so that the reader may judge of Ariosto's genius in comparison with Milton's, from whom Voltaire quotes the worst, which he makes ridiculous by translation. For example: his translation of Milton's 'All Hail! Mother of Mankind,' by 'Bon jour! mère des hommes,' may have made the Paris wits laugh, but is it a specimen of philosophic impartiality and candid criticism?*

It is a feature of the English aristocracy that they are never satisfied with the existing talent of the country. They are ever in hopes from the future, enthusiastic for the past, but blind to the present, when no longer a novelty. Hence, that

* This translation of Voltaire is almost equalled by another Frenchman's translation of Hamlet's 'Not a mouse stirs!' which he rendered, 'Pas un souris s'agite.' Chateaubrun, another French author, in his desire to improve upon Sophocles, who tortures Philoctetes on a *desert* island, introduces a young princess to keep Philoctetes company, and makes the son of Achilles say, "Des mes déguisements que penserait Sophie?" Moore, in his Diary, declares that a French translator expressed that passage in 'Prince on the Picturesque,' where it is said: "A bald head is the only smooth thing which is really picturesque, but that if covered over with flour it would lose its picturesqueness," by "Une belle tête chauve couronnée de fleurs."—ED.

restless nervousness of perpetual schemes for raising genius, like cucumbers. The Nobility always appear to me anxious to escape from the excellence which is before them to enjoy the irrational pleasure of expecting perfection without any irrational data to reckon upon but hope!

When Cornelius was over here with Eastlake—my old pupil—he was taken everywhere; but was never brought to my house, where Eastlake knew I had painted a fresco on my own wall, and that it was highly approved. Eastlake is under heavy obligations to me; and now (1842) that he has an opportunity to return them, he keeps Cornelius from me; never even mentions my name as his instructor in art, when examined before the Fine Arts Committee, nor puts me forward as one of the leading English painters who should be examined. I have therefore been left out of the examination entirely. I begin to perceive a cold, calculating diplomacy, which is to keep me out entirely. At our last interview, a few weeks since, Eastlake said to me, "*Of course, you and I must be secret in our visits!*" Why?

Eastlake called on me to-day (13th May, 1842), and we had a long conversation on the state and prospects of the Art, the Royal Commission, &c. He said he feared the nobility; they laughed at the idea of educating the English artists. Many of the members of the aristocracy were old, and wished to have the decoration of the Houses all done, like a spring fashion, before they were taken away. Many of them preferred foreigners, because foreigners spoke a language considered in England as an accomplishment, and many of them were indifferent.

He told me I had no idea of the difficulty of carrying the plan; and if at any time in the commission the party opposed should happen to be more numerous, the whole thing might be lost after all. He said the most important people were staunch, and he relied principally on Prince Albert, who was young.

July 3rd, 1842.—I am not a politician, and therefore it may be presumption in me to offer an opinion; but when I hear

people talking about the peace of Europe being "now secured for another fifty years," I ask myself whether I am dreaming or they? Cobden talks to me of Russia being a hollow sham, a mere bogie that has no substantial powers of injury or resistance to England; but I don't agree with Cobden here any more than I do with him in view that the time has arrived for settling all disputes in Europe by arbitration. When two or three great questions which are looming upon us just now are disposed of, arbitration may be entertained, but not till then. And what are these questions? They are, in my opinion, the French and German question, the Italian question, and the Eastern question. The question of Poland I look upon as laid in the dust for the next hundred years. The Polish Kingdom can never be revived but by the active assistance of one, at least, of the three great Powers which divided her. There is one other chance for her, a disruption of Russia; but that is not yet. Of the three questions I have named, only one need plunge *us* into war, and that is the Eastern question—and a war with Russia, and perhaps France, or, as likely with France against Russia, is certain sooner or later to come to pass. But it need give us little apprehension if we profit by the errors of Napoleon in 1812, and refuse to attack Russia in the north, where she wants it, and strike at her in the south, where the joint in her armour is. Odessa and Sebastopol are the places to hit at, and destroy. I know, from many things my uncles have let drop, that in a war with Russia we have nothing to do but block her up in the Baltic, and attack her in the Black Sea, to bring her to terms in a single campaign. But no "Expeditions to Walcheren," no "Sir Richard Strachan, with his sword undrawn, waiting for, an 'Earl of Chatham.'" Whoever conducts that campaign for us must be a man of energy and decision, and a first-rate engineer, for the spade more than the bayonet will be the weapon. But after all, why should we fight to prevent Russia from occupying Constantinople? Could we not settle this eternal Eastern question by some other means? Turkey is poor; why not buy out the Sultan? What is the money value of his European provinces? How many years' purchase is his occupation worth? Give him 50,000,000*l.* for it down, send him into Asia Minor, under securities, and put Austria a neutral and non-naval

Power, at Constantinople in his place. This would not only get rid of the Turk, but it would turn his face to his natural steppes; it would protect Constantinople on the Asian side from Russia; and it might help to settle the German and Italian questions, by giving scope to Prussia, our natural Protestant ally, and by relieving Italy of Austria. By uniting Germany and Italy, each under one crown, it would check France, get rid of Austria, quiet the Pope, and then, perhaps, secure the peace of Europe for half a century.

The danger of decoration is that the Art may be lost in rendering it merely subservient to architecture.

From Rumöhr's letters to me it is clear that Cornelius neglected the figure and nature in his youth, and *then* he seeks to establish the principle that fine form is incompatible with modern subjects. So much do men sophisticate in favour of their own weaknesses, that who dare say he has not put forward these sophistries to excuse his own defects?

"He knows not," says Rumöhr, "ONE IOTA OF NATURE," and is "ignorant of the figure." Upon my word, a very pretty fellow to hold up to *us* as a model—to show *us* the way!

I have been often asked from whom I got the model for the dying soldier in 'Dentatus.' It was Eastlake's brother, who was suffering from asthma. I called one day to inquire after him. He was very ill, and had a fit of asthma while I was there. I persuaded him to let me send for a coach. I wrapped him in a blanket and took him off to my painting-room, and while he was in a paroxysm I painted the head.

Bailey, the sculptor, assured me that when he was making a bust of Prince Albert, the Queen told him that she wondered Sir David Wilkie painted portraits, and that she would never sit to him for her portrait again. "I dare say he thinks me rude, but I never will sit to him again."

He told me that he did a bust of the Prince, that it was sent for to be shown to the family, and was sent back, saying it was "not liked." Bailey said: "They measured Prince Albert and then the bust, and wished me to alter it according to a German bust." Bailey sent word that if such was the Art

which pleased her Majesty, "he feared it was beyond his talents."

Though Phillips is an able painter of a head, he has a heavy hand, and has no notion of the construction of the figure. Grant for a woman, and Faulkner, too, are not matched in any school in Europe. Grant is purer than Lawrence, something between Reynolds and Gainsborough.

My principle, founded on evidence and fact, is that all Academies of Art, especially the Royal Academy of England in their present constitution of limited members, negative as a body the good they do as a school; and that the object of the members of the Royal Academies is not so much the advance of the Art as the security of their own personal predominance.

If the advance of Art by enlightening the people threatens their personal predominance, they will not hesitate to sacrifice the Art in order to retain their influence. This applies to all Academies of Art, but most particularly to our own Royal Academy.

Sir Walter Scott calls me "*too enthusiastic*." I like that from the man who went about the Vales of Liddesdale blowing a Borderer's horn, and longing for a bursting raid on English cattle! *This* is the man to call my feelings for High Art "Dreams!" How men see others! how little they understand themselves! In Art Scott wanted elevation. He never saw Raphael's works in Rome, and was indifferent to them.

This is an age of intellectual sauces, of essence, of distillation. We have "conclusions" without deductions, "abridgments of history" and "abridgments of science" without leading facts. We have "animals" for literature, 'Cabinet' Encyclopædias, 'Family' Libraries, 'Diffusion' Societies, and heaven knows what else! What is all this for? Not to add knowledge to the learned, but to tell points to the ignorant, without giving them the trouble to acquire the links. Oh! it is sad work. And the result will be injurious to all classes.*

* Swift, in his advice to a young poet, makes the same complaint of his own age; and yet we have weathered some rough times since then, and have some



A Study from memory of an expression in insanity.

Supernatural agency is useless where the natural passion is sufficiently strong without it, and should never be used but to increase the interest or intensity of any excitement. What, for instance, could supernatural agency do for Lear's madness, or his recovery? Is not the natural feeling so strong of itself that any interference by superior beings would be felt as a subduction from our sympathies? Knowing that we, too, are liable to such afflictions from apparent and evident causes.

Again; in Ariosto, the madness, recovery, and stupefaction of Orlando are sufficient to rouse the feelings of all human creatures; but the absurdity of Astolfo giving him his senses by putting a bottle to his nose, which is supposed to contain his wits, so that Orlando might snuff up his intellects, destroys the melancholy naturalness and associations of a hero going violently about the world, naked and savage, and furiously deranged by the cruelty of his mistress.

Lear's madness is a truly deranged intellect; like "sweet bells jarred and out of tune," it still acts, but acts confusedly. It seems to collect all its experience made in the time of its vigour, and to shower it on the folly and vices of human nature without order or reflection; now and then a pathetic dash of resistance against his daughters, and now and then a pathetic remembrance of her he loved, but used badly. And when he recovers, he recovers so quietly, so sweetly, so consciously unconscious of all, and yet with such real glimmerings of his situation! But Orlando's is the madness of a beast, furious beyond all reflection; no pathetic remembrances of her

well-informed men yet amongst us. "The modern device," says Swift, "of consulting indexes is a compendious way of coming to an acquaintance with authors; for authors are to be used like lobsters, you must look for the best meat in the tails, and lay the bodies back again in the dish." Elsewhere he speaks of the abstracts, abridgments, and summaries of his day as "admirable expedients" for being very learned with little or no reading. Macaulay, in one of his after-dinner speeches, thought he had answered the objection by maintaining that "a little learning" was better than none at all; and that the "little learning" of to-day was a very great deal of learning three centuries since, just as our highest learning now will be a very little learning three centuries hence. But that involves the whole point at issue, viz., that it shall be "learning." My father's complaint is directed rather against the studious idling which Swift's modern device excites, than against any "learning," however little. Concentration, and not a skimming versatility, is what he is insisting on. It was for the same reason he objected so strongly to "Magazine writing and reading." And I do not think he really approved of newspapers for habitual reading. "They weakened the powers of your mind." I think there can be no question also that the numerous books of "amusement" young people have now, tend to distract rather than settle their attention. The object should be to concentrate a child's reading, and thus have a few subjects mastered thoroughly.—F. D.

he loved, his mind seems to have gone, and to have left nothing but "a study of revenge," and violent ungovernable love of ruin. Lear's madness is the madness of a broken heart and shattered mind. Orlando's is that of disappointed lust, and hatred and revenge blurring his faculties that another should have enjoyed his mistress than himself. It is the disappointment of a lion who in his fury loses his mate, and goes mad from boiling appetite. Lear's intellect is truly deranged, Orlando's only heated to fury. But yet Orlando has a feeling and amiable heart. His first lamentation for Angelica, when he fancies her wandering about the world without help, is one of the most pathetic things in poetry.

"Deh! dove senza me, dolce mia vita,
Rimasa sei sì giovane e sì bella?
Come, poi che la luce è dipartita,
Riman tra boschi la smarrita agnella,
Che dal pastor sperando essere udita
Si va lagnando in questa parte e in quella,
Tanto che 'l lupo l' ode da lontano
E 'l misero pastor ne piagne in vano."

Then his falling asleep and dreaming of her, and rising and setting off in pursuit, is truly affecting, and displays all the intense restlessness of a heart capable of deep feeling and affection.

The great excellence of Ariosto is in the fertility, simplicity, and nature of his incidents. There is no poem in the whole world where the poet seems so little driven, as it were, for incident. We keep it up to the very last; your attention is never suffered to flag; the incidents come in exactly where they ought as bits of human character, so that you fancy the poem would be imperfect without them.

Many of his stories are borrowed from antiquity; but where has he taken one he has not improved? The beauty of his plots is that they are so intricate, and come so naturally out of the situations in which the characters, according to their propensities, place themselves, that you see they could not be otherwise situated, and may on the same principle be soon and easily extricated. Ariosto's similes are infinitely varied, always apt, never repeated, and always placing what he wants to illustrate in a stronger light. Thus, when Orlando hurls down a table on the thieves in the cave where Isabella is, Ariosto com-

pare the havoc to a peasant dashing a stone down among a nest of snakes; they all scramble off, some wounded and bleeding, some cut in two, some crushed, and some untouched. Nothing could be more perfect as an illustration.

Again; when Bradamante comes to Court and finds Ruggiero absent, who that has ever loved does not feel the truth when Ariosto describes her as feeling like one who has seen a beautiful garden in full bloom in April and May, and returned to find it deserted, bare, and ruined by "winter's wind;" and that perhaps he is gone after another lady, to drive out his love for her as one nail drives out another? In opposition to these beauties must be placed his grossness and indecency; for though he may have had a moral precept to instil, he must have known it was a dangerous method to choose, and that mankind were more likely to perceive and to relish the grossness which was evident, than to search out his moral which was obscure. It is to be remarked, also, that he puts in heaven and the angels, not because he felt their beauty or wanted their machinery, but rather as if his Catholic conscience had given him a twinge at his inclination to leave them out. Human incident and embarrassment acting on human feelings and naturalness of situation are his fate. Perhaps he is as much a painter's poet as any.

I have had a bust given to me of Grace Darling. She has a fine head. She had many offers of marriage after her notoriety. Her pretty answer to a Captain in the navy pleased me. He entreated her to marry him. "Na, na," said she; "I must think of him who thought of me when I was poor." Worthy of her, was it not?

If I were to put my head out of John Knox's window in his house in High Street, Edinburgh, and lecture, 900 out of every 1000 of the Scotch common people who would listen would comprehend everything I said. Such is their excellent system of public instruction for the people. But if I were to do that in Oxford Street, not 100 out of any 1000 would know anything of the subject, and the remaining 900 would pelt me with dead cats, and call for a song. Such is the difference between good training and instruction of all classes, and only a very indifferent training of the higher.

Nelson said that a radiant orb was perpetually present to his mind's eye, urging him onward to renown.

Perhaps the history of the greatest and earliest geniuses is simply that applause for their trifling efforts has urged them on to greater exertions, and that they were subsequently urged to greater efforts as much in the hope of increasing their present reputation as that their reputation would continue when they could no longer act.*

The world and posterity will never do a man justice who yields any schemes from disgust. Never relinquish any plan in disgust at ill treatment. The world will never sympathise with you. Each man is full of his own troubles. Whereas if you persevere through, the world will not forget your having conquered your disgusts. Make yourself remarkable by your talents, and the common properties of your nature will then be elevated into virtues. Suffer your disgusts to subdue you to failure, and your common failings will be censured as vices.

Great talents are always feared; superiority, always hated. But is the fault always on one side? Let those who possess great talents endeavour to make their fellow-men bear their inferiority by sweetness, gentleness, and benevolence, which will give no cause or excuse for enmity, and render themselves grateful instead of hateful to their friends.

"Romantic!" "wild!" "extravagant!"—how well we know these phrases! They are always the epithets of envious imbecility on schemes beyond *their* power.

It is curious; but where necessity is the only object, men are nearly alike in their remedies at all times. I could not help observing the other day, on the banks of the Serpentine, that the huts they have lately constructed there are of the same form of simple awkwardness as those in New Zealand and Otaheite.

Sir William Knighton's 'Memoirs' leave the mystery

* This appears particularly to have been Napoleon's case, by his own admission in the 'Mémorial de Ste.-Hélène.' But this seems to make the development of genius too dependent upon mere circumstance and applause.—Ed.

attached to his sudden appointment to such a confidential post as he held about George IV. just where it was. Nothing is explained. Sir Thomas Hammond tells me that Knighton got his post by being alone at Brighton with McMahon, the King's confidential man. When McMahon died so suddenly, Knighton took possession of all McMahon's papers, and then wrote to the King to say he had got them. The King was caught, and like a sensible man he put Knighton into McMahon's place. But he never really forgave him. Hammond tells me he hated because he feared Knighton. Yet Knighton served him faithfully, and in the 'Memoirs' he has left betrays no confidence. This should redeem him, though his first act was questionable. But the temptation must have been enormous. It would have been more upright to have sealed up the drawers, and written to the King for instructions. But, alas! I fear it is by base acts many men come to Court dignities.*

People wonder why I have been so treated,† but a moment's reflection will explain it. Authority, Property, and Law have been so long established in England, and such great results have been the consequence of their security, that it is considered better to put up with any oppressions from authority, however infamous, than to endanger its dignity by any resistance, however just. I was oppressed by authority; I revenged it successfully, and exposed my oppressors before a Committee of the House. Hence it was necessary that I should be punished, as a warning to others. Though I first planned the decoration of the Lords (1812), made sketches (1819), and put them on canvas (1835), and laid them before all the Ministries in succession down to that of Sir Robert Peel; though in my evidence (Mr. Ewart's Committee, 1836) I first planned a Central School of Design, with branch schools, and first mentioned the decoration of the Lords as a necessary public work, the Academy, the Government, and the Royal Commission thoroughly understand one another. They have all made up their minds that I must be sacrificed as a successful rebel, because I have succeeded, in spite of four ruins, in keeping my ground, and will keep my ground in spite of four more.

* Bacon.—Ed.

† The rejection of his Cartoons by the Royal Commissioners, 1843.—Ed.

My cartoons, therefore, it was clearly predetermined, were not to be rewarded, on the principle of authority being supported at all hazards.

Every artist of any feeling saw that, whatever merit or demerit there might be in my cartoons,—1st. They were the cartoons of a painter who could execute them with the brush; 2nd. That no principle of art had been neglected, as applicable in them; and, 3rd. That although there were two or three disproportionations, from the smallness of the room in which they were executed, one day's labour would have remedied these. Therefore, because a shoulder might be a trifle too heavy, or a calf a trifle too large, to deny reward to works whose character, expression, and knowledge of construction were self-evident, was unjust and tyrannical.

I do not know that I like Algernon Greville's brother so well as most people.* He is a fussy man, too fond of meddling, and affects to be so very diplomatic. He has that contemptible tendency in a man of telling "little womanish tea-table lies"—as George II. said of Lord Chesterfield—which make mischief in families. D'Orsay tells me Greville keeps a regular daily journal of everything he sees and hears. If he does, God help his friends! for if he records as he talks, he will put down a great deal of what he neither sees nor hears, but suspects.

Schlegel, speaking of the Greek Drama, lays open the principles of the Greeks in Art, without ever having seen our Elgin Marbles. "The Greeks," says he, "succeeded in combining in the most perfect manner in their art, ideality with reality; or, dropping school terms, an elevation more than human, with all the truth and life and all the energy of bodily qualities." This is sound and true. It is on these incontrovertible principles the Apollo Belvedere can be proved so inferior to the Elgin Marbles, as may be seen by comparing it with the Ilissus.

I like Collins, the academician; we are old friends, and he

* The late Mr. Charles Greville, whose memoirs have recently created so much anger and amusement.—Ed.

comes to see me occasionally, and we have a regular "fight" about once in twenty years. "I have no doubt," he said to-day, "the Academy would forgive you readily enough—nobody denies your talent—but they *fear* you; you have brought them into contempt!" I never disturb this amusing tone. These academicians abuse me for thinking what I do; yet everything they say confirms the justice of my conclusions. He said my picture of 'Alexander killing a Lion' was "too big for the Academy." But it ought not to be thought "*too big!*" Here is the very point at issue. Then he asked me what I thought of their election of Cope and Duncan? "Very proper," I replied; "but this would not have happened if I had not pummelled and thumped ye well."

Lord Chatham's 'Letters to Lord Camelford' is a most delightful little book. It has all the pith of Lord Chesterfield without his laxity, more honour, nobler views, and inculcates as elegant and polite behaviour, without being at the expense of any principle of religion or virtue. It is the secret history, as it were, of the conduct of a great mind in his private duties—the causes that produce results, which the world only knows.

A satirist never gets fair play. He is always stigmatised as having a bad opinion of human nature; whereas a dramatist, by showing both sides, like Shakespeare, does not offend the touchy self-love of the world.*

The intense feeling of Rabelais, Voltaire, and Swift for the filthy and degraded and ridiculous, proves them to have been men not of the highest genius.† Men of the highest genius have such a perception of beauty that they reflect it upon human nature as a looking-glass the sun, whereby any object they look at or think upon shines immediately in all the beauty that it has. They never suffer their hands to dwell on filth; they shrink from it.

* "Satire and flattery are the two plagues of history, the two sources that poison the relation of human events." (*Boyle*).—Ed.

† And yet they are enjoyed by their opposites. The pure Claude de St. Martin read Rabelais with the keenest relish; and the pious St. Chrysostom, we may feel sure, would have read Swift, for we know that he enjoyed Aristophanes, and always kept a copy at hand.—Ed.

The power of Tacitus is sublime. The tremendous tact he had for character is quite unexampled but in Shakespeare and Homer. The power of imagination, too, which he possessed (when once he had the elements of a character) to supply the deficiencies of historical tradition is quite extraordinary; so extraordinary, that one would declare, at the time of reading, he has not even described a change of Tiberius's countenance but what he either saw, or related from eye-witnesses.

What a man Sir Robert Peel is! He passes his life in a perpetual torture of opposite appetites, without resolution to gratify any to its full capacity of power.

It is lamentable to me to see how little attention is paid by the aristocracy to the cultivation of the minds of their children. They seem to me to think that all that was required in the Feudal ages—when, to sit your horse, wield a lance, draw a bow, and excel in feats of agility and strength—is all that is required of young men now. They will find out their mistake. In an age of intellectual activity and smatter, such as the next will be, they should make a point of grounding their children thoroughly; “filling their minds,” as Archbishop Leighton said, “with good wheat,” for then there will be not only less room “for others to pack in chaff,” but it will enable them to maintain that superiority which they hold now by rank, but which they will not hold long before the fierce democratic spirit of the age, without higher claims to respect than rank, wealth, and leisure can afford. Sir Robert Peel said: “Register, register.” O’Connell: “Agitate, agitate.” I say: “Educate, educate.” Train the minds of your young people; put wisdom into their heads. Do not neglect their bodies, but educate their minds as well: train them into habits of self-examination and inquiry; and teach them that, although it is no disgrace to be ignorant of many things, it is the duty of every one to know one thing well, and to cultivate the intellect with which God has blessed him. Without such cultivation a man had better not be born.*

* The fault lies with the parents more than with the young people. Parents are not sufficiently attentive to the education of their children. Like a fine lady with her baby, they hand the children over to their tutors, just as she does the baby to the nurse, and think any closer personal intercourse on their part super-

Wordsworth's great power is an intense perception of human feelings regarding the mystery of things, by analysing his

fluens and unnecessary. That this is a great mistake, we have seen some remarkable instances during the last few years. One of the most striking was certainly that of the late Marquis of Hastings. Endowed by nature with a handsome person, and gifted with high qualities of mind, which, under a better early training and education, and a more healthy moral atmosphere, and a system of discipline skilfully adapted to his restless nature, he would have made a very different man—perhaps a great one. He did, as we all remember, a miserable wreck at six-and-twenty; broken in health, weakened in mind, bankrupt in fortune, and regretted by few, though deeply by one or two who knew him well, and had hoped for better things.

I was one of those few; and as I knew him thoroughly, and he is so often made a text to point a moral by writers who knew nothing of him, I may perhaps be permitted to say a word on the subject. The blame of his ruin unquestionably must rest upon the late Lord Howe, his guardian, who, with ample leisure and means, took no sufficient pains to secure the boy's welfare by judicious training, education, or superintendence. The boy was removed from Eton and sent to the great capitals of Continental Europe. At seventeen, when I first met him, he had no knowledge, except in vice, in which he was a proficient, and he had no accomplishments. He could neither read distinctly, nor spell, nor write; nor could he even sit a horse, fence, play cricket, sing, or chess; and he knew little about a gun. Yet he was capable of great things. He was keen after knowledge, but from fear of being laughed at he never asked questions. By degrees I won his confidence, and then he would come to me in his difficulties. In his secret heart his capability for better things than 'Ruff's Guide,' or baser books—of which he had a choice illustrated collection, that rivalled the famous one of Lord Henry Seymour—would now and then dimly reveal itself to him. One day in my room he flung down his trashy novel: "These books teach me nothing. I want to learn. I am a horrid fool, I know; but it is not my fault. They have often tried to teach me, but they never did it the right way." "What is your idea of the right way?" I asked. "Well," he replied, "to tell me something that interests me." I brought him a volume of Murphys's 'Tacitus.' It was the Tiberius volume. "Now," I said, "try that instead of your cheap trash, and tell me how you like it." For the next three days the book was never out of his hand. He devoured it. He made me get him a map of Italy, and he went over all the places, to most of which he had been. "To think," he said, "that I have been in Rome, Naples and Capri and nobody ever told me about Tiberius or Nero." There was the real boy coming out. On another occasion we were walking home through St. James's Park one bright starlight night. He looked up to the sky and said, "What a splendid sight, it beats St. Peter's!" "Yes," I replied; "and nobody ever saw 'the pillars of that dome,' as Luther said." After a minute or two he said: "Don't laugh at me for asking, but who was that fellow Luther? I have heard of him. Tell me all about him." I told him; and when we came in I brought him a copy of Carlyle's 'Hero-Worship,' which I had with me. He took it to bed with him. We generally slept in adjoining rooms with the door open, he was so nervous. In the middle of the night I awoke, and saw his candle still burning. I called to him, "What are you doing?" "I am reading about Luther," he said. "What hard words this fellow uses; but what a splendid fellow Luther was!" He told me the next morning he had read the whole of the fourth lecture through before he went to sleep. Every day while he was with me that week he read and re-read the volume, and would look at no other book, and he would talk well upon it if you encouraged him. These are only two among many proofs which he gave, when alone with me, of his anxiety for knowledge. But the great defect of his character was weakness of will. He was eager for knowledge, but he was easily enticed from the pursuit of it; and as I never knew him—except when with me, when I resolutely shut my door to all of them—not to be more or less besieged by dissolute men, both young and

own. He sat to me to-day (22nd Dec. 1817), and read all the book of 'Despondence Corrected,' in his 'Excursion,' in the finest manner. The moral of Wordsworth is enforced by a

old, who were eager to gain his friendship by flattering his basest appetites, and my official duties prevented me from being with him, except at long intervals, and then only for a few days, any good I might have done was too quickly effaced.

In politics, ludicrous as it may seem to say so now, he was ambitious to excel his grandfather. We had many conversations as to the distinctions of Party, in all of which he took great interest. He decided at last that he would support Lord Derby. One day when he was about twenty we were talking of his future career, and seeing the "fall" below the hill, on the brink of which he was then standing, I urged him to restrain his pleasures and self-indulgence, and turn his mind seriously to learning the history of his own country. He answered something in these words: "I should like, of course, to take my seat in the House, and I should like to be a greater man than my grandfather. But how can I? I know nothing. Nobody has ever taught me anything. And now, how can I learn? I don't like to ask, it makes me look such a fool." But that was not the rock that sunk him. The difficulties, the self-abnegation required to make up his deficiencies in knowledge were not such, I believe, as he would not have borne, with some man to lean on always at his side, but Lord Howe refused to encourage the boy in his best moods, and his own set could not bear to see him put in practice such reform. And thus he was turned aside. It is the old, old story; and down the hill at a fearful pace he went, into the great ditch where many had gone before him, and where those who had lived upon him for years left him now, to die.

His case is common enough among men of his rank. The explanation is not far to seek. From want of education and sound knowledge he could not take his place in politics or in society; and sooner than not be first where he wished to be, he would be first and foremost in the lower and inferior sphere. If he met men of rank where book learning was not required, where his natural un instructed acuteness found much to work upon, and where his wealth and rank, and luck, temporarily won for him envy and respect, that gratified his vanity, and soothed mental reproach. But in his secret heart he despised the life, and despised himself for following it. He acknowledged this to me more than once, when remonstrating with him upon his monstrous follies. "Yes," he said, one day, "the life is bad, I know; but what else am I fit for? They have made me what I am. I am no good at anything else. Let us order the horses, and come and ride." And he went down the high road to stupid, sottish ruin, checked for a moment by his marriage, with a sort of pride. "You have made me what I am by your neglect, and by Heaven I'll show you what the result can be!" That I feel satisfied was the feeling at his heart, for love of effect was his ruling passion. And to me he opened his secret heart, finding that he got at least sympathy, if it was mixed with much remonstrance and sincere regret.

I enter into these details because it is just to his memory. He had great natural abilities, and many elements of character that go to make a great man. But his failure in life must unquestionably be attributed, partly to inherited tendencies, but mainly to the ignorance, the incapacity, the obstinate neglect of his chief guardian, the late Lord Howe, who squandered the boy's intelligence at the most critical period of his life: and who, as his guardian, showed neither watchfulness, resolution, nor sense of right or sympathy, in dealing with this boy of so much affectionate nature, keen sensibility, active temperament, and weak will; and possessing inherited constitutional tendencies that required the greatest care, the nicest management, in their direction and control. All this Lord Howe left to chance, and then affected to be much astonished at the result. But anything might be expected from the man who tried his utmost to eject Arnold from Rugby.—*Ed.*

previous development of duty. Now Shakespeare has an intense power of laying open the heart and mind of man by analysing the feelings of others acting on themselves; and his moral inferred from the consequences of conduct. Shakespeare is the organ of nature; Wordsworth of piety, religion, and virtue. Wordsworth lays down the duty of man, from which to swerve is to do wrong. Shakespeare has no moral code, and he leaves it to the option of all how to act by showing the consequences of such-and-such conduct in acting. Wordsworth tries to render agreeable all that has hitherto alarmed the world, by showing that death, the grave, and futurity are the penalties only to reach a happier existence. Shakespeare seems reckless of any principle of guidance. He takes futurity, death, and the grave as materials to act on his different characters; and though we may be horrified one moment in reading what Claudio says of death—

“Aye, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot,” &c.

—yet we may be reconciled by attending to what the Duke then says in contempt of life, feel uncertain which to believe, and leave off in intense and painful distraction.

In grief and in the troubles of life Shakespeare solaces by our finding similar feelings displayed by others in similar situations; that is sympathy. In grief and in misery the comfort and consolation Wordsworth affords is by consolidating the hopes and glimmerings man has from a Higher Power into a clear and perceptible reality. What we hope he assures us of. What we fear he exhibits without apprehension; of what we have a horror he reconciles us to, by setting it before us with other associations. Wordsworth is the apostolic poet of piety and pure thoughts; and Shakespeare, dear Shakespeare! the organ of nature herself, with all her follies and captivations, beauties and vices. Wordsworth's feelings are exclusive, because his intensity of purpose is so strong. His object is to reform the world, by pointing out to it how it *ought to be*; Shakespeare to delight it, by showing nature herself how she is. It would be the height of absurdity to say that the power of Shakespeare, in its infinite variety, does not entitle him to the highest place over all poets; but in moral scope and height of purpose, Milton and Wordsworth have

greater intention and nobler views than Shakespeare. They have, however, but this one power ; yet that one is the highest on earth, for it is to guide men into desiring endless happiness in futurity.

Surely before a man of genius throws his powers into any subject he ought to consider its tendency. He ought not to rouse your enthusiasm in favour of that your principles forbid ; he ought not to envelop *crime* with noble, though perverted sentiments, with pathetic and sublime feelings, rather making you lament the misdirection than detesting the intention of direction, and too often, indeed, rendering you blind to their wickedness, and forgetful of everything but their perseverance, their energy, their noble spirit. As these qualities of mind will always excite admiration, why not mingle them with fallen virtue or noble ambition ? Why mingle the highest feelings of our nature with characters without principle, without virtue, so that you cannot admire but at the risk of your morality ? Take Milton, for instance. Rather than detest Satan, or rejoice at his agonies when the sight of the meridian sun recalls to his fiery mind "from what height fallen," you sympathise with him ; you lament such noble qualities should have such a termination. Is there a moral here ? Does this send you from him warned by his example ? or do you not turn from Satan rather animated than otherwise by the splendour and daring of his gigantic attempt ?

It is, indeed, a question. No man, in my opinion, ought to select crime to exercise his powers on without debasing it by failure and misery in the end. Satan is to be punished eternally in the end, but for a while he triumphs. Hell is not represented as disgustingly horrible, but as sublimely terrible—a place where souls of great sensation would like rather to wander than fear to dwell ; and which would *pro tanto* increase than diminish the sum of human means of pleasure if, when melancholy, one could sail amid such beings, and enjoy for a time the luxury of sublime terror in such a dreary, fiery, hopeless and tremendous situation. It may be answered that Milton's punishment is not bodily torment, but the racking agonies of conscience ; but still they are agonies of superior souls. His object, nevertheless, was to show how great qualities may be misdirected ; and therefore the moral is as forcible for

those possessed of great qualities, as if they had been merely furious and demoniac. You see their grand feelings bursting through their diabolical ones; and is not the reflection that great qualities have led to ruin instead of to glory, by the vice of the possessors, just as likely to serve as a warning, as great qualities having led to ruin by the vice of others?

I said to the Duke of Devonshire one day, "Has your Grace seen the drawing of Sir Augustus Clifford?" Being very deaf, he thought I said he and Sir Augustus were very much alike. He looked arch, and replied, "We are often taken for each other." Rumour says that relationship justifies the Duke's reply.*

O'Connell, one day looking at a sketch of Napoleon's bed in my painting-room, said, "Ah, Napoleon was *mad*! His brother told me from a conversation he had with him after the peace of Amiens, he was certain there was a touch of insanity in him."

Let us suppose Napoleon had died on the Throne, would Lucien have mentioned this conversation?

Edward Ellice said England would never suffer Repeal of the Union, but would rather govern Ireland by a Commission like Oliver Cromwell. Yet he liked O'Connell, and said he was "an oppressed man."†

Dr. Johnson said "the first Whig was the devil." Why? From a love of liberty? No; from the hatred of control, and from a passion to rule others. This is the secret of Whiggism.

* The famous Dr. Croft, who attended the Princess Charlotte in her confinement, had previously attended the Duchess of Devonshire at her confinement in Paris. Dr. Croft subsequently blew his brains out.—*Ed.*

† This "oppression," meaning neglect by the Whigs, most probably cast O'Connell into his career of Repeal agitation. O'Connell said once to my father, "How could the Government expect, after the character and publicity I had gained by Emancipation, that I could relapse into a poor barrister? Human vanity would not permit it." The best policy for the Whigs to have followed with O'Connell would have been to have made him Lord Lieutenant. The dislike and suspicion of the Irish to all legal authority would have deprived O'Connell of his influence in a week.

As an instance of feeling towards him by the Liberals of 1832, Mrs. Grote says, frankly, that "O'Connell was feared, detested, and yet accepted as an ally" by the Whigs. "The leading Liberals," she adds, "avoided contact with the Liberator, as he was termed."—*Ed.*

The magic of Politics is to be right.

I asked young Greville, the brother of Lady Francis Egerton, whether there was any part of the day at Waterloo when he despaired. He replied, "Never; but being in the Guards at Hougomont I could not judge." This was the first candid acknowledgment of the kind from a subordinate that I had ever received. All the others—Captains and Colonels—told you, "It went very hard;" but the Duke and Lord Hill both said there was never a time in the day when they had any doubt; and being first and second in command they were able to see over the whole field, whereas, how could the others, mixed up with their different regiments in the midst of smoke, and confusion, and dying men, have any clear idea of how the action went. Yet when you reminded them of this, they did not like it, and never acknowledged it. But Greville acknowledged it like a man.

December 24th, 1844.—Eastlake called. It was interesting to meet my old pupil as Secretary to the Royal Commission. He had told a mutual friend that he should feel grateful to me as long as he lived, when having told him all I knew when he first came to London. He was looking strained and pale. He told me every commission from the Queen was less than the last. He had sat up all night and painted nineteen hours to finish, by the 23rd, a small picture of 'A Nun visited by her relations' for the Queen, which she wanted as a Christmas present. I told him that I had once painted twenty hours, but I did not recover the strain for years. It is my belief that Eastlake's real passion was for literature, and that my enthusiasm and success with 'Dentatus' pushed him off his road and made him a painter, *malgré lui*. He said what Royal people like is rapidity. The Grand Duke of Tuscany once kissed Vasari's forehead for executing his wishes, which Vasari had only accomplished by sitting up some nights.

Colin Mackenzie told me that Lady Mornington said, "My sons do not pay me the attention they ought." He was looking at Lady Westmoreland's portrait of her over my chimney-piece.

Painters should not be talkers except with their brushes, nor writers upon anything but their Art. Men are content that you should know something more of painting than they, but do not like that you should know as much of any other thing.*

I find the artists most favoured by the great are those of no education, or those who conceal what they have. The love of power and superiority is not trod upon if a man of genius be ignorant of what a nobleman is informed of. "Great folks," said Dr. Johnson, "don't like to have their mouths stopped."†

Seguier's brother John, in the course of conversation with me to-day (December 30th, 1841), said, "My brother had a difficult business to prevent George IV. from remodelling the Royal Academy, which he talked about a good deal at the time."

I said Seguier hindered me from getting near George IV. from apprehension I should influence his mind. Thirteen years after, his brother lets out what was going on, and which I suspected at the time, and was told it was my suspicion.

Mackenzie told me he was present at the Austrian Headquarters, in 1814, when a French officer of artillery was taken and brought to Schwartzburg. Among other questions he was asked what they were doing in the South of France. "Don't you know?" said he; "we have been fighting a man, who, if he had your army, would have been in Paris a month ago."

* This is not quite fair towards society, which is rather bored than otherwise with a man who can talk only upon a subject upon which they are ignorant, or be silent. I think society is better pleased when it finds a professional man will condescend to talk of something else than his profession, whether it be politics, law, medicine, art, science, or literature. Manner has much to do with the "not liking" here attributed to society. A dictatorial manner, as much as that evil habit, of which the late Wilson Croker was a remarkable illustration, of perpetually taking "the mote" out of your "neighbour's eye," is highly offensive, but among men accustomed to deference, I fear rather common. After all, the great want of both sides is perhaps that of mental discipline, the first result of which is, as Faraday says, "an internal conviction of your ignorance of many things upon which your neighbours are taught." —Ed.

† Nor did Dr. Johnson. Nobody liked it less. It is all a question of manner and tact. The world is governed by tact and good manner, and men make or mar their fortunes according as they possess, or are deficient in either." —Ed.

Eastlake, who had much of Wilkie's timidity without any of his servility, when I remarked to him how submissive Wilkie was to the great, said, "*He* wanted to rise in the world. I do not." This was sincere.

In one of our discussions on the decoration of the Houses of Parliament, Eastlake said to me, "How many artists wish to paint in fresco?" I replied, "The question is not what the artists wish, but what the State wants."

The Royal Academy, in my humble opinion, should be made to take its chance with other institutions, and left to maintain its superiority only by the talent it displays.

February 12th, 1849.—Went to Sir Robert Peel's; stayed an hour, studying his exquisite collection. In the Reynolds room there was a small picture of Edwin Landseer's, in his detailed and finished style, which was a singular contrast to the broad masculine head of Johnson, and the rich power of the 'Snake in the Grass,' by Sir Joshua. Landseer is the "Lawrence" of dog painters, with all his vices. He has no eye for colour, *NOISE*, and by the side of Reynolds this was painfully palpable. I never was so struck with it.

Eastlake one day (1845), when talking over my 'Essays on Fresco,' said, "I find to assume ignorance is the thing with the aristocracy." Yes, that is the secret, no doubt. These people will listen to a man who teaches by affecting to know less. This may be politic, but is it straightforward? When I thunder out a naked truth which nobody can refute, they all cry out, "What a —— impudent fellow!" Six months afterwards they steal my truth and bring it out as their own. This is the fair-play one meets with in the world.

Fresco decoration will never be popular in England. The English are too commercial. They like snug rooms and snug property. They can get money on a picture, and they cannot upon a fresco. They can change and exchange a picture, they can do neither with a fresco; and frescoes will not be taken as fixtures. That is a great point with them.

Never make love by letter. Nine times out of ten love, made by letter, fails; and how any man can be such an ass as to propose to any woman, unless he felt sure of his ground, is to me extraordinary. A man should never propose to a girl until by a little piquing he sees her getting ill. Besides, a man can always tell if a girl loves him. She trembles if you sit by her, flushes in the face, gets hot on her forehead, and her eye has a peculiar lustre never seen at other times. These are indisputable signs.

The great difficulty is first to win a reputation; the next to keep it while you live; and the next to preserve it after you die, when affection and interest are over, and nothing but sterling excellence can preserve your name. Never suffer youth to be an excuse for inadequacy, nor age and fame to be an excuse for indolence.

One of the surest evidences of an elevated taste is the power of enjoying works of impassioned terrorism, in poetry, and painting. The man who can look at impassioned subjects of terror with a feeling of exultation may be certain he has an elevated taste.

The great want now (1811) in the press is of editors independent of society. Leigh and John Hunt on that point were noble characters. I should like to know the amount of the bribe which could have made them say what they did not think, or omit to say what they knew ought to have been said.

In talking of the first French Revolution with Mr. Hamilton and the Chevalier Bronstedt to-day (March 29th, 1840), Hamilton said a French bishop once offered him some books for sale, and in recommendation pointed out that one of them was bound in a man's skin!

How often, when weighed down by the burden "of the Great Mystery," one cannot help believing that all depends on the temperament of the individual on whom the impression is produced; and that we may all, perhaps, awake at some future

period to find this life has been rounded with a little dream, and all our conjectures airy fancies :

“Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy.”

Peel is so innately aristocratic that I am not sure he does not think all my eagerness for High Art, and my plans to raise the taste of the nation by improved design, as so much impertinent intrusion beyond the limit of my station, as unbecoming a man *who holds no office* ; nor does he believe any human creature has the right to express an independent thought unless he be a funded proprietor.

I asked Sir George Cockburn if it was true that when he captured Washington he got in so suddenly the President had barely time to get away, and left his dinner. Sir George said it was quite true ; they found the table laid and wine ready, and the soldiers and sailors all had leave to take a fair quantity. Sir George said that had he the troops which were sent to New Orleans he could have kept Washington and made peace ; “but I fear,” said he, “my Commander thought there was more plunder at New Orleans than at Washington.”

Mistrusts sometimes come over one's mind of the Justice of God. But let a real misery come again, and to whom do we fly ? To whom do we instinctively and immediately look up ?

The principle that authority *must* be upheld, let what may be its injustice, will, in the long run of human suffering, destroy all authority.

I admire the caution with which all reforms are made in Great Britain, as necessary to regulate and bridle excess or injudicious enthusiasm ; but our rulers should take heed lest in their awful reverence for the outworks of the constitutional citadel, they forget the citadel itself ; and whilst they are flourishing about on the outside walls with their flags and trumpets, poverty, under cover, does not mine to the centre, and surprise the world by an exasperated explosion that will bury constitution, capital, authority, and order, all under one vast ruin.

After the cartoon affair of 1843, many academicians on meeting me would express astonishment at my keeping my health. "What is the reason of this extraordinary stamina? Is it here?" laying their hand on my chest. Their air was exactly as if they had been looking out for my death.

What trash is occasionally written about Art! Here is a learned Theban* writing now that a man "May be able to paint a historical picture, however large, *but not a series!*" What, then, qualifies a man to paint a series? Not being able to paint at all? If painting a single picture does not qualify him, what does? All the painters who have painted a series well, had painted nothing but single pictures before: viz., Raphael, Michel Angelo, Correggio, Giulio Romano, Annibal Caracci, Rubens, &c. And why were they qualified to paint a series? Because the same powers which enabled them to arrange the parts of which a single picture is composed, with reference to a whole, will enable them to arrange each picture painted as parts of a series, so as to complete a whole. And yet the public are instructed, by authority, to believe that the man who can arrange and paint a good single picture cannot be trusted to arrange and paint a series! Was there ever such absurdity?

The Duke of Sutherland, looking at my head of 'Alexander,' said: "But you have made him smiling." "Yes," I said, "he is conscious of victory, and glories in it." "But it is a serious thing," said the amiable Duke, looking grave, "to kill a lion." "But it's a glorious thing," I said. "I wish it may be my lot before I die to kill a lion." The Duke smiled at me, as if he thought me mad.

Sir William Ross told me that Lord Brougham said he once complimented Louis Philippe upon being the most exceptional Sovereign in Europe. "I believe I am," said the King; "for I am the only one who ever blacked his own shoes."

The crying evil of Great Britain is that debasing and

* Wilson, the Managing Director of the London School of Design, 1843.—Ed.

degrading appetite for gain, against which neither misery,* nor science, nor Art, have the least chance.

There never was a man so unfit for a biographer as Allan Cunningham. A poet by nature, he had no pleasure in resting alone on truth as the basis of the lives of the great men. He treats their characters as inventions, not as realities; he put speeches in their mouths, and amplified their sayings, as if they were the heroes of a drama he had invented, or of a poem, where imagination was of more worth than fact. His 'Lives of the Painters' are quite unworthy his age, and he has not extinguished, but rather confirmed this conclusion in his last work, 'The Life of Sir David Wilkie.' The truest biographer that ever lived was Boswell. His love of truth was such, that Sir George Beaumont told me he would race the town for days to ascertain the correctness of a word passed at a previous party. Cunningham's account of Wilkie's first arrival at the Royal Academy is extremely incorrect, as are most of the anecdotes in which I am mentioned as having taken part; and the whole account of Wilkie's visit to Devonshire in 1809 is an absurdity.† Wilkie was the guest of my father, and lived at my father's house, and was introduced by me to the East-lakes, Charles Eastlake being then a youth; all of which is absurdly misrepresented by Cunningham. But as I offered Murray to write Wilkie's 'Life,' and he selected Cunningham, I must say nothing, lest it look like jealousy. But there is quite enough of what is correct in the 'Life' to show that Wilkie really held the same opinions as I do concerning the Royal Academy.

Wordsworth once asked my wife what was my "chief pleasure" She said: "Feeding on his own thoughts." It was a great compliment; and how sincere from a beautiful woman whose divine face had a right to claim my chief attention!

JOHN HAYDON, an ancestor of mine, who in 1662 wrote 'The Harmony of the World,' had the following sonnet dedi-

* Not misery—art and science perhaps; but for "misery" there is more money annually subscribed in England than in any other country in the world.—ED.

† "He called on the Haydons," says Cunningham, as if Wilkie lived elsewhere than as a guest in my grandfather's house.—ED.

cated to him by Dr. John Brown, D.D. of Oxford. The thoughts are well expressed.

"TO THE MOST EXCELLENT PHILOSOPHER AND LAWYER, MR. JOHN HAYDON, UPON HIS SO MUCH DESIRED 'HARMONY OF THE WORLD,' 1662:—

"A public good must quell your private fear;
The profit of a winter's industry
Should be imparted to a general ear,
For good is bettered by community.
Nor may be detraction, or the injury
Of some men's censures dash what he doth write,
If but what pleaseth all men's sight
No work would come to light.
Through all the world ye've gathered the several flowers
Of other books into your harmony;
Distilled to spirit by you. They're wholly young,
So honey sucked from the variety
Of flowers is yet the honey of the bee.
And tho' in these last daies miracles are fled,
It brings back time that's past, and gives life to the dead."

—JOHN BROWN, D.D. *Oxon.*

John Haydon lived next door to the Red Lion, east side of Spitalfields, near Bishopsgate Street.

A pupil told me that Cornelius told him he (Cornelius) thought Reynolds a great man, and Lawrence nobody. This speaks highly for Cornelius's taste.

One secret of worldly success is command of temper. From the throne to the cottage every man should strive to command his temper. It might be said that Hampden should have borne ship-money; the barons, John; the nation, James II. But how are the evils of bad Government to be got rid of if remonstrance, or resistance, or complaint, do not rise and overturn? Who fiercer against the despotism of unjust power than our own Saviour? Did He bear the hypocrisy of the Pharisees, the cant of the Sadducees, the imposture of the priesthood? And yet He preached: "Bear and forbear." But He preached it as a general principle of conduct through life, not to apply to particular instances where the welfare of nations was concerned, or the danger of a great moral principle.

It was always my great object in reforming British Art, which Wilkie and I set about in 1806, to add what was wanted

without losing what we had. This was the principle I explained to my pupils; to Eastlake at first, and to the Landseers and others afterwards. To Edwin I lent my anatomical studies of the 'Lion,' which guided him to dissect dogs and monkeys. Charles and Thomas, Bewick, Harvey, Prentice, Lance, were all instructed in the same principle; so that they have all been reformers in Art, by adding what they wanted without losing what they had. Now his Royal Highness Prince Albert does not care what is lost, however exquisite, if we acquire what we have not, which I maintain is pregnant with danger to the British School, and if not checked will be its ruin.

Nothing is so envied as genius, nothing so hopeless of attainment by labour alone. Though labour always accompanies the greatest genius, without the intellectual gift labour alone will do little.

People of fashion are accused of "impudence," &c. I know no people who have so tender an apprehension of intrusion. How perfect their manners are! And what a contrast to the vulgarity one meets with occasionally elsewhere!

Sir Robert Peel wishes well to the Art, but he wishes better to authority; and if the taste of a great people, the value of its manufactures, or the development of its intellectual powers, would endanger the predominance of an established institution by being in advance of or in opposition to its selfish interests, Sir Robert is a man who would stand aside for the sake of authority, and let the taste and intellect and advance of a great country perish before him. Not that he would be glad to do so, but that he would think it a moral duty to shrink from any principle which might endanger an advanced post of the Three per Cents.

April 24th. 1844.—I called on Charles Barry, the architect of the New Houses, and one of the most amiable of men. He explained to me his views, listened to my objections, and admitted the frescoes were not large enough. This is a great point to have brought him to. I told him if they were not bigger they would only be diaper ornaments, and nothing else.

I told him I thought his plan did not embrace a principle to be developed by design. His plan was an unconnected series of facts. He said he had no objection to a principle, but events must develop it. "Should the events be confined to our own history?" "Surely not," I said. "Surely not," he replied. He told me the opposition to the painting of Westminster Hall by the Royal Commissioners was extraordinary. They would not hear of it, although it was the finest space in the kingdom.

He said: "What I admired your cartoons for was they were *fit*. I told everybody so. However angry you may be with Eastlake, by hints I know he thinks you ill-treated."

"The fact is," said Barry, "you say what you think so completely, and carry it to such an extent, that they are afraid of you." "Who? the nobility?" "Yes." "But," I replied, "I am not in a responsible situation."

He sounded me if Greswell and I acted together; and I lamented over his joining the Royal Academy. He said all his friends said so. I replied: "Ah, Barry! you did not know the greatness of your position. After having beaten a monopoly by a genuine display of talent, you should have kept it." "Well," he said, "I hope it is all for the best." I asked him if it was owing to anything he had said the Duke* had sent for my cartoon? He replied: "I believe it may; I admired it excessively; I am more with you than you imagine."

Before Lord Duncannon came to the Woods and Forests the "Take Notice" Board in St. James's Park excluded "*all soldiers, servants in livery, beggars, and dogs.*" Very complimentary to the troops who had been fighting at Waterloo, for example; to servants who add to our comforts; to beggars, whom cruelty or injustice may have reduced; and to dogs, the most innocent, faithful, and attached, of all four!

When Mr. Greswell came to London to obtain Peel's assistance in carrying out the scheme for establishing professors of Art at Oxford, he failed to interest Sir Robert, and received nothing from him but a formal acknowledgment. Peel wished well to Art, but he wished better to established authority, and would not identify himself with any movement in advance; and he

* The late Duke of Sutherland.—ED.

liked to befriend the Royal Academy, whose influence at that time over what was called by courtesy the educated classes was in exact proportion to their ignorance of Art.

April 21st, 1845.—Called on Eastlake, who said he was going to write a letter to Sir Robert Peel on the National Gallery, and “*no doubt the Academy might be carried further.*” He said he should be “happy to have my advice.” Never were two men so adapted for each other as Peel and Eastlake. I will venture to predict that a reform of the Academy is meant by both. When Peel is most eloquent in admiration of either principle, person, or corporation, be sure a reform is at hand of all three, or he is meditating their annihilation.

A man who defers working because he wants tranquillity of mind will have lost the habit when tranquillity comes. Work under all circumstances—any circumstances. When you are compelled to be absent from your work keep it in your mind, be always ready to seize what occurs to you, and you will return to it with new thoughts and additional improvements, as if you had never left your room.

The history of the *London School of Design* is a remarkable instance of how easily a good instrument may be spoiled by bad workmen. When I was called upon by the House of Commons Committee to give my opinion on all matters connected with the Royal Academy, among other reforms, I proposed to the Committee the extension of the Schools of the Royal Academy, and the attaching to the Royal Academy a central School of Design in London, with branch Schools of Designs in the provinces, under the inspection of the Central School, &c. &c.

The Committee complimented me on the importance of my evidence, and the Government, in part, adopted my proposition, by founding a Central School of Design in London, but they placed it under one of their own departments, viz., the Board of Trade and Manufactures. Here was the first error. Poulett Thompson said he did this “to mix official gentlemen” in the scheme, as that was the only means “to prevent the artists from cutting each other’s throats!” This mixture of Poulett Thompson’s was error Number Two; and error Number Three was the “mixture” passing a resolution that “the study of the

figure was not necessary to the artisan." This was the greatest error of all. What followed is worthy of notice. The Royal Academy, jealous of the foundation of the school, but unable to prevent it, affected to fall in with the scheme, got nominated on the Committee, and the very first thing they did was to vote out all artists that were not Royal Academicians at their next meeting. "Now," said Bellenden Kerr, "let us settle the principle." "Oh," said Chantrey, "I have been thirty years in the Art, and never could settle the principle yet!" A talk took place about the "figure." "H," said one of the academicians, "we allow the artisan to draw the figure, he should be compelled to sign a bond not to paint history, portrait, or landscape!" This resolution happily was not passed, and the study of the figure was rejected.* Finding that the study of the figure was rejected, I took up the matter fiercely, and obtained the admission of the "figure," but it was never regarded favourably.

But the most amusing part of all was that, when everybody who had read my evidence, and was looking out for my appointment as the first master of the School of Design, which was really my own suggestion, up starts a *protégé* of Eastlake's—Mr. Dyce—of whom nobody had ever heard before, and who had not one single qualification for the post—as the result fully proved—he is appointed master, at 400*l.* a year; while my claims and public services, and acknowledged fitness for the post, are wholly set aside. If he had been as fit a man as myself it would have mattered little to me, whose only object was an efficient master to set the school afloat. But he was unquestionably the most incompetent man for the post, in mind and in theory. He wasted his own time, and the time of the students, pursuing experiment after experiment, starting off, as conclusions hove in sight, to pursue something new in which there was less hope of conclusion; till at last, having brought the school into inextricable confusion, he was allowed to resign. Then Mr. Wilson, as master of mechanical art, was appointed, with Herbert as "figure" master; and how these two have come to loggerheads, and the best interests of the school sacrificed by their absurd jealousies and squabbles, is matter of public notoriety; the basis of which is the indisposition of the

* I am assured on good authority that this resolution was passed, though subs quently revoked.—Ed.

upper classes to let the mechanics get on too quickly, and the resolve of the Royal Academy to keep the Art as much as possible in their own circle, and from being spread. "The scales of every Leviathan," as Luther said, "are linked together."

May 10th, 1845.—Herbert, the master for the "figure" for the School of Design, called and read his Report to the Council on the "figure" being the basis of decoration. He said the younger men in the Academy had a friendly feeling towards me, and if I put my name down I should be elected. I smiled inwardly, though I told him it was impossible. "Four times," said I, "have I waited in your ante-chamber or been repulsed from your door." My name had been down in 1810, 1841, 1826, 1827, and never had a single vote. The insult was public, and so must be the reparation; no more names down!

May 12th, 1845.—Called on my old fellow-student, Pickersgill, and had a regular croak. He said, "*I want to see the Academy renovated and remodelled!*" I stared. "We want," he continued, "we want a man of daring energy to save us!" I thought I should have died. As I was going out, he called me back and said, with a solemn air, "Haydon, silence! *we must work like the mole!*" All of which is a mystery to me of which I have no perception.

There is nothing so mischievous as an established authority with nothing to do. Rather than do nothing they do wrong, because doing wrong begets remonstrance and opposition, reply and rejoinder, and before things are got right there is no longer any ground for the complaint of nothing to do.*

Hallam told me, with great gusto, that when Wordsworth went to the Levee (1845) he was passing before the Queen, when Lord Delawarr said, "Kneel, kneel." Wordsworth, ignorant of Court etiquette, plumped down on both knees, and when he was down he was too feeble to get up again by him-

* This applies admirably well to the public departments of every state. Each department strives to rival the other in size and situation: and having grown to be cumbrous, makes work in excuse for its bloated existence.—*ED.*

self. Lord Delawarr and Lord Lansdowne helped him up. The Queen was much touched. "Paint a picture of it," said Hallam, with a roguish look.

June 28th, 1845.—While looking at the cartoons and frescoes to-day, the Duke of Wellington came in, and toppled away, looking very little at anything. Rogers was there; and it was curious to see old Rogers totter up to the Duke, who turned round and said, "How d'ye do?" giving Rogers a squeeze which made him writhe. C. Greville then came up, and the Duke at once began to laugh and talk with him only. Rogers put on his hat and walked off! There is nothing so awkward to a man in the middle-class as "making up" to a man of high rank who, the moment he has noticed him, turns round and leaves him to follow or make the best of his way. Rogers had this to encounter to-day. Rogers was a man of genius, the friend of Byron, yet the Duke did not familiarise with him; but the instant Greville came up—one of his own class—joking, chatting, and laughing began, without further notice of Rogers.

I thought the frescoes infamous. Mr. Blake came up to me, and said, "If the House of Lords is to be plastered with daubs like this, foreigners will go into fits." Lord Monteagle and Barry both agreed with me that there was a want of simplicity in material; altogether, I cannot say the display is promising. The young artists are not improved in their drawing, and in fresco they are not advanced. The young men did not seem in spirits. They crowded round me for my opinion. I lectured them well on their want of simplicity and composition. "What do you think of us?" said Barry. "You want simplicity of material," I said. "You are right," he replied. The only bit of fresco fit to look at is by Ford Brown. It is a figure of 'Justice,' and exquisite so far as that figure goes. Oh! how easily I could regulate all these young men, and make their separate designs unite as a whole!

There is nothing so injurious to poetry, painting, or music, as a man of bad taste gifted with great talents. From the popularity always attending such men there must be more bad taste than good in the world, or why should such an enormous quantity of people shout with delight when a work of talent and bad taste makes its appearance?

Maelise's talent is the most extraordinary microscopic talent I ever met with. He never sees a predominant part, which always *is* in everything; if but a knob, every part of the knob is detailed by Maelise as if it were flat! It is a defect of vision. Now it is impossible to see all of any object, or all of any number of objects, at once. The eye fixes itself on the leading points, the remaining parts are not seen distinctly, but perceived imperfectly; and that is the principle of imitation. The leading points should be seen and finished, the subordinate inferred.

July 17th, 1845.—Eastlake called; he was going to the summer-house in the Palace gardens to meet Lady Holland, who, as usual "*en Impératrice*," would not go between 1 and 3 P.M., when everybody else went, but not till after everybody else had been. That is the distinction! Since Lord Holland's death people indulge her, and she grows worse.

Eastlake said of my pictures, "I like your subjects; but as to the '*horrors*' of anarchy, for people who drink their claret—I do not know." So I must not call it the "*horrors*," but the "*injustice*" of anarchy, and then it will go down while they are sipping their claret.

Study silence. Avoid that *improba garrulitas*, that lust for thoughtless gabble which is the distinguishing mark of so many in society. To speak much and to the point seldom falls to the lot of the same man.

England is strictly commercial, and Art, of course, takes its colour from the habits of the country. He who loves his high calling for its own sake; who wishes to adorn the halls, the churches, the public buildings of his country, without reference to profit and loss; who has no wish for bank-stock or consols, and whose only passion is to raise the reputation of his country in Art as others have in arms, is looked upon as a lunatic more fit for Bedlam than the world; is left without employment; and if he cannot pay his current debts, is regarded as a man ignorant of moral duties, and set upon as a monster who deserves to be hunted from the light. Yet I have laboured hard to advance the Art; I have educated young men without remuneration; I have tried to do good; but my original sin,

that of telling the plain truth plainly, will never be forgiven me.

When money was voted to Napoleon's order for Art or science he took good care the public should have the best thing, and the best man to execute it, that money could get. Not so in England. When money is voted by our Parliament for a public work, it is not the best thing by the best man, but how can we render the public money available to private affection, with the least possible injury to the public and the greatest possible advantage to cousin Dick? But if the question be, is Dick or the public to suffer? Dick must be preserved at any cost.

Jordan told me he had seen a note of Lord Holland's with the advice he gave the Duchess of Bedford against her marrying Edwin Landseer, who was much affected by her refusal.

June 19th, 1845.—Called on Pickersgill, who told me Shee had resigned the Presidentship of the Royal Academy. It had cost him 7000*l.* out of his hard earnings. Pickersgill said there was a "Court party," who would ruin the Art, and were doing all to ruin it.

It is extraordinary how few Royal persons have had sound taste in art. We talk about educating "the People," why not educate the Crown and Aristocracy? It cannot be denied that, with the exception of Charles I. and Henry VIII., so far as we know, our Sovereigns have generally patronised the worst artists and neglected the best. George I. hated poetry and painting; George II. cared for neither; George III. thought West and Dance greater men than Reynolds, Wilson, Gainsboro', Hogarth, or Barry; George IV., though he was a liberal patron of native talent, preferred the Dutch School to all others; William IV. thought Huggins quite as clever a painter as W. Vandevelde; while, during the greater part of the present reign, it is not a calumny to say that at all the Courts of Europe, not excluding our own, Winterhalter in his day was thought a greater man than Titian, Rubens,

Vandyke, or Reynolds; or any of our own men—Watson Gordon, Pickersgill, Knight, Grant, or Phillips.

Sir Robert Peel throughout the whole conduct of the Royal Commission on the decoration of the Houses of Parliament appears firmly resolved to keep me out of all connection with it. I was not examined as a witness, although fully qualified to give evidence that I venture to believe would have been valuable; and when the question of “fresco or oil” was discussed, I wrote to Sir Robert and offered to go to Italy and examine the frescoes there, and report to the Royal Commission. He acknowledged my letter, adopted my proposal, but sent out Mr. Wilson, the Master of the School of Design. This is the way I am treated. However, Sir Robert and the Royal Commission got well served. Wilson—I heard from good authority on the spot—flew over Italy, deciding on this and that, hardly giving himself time to make the most cursory examination; and on his return, and under the sanction of the Royal Commission, printed a report to the effect that there was no evidence of the use of the iron point in Michel Angelo’s frescoes; though the forms in those frescoes are often marked by a cutting definition, deep and positive. When I read this, I said to Wilson, “How could you say so?” He replied, “The rascals would not give me a scaffold!” So he came home, and reported *as true* what cannot be ascertained without a scaffold, he knowing a scaffold had been refused him, by which alone he could have decided!

When Mr. Coke* of Holkham sat to me in 1833, I asked him a question which interested him very much. I had heard Lord Mulgrave say at table, it was a fact that Charles Fox would have agreed to come in under Mr. Pitt, in 1804, as Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Mr. Coke said that there was such a report, and he wrote to Fox, saying if it were so they must separate. Fox assured him, on his honour, it was not so; and Mr. Coke has the letter now.†

* The late Lord Leicester.—Ed.

† This letter, I have reason to believe, cannot now be found among the late Lord Leicester’s papers. It is to be regretted, because it might have thrown light upon a much-disputed point. That Pitt did design to include Fox in his cabinet of 1804 is clear. Fox is named in Pitt’s handwriting, on a proposed list of the cabinet, as one of the three Secretaries of State. It is equally clear from

Peel is not a far-sighted man; but I am convinced he calculates on his Maynooth Bill loosening the hold over the people of the Roman Catholic priests in Ireland. He is going to give them a cheap education at home *under the eye of their neighbours*, and not allow them to be taken out of sight for a number of years, and then come back with all the *éclat* of a fine foreign gentleman. The more I think of it, the more I am convinced it is not Peel's idea—it is too sagacious for him. And yet the narrowest-sighted men do occasionally the most sagacious things, without being aware of it.*

The explanation of the perpetual failure in matters of decoration in England, whether in architecture, in sculpture, or in painting, is that the management is left to Royal Commissions and Committees; which is all very well when the subjects to be settled are commercial or political, and every

the King's letter to the Lord Chancellor (5th May, 1804), that nothing would induce George III. to admit Fox into any cabinet; and he was astonished, as he writes, "that Mr. Pitt should for one moment harbour the thought of bringing such a man (as Fox) before his Royal notice." The King had struck his name off the Privy Council list for factious conduct, and was not likely to accept him as a minister. But it is by no means clear that Fox had any communication with Pitt on the subject, or was at all aware of Pitt's intentions towards him. It seems most probable that, knowing the hostile feelings of the King against Fox, Pitt would first try to overcome these before he made any proposal to Fox. Nor is it at all clear that Fox would have accepted office under Pitt. The evidence is rather the other way. The only weak point in the case for the refusal is the expression in Lord Grenville's letter to Pitt, quoted by Gifford, wherein Lord Grenville declines to join the cabinet, on the ground that the cabinet is formed "on a principle of exclusion." That letter must have been written after an interview with Fox, or, at least (as the King objected to no one else), could refer only to the exclusion of Fox. If so, it looks as if Fox were willing to take office. And yet he may have been guilty of no subterfuge towards his old friend Mr. Coke, for he may not have written that (missing) letter until all hope of office was over. It would, in some degree, be satisfactory if the letter Mr. Coke speaks of could be found. (See *Lord Mahon's and Gifford's 'Life of Pitt,'* &c.)—ED.

* Whether this was the object or not of Sir Robert Peel in his Maynooth Bill, the result appears to me to have fulfilled Haydon's expectations. Upwards of twenty years had passed between my first and 1st residence in Ireland, and latterly nothing struck me more than the deterioration of the Roman Catholic priesthood in the country districts, and the levity with which the priest was spoken of by the people, as compared with the first period. It was not now what he wished, but what they would allow. And I was not surprised at it. In one city, where I was detained a few weeks (1867), three priests within that time were, I believe, suspended by their bishop for drunkenness. Such incidents I was assured were not infrequent. They cannot be concealed from the people, and they have their effect. My own impression is that, the Roman Catholics of Ireland, priests and people,—like the Ancient Britons,—are being gradually pushed out of the plains into the mountains, where they will finally rest like the Welsh in Wales. The priests foresee and dread this, and that is one reason why they resist the introduction of English capital in the form of factories and manufactures.—ED.

member of commission and committee knows something of what he is to inquire, act, and discuss; but it is ludicrous to apply such a system to matters of Art, of which nobody but the professional artist knows one iota.

I have never been able to ascertain from any decorator why the lowest objects of decoration should not be conducted upon principles of Art? He can give me no reason why fruit and flowers, satyrs' heads or tigers' faces, should be stuck on a white ground, like the botanical beauties of an album. Surely the most exquisite decoration in any chamber in fruit and flowers would be heightened by an appropriate background!

December 3rd, 1845.—The Lord Chancellor (Lyndhurst) has been ill from childish over-eating. Not long since, after a hasty dinner, he ate heartily of plum-pudding. He wanted "*more.*" Lady Lyndhurst begged of him not to eat any more. He persisted, and she began to cry. I know this to be a fact. Such is human nature.

Talfourd is the noblest creature I ever knew—take him in every way—as father, husband, brother, son, friend, or enemy.

The Trustees of the British Museum have bought Lucas's model of the Parthenon. It had occupied him a whole year to construct, and he asked 365*l.* for it. The Trustees would not give him more than 265*l.*, telling him that men who so devote themselves must be content with their great fame, and take small pay! He begged me to say nothing; but certainly the Trustees ought to feel ashamed of their meanness and their principles. As the cost for material, &c., amounted to 185*l.*, poor Lucas had only 80*l.* left for his time and subsistence for the twelve months.

January 16th, 1846.—Barry called. He admired the Aristides very much. He said, "*Why does not Charles Eastlake bring Prince Albert?*" Why, indeed! and yet Eastlake wrote to me from Rome in 1821,—"*Be assured your early kindness to me is among those obligations which I am least likely to forget. My early impressions in Art, which might perhaps have produced a better result, I owe entirely to you, and have always connected my ideas of many of the perfections of Art with*

your practice. . . . Among the recollections of my past life, I look back with pleasure and gratitude to the time when I began the study of a happy profession under your guidance."

The leading defect of a mind like Eastlake's was the defect of Wilkie's, viz., a want of courage. They are both men who have exerted their utmost ingenuity of thought to bind great principles to the predominant tendencies of the society to which they were admitted, instead of steadily maintaining what they knew to be right, and bending society to that.

February 14th, 1846.—Called on Barry, and had a most interesting conversation. I told him that (in 1812) thirty-four years ago, when I showed my design for the old Houses to a Minister of State (Lord Mulgrave?), he looked in my rosy face, and said, "Why, Haydon, you are too young!" Twenty-nine years later, I hinted the thing to the Duke at Walmer, and he mumbled out, "You are too early." Seven years after that I ask a Royal Commissioner (Sir R. H. Inglis) what chance I had, and he says, "We are decided. You are too late." "Ah," said Barry, "*you* are always too early, or too late!" "Barry," said I, "I asked an old friend of yours if you were a courtier? and he replied, 'Barry is a simple-minded, honest, straightforward man.' Now, answer me—have I any chance?" "I know no more than a child," said he. . . . "I am never consulted. If they want to know anything about a pedestal, I am sent for; but on anything else to me a word is never said." He went on: "I have no influence whatever. They think me the architect and nothing but. Instead of being under one mind, every one has his crotchet. Was ever anything more ridiculous than the present plan? The spirit of chivalry, and such nonsense! If ever I have any power, with a space, I'll not forget you, *but I tell you there is a tide against you in that quarter.*"

The vigour of my life has only made a cranny in the wall of prejudice and ignorance, through which, it may be, a star of light shines; whether any other will batter in a breach, Time only can prove.

March 24th, 1846.—Well, it is glorious to be able to fight a *last* battle—*nous verrons!*

HERE
LIETH THE BODY
OF
BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON,

An English Historical Painter, who, in a struggle to make the People, the Legislature, the Nobility, and the Sovereign of England give due dignity and rank to the highest Art, which had ever languished, and, until the Government interferes, ever will languish in England, fell a Victim to his ardour and his love of country; an evidence that to seek the benefit of your Country by telling the Truth to Power, is a crime that can only be expiated by the ruin and destruction of the Man who is so patriotic and so imprudent.

He was born at Plymouth, 26th January, 1786, and died on the (22nd June), 18(46), believing in Christ as the Mediator and Advocate of Mankind:—

“What various ills the Painter’s life assail,
Pride, Envy, Want, the Patron, and the Jail.”

This I wish written upon my tombstone when my day comes.

B. R. HAYDON.



Sketch for Alexander and Bucephalus.—1826.

THE END.



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